

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV.

MAY, 1887.

*Success.*  
No. 1.

## FINDING PHARAOH.



THE SCARABÆUS—EMBLEM OF IMMORTALITY—ATTENDED BY A GOD. PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE AUTHOR BY MAGNESIUM LIGHT FROM A WALL IN THE ENTRANCE-PASSAGE TO THE TOMB OF SETHI I.

**I**N the neighborhood of three thousand three hundred years ago the land of Egypt, from Goshen to Thebes and beyond, was in an uproar.

The king was dead! Rameses II., the precocious youth who at the age of ten had joined his warrior-father Sethi I. upon the throne; the ruler whom his people regarded as a god; the oppressor under whom the Israelites are said to have "sighed by reason of their bondage"; the great Sesostris of the Greeks,—had breathed his last.

The gay and busy life of the cities of the Delta was hushed, and the hundred gates of Thebes were only opened to those who ministered to the necessities of the living or who performed the sacred offices of the priesthood.

All street processions, minstrel-bands, and mountebanks fled appalled.

The cities which the great architect and artist-king had refounded,—Ra'amses and Pithom,—built by the forced labor of the Hebrews, were in their meridian splendor. The Ramesseum at Thebes was yet unsurpassed, and the colossal monolith which represented the

enthroned king was then unbroken. The glorious quartette of Abou-Simbel, but recently finished, sat, as now, smiling at the Nubian sun.

But Rameses II., in whose honor, for whose glory, and by whose command all these grand creations were finished, could look upon them no more with mortal eyes.

His body was embalmed, and in due season the funeral procession followed. The mummied king was placed aboard the royal barge, and, attended by the priests and the images of the gods Horus and Isis and Hathor, was floated up the Nile to the Theban city of the Dead—to Bibân el-Mulouk, the St. Denis, the Westminster Abbey of the kings, and a great lamentation went up to the skies from stricken Egypt.

As the funeral cortège journeyed slowly on, the frantic people of the cities and villages flocked to the quays to render homage to their dead ruler.

Even the despised and persecuted Hebrew suspended labor betimes because his cruel overseer had forgotten him.

The men rent their garments, the women tore their hair, and all gathered up the dust and threw it upon their heads.

Tens of thousands of funeral offerings were cast into the sacred river, and the gods were called upon to attend the dead throughout the sacred journey. It was a dire day indeed. When the sad company had arrived at the necropolis, all the complicated funeral rites were conducted with priestly ostentation.

Then the body of Rameses was sealed in the great sarcophagus which had been cut from the limestone of Bibân el-Mulouk.

The location of the tomb was well known then, because it had been the habit of the monarch to visit it frequently during its excavation.

More than once had the architect announced

that the tomb was ready, but he was as often met with the command to excavate still other vaulted halls and longer passages and side chambers, all to be finished with stuccoed walls adorned by representations in relief of the processions of the gods, of the life and work of the king, and of the scarabæus, the emblem of immortality. Moreover, all were to be richly colored.

"There is plenty of time for all that and much more before I am ready," said Rameses, and he returned to his capital.

But he died before the work was completed.

According to custom, after the burial the doorway to the tomb was walled up, and so disguised by rocks and sand as to make it impossible for any but the priests to discover its whereabouts.

And although his original tomb, that of his father Sethi I., and that of his son Menephtah, had long before been discovered, they were empty, and until July, 1881, the real hiding-place of the "Pharaoh of the Oppression" was a mighty secret. Then its door was opened, and soon after history in a measure repeated itself.

The story of its finding is more romantic

than any told in Egypt since Isis gathered the scattered remains of Osiris and buried his head within the alabaster temple at Abydos.

For a number of years the acute officials of the Museum of Antiquities at Bûlâq had seen funeral offerings and other antiquities brought from Thebes by returning tourists, which they knew belonged to the dynasty of Rameses II., of his father Sethi I., and of his grandfather Rameses I. Even scarabæes bearing the cartouch of the great king were displayed by the innocent purchasers. This being so, argued the clear-headed officials, the mummies of those royal personages must have been discovered by some one. By whom?

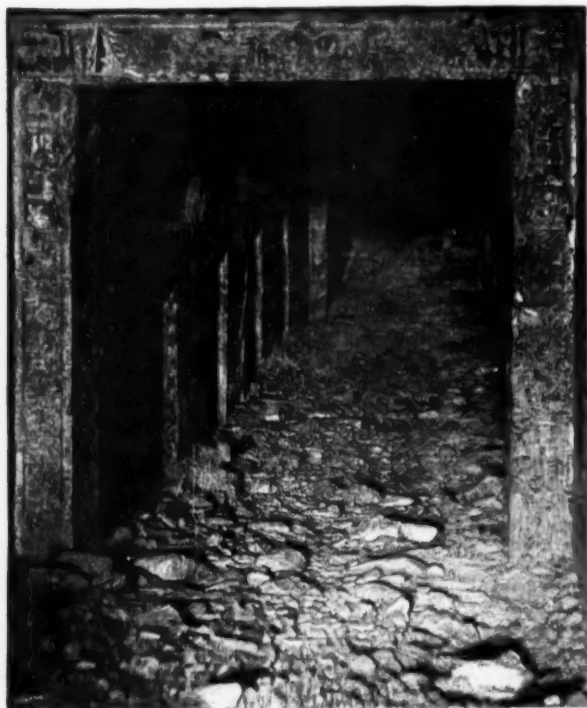
Professor Maspero, the Director-general of the Bûlâq Museum, at once organized a detective force to help him solve this conundrum.

Arrest after arrest was made, and the bastinado was applied to many a callous sole which had never felt even shoe or sandal. The women stood by and browbeat the sufferers into silence while they endured the torture, and the men refused all information.

In a line of tombs beyond the Ramesseum lived four sturdy Arabs named Abd-er-Rasoul. They supplied guides and donkeys to

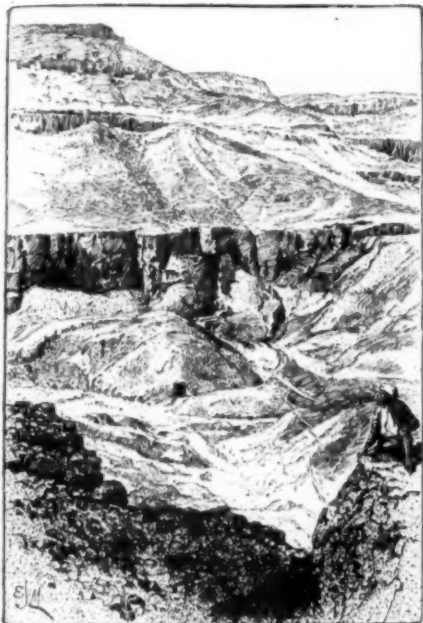
tourists who desired to visit the ruins of Thebes, and sold them genuine and spurious antiquities. When they found a mummy, it being forbidden by law to sell it, the head and hands and feet were wrenched off and sold on the sly, while the torso was kicked about the ruined temples until the jackals came and carried it away. I purchased a head and hand of one of the brothers amid the dark shadows of the temple at Qûrneh.

Early in 1881 circumstantial evidence pointed to Ahmed Abd-er-Rasoul as the one who knew more than he would tell. Professor Maspero caused his arrest, and he lay in prison at Kench for some months. He also suffered the bastinado and the browbeating of the women repeatedly; he resisted bribes, and showed no melting mood when threatened with execution. His lips told no more than the unfound tomb—and not as much.



BIBAN EL-MULOUK : ENTRANCE-PASSAGE TO THE TOMB OF SETHI I. ON THE LEFT ARE THE CHAMBERS OF THE SCARABÆUS.





ENTRANCE TO THE TOMB OF RETHI I. IN BULÂQ EL-MULOUK OR THE VALLEY OF THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS.

Finally his brother Mohammed regarded the offer of "bakhshish," which Professor Maspero deemed it wise to make, as worth more to him than any sum he might hope to realize from future pillaging, and made a clean breast of the whole affair. How the four brothers ever discovered the hidden tomb has remained a "family secret."

On July 5th, 1881, the wily Arab conducted Herr Emil Brugsch Bey, curator of the Bûlâq Museum, to Deir-el-Bahari and pointed out the hiding-place so long looked for.

A long climb it was, up the slope of the western mountain, till, after scaling a great limestone cliff, a huge, isolated rock was found. Behind this a spot was reached where the stones appeared to an expert observer and tomb-searcher to have been arranged "by hand," rather than scattered by some upheaval of nature.

"There," said the sullen guide; and "there" the enterprising Emil Brugsch Bey, with more than Egyptian alacrity, soon had a staff of Arabs at work hoisting the loose stones from a well into which they had been thrown.

The shaft had been sunk into the solid limestone to the depth of about forty feet, and was about six feet square.

Before going very far, a huge palm-log was thrown across the well and a block and tackle fastened to it to help bring up the débris.

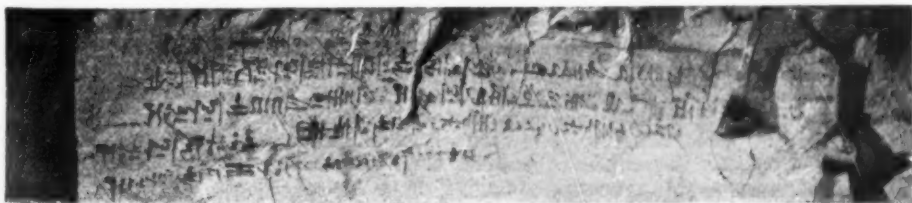
When the bottom of the shaft was reached a subterranean passage was found which ran westward some twenty-four feet and then turned directly northward, continuing into the heart of the mountain straight except where broken for about two hundred feet by an abrupt stairway. The passage terminated in a mortuary chamber about thirteen by twenty-three feet in extent and barely six feet in height.

There was found the mummy of King Pharaoh of the Oppression, with nearly forty others of kings, queens, princes, and priests.

Not until June last was this most royal mummy released from its bandages. That event is my plea for telling now what I know of the romantic finding and the place thereof. A few months after the finding took place, accompanied by my camera I visited the Bûlâq Museum and photographed the entire "find." Emil Brugsch Bey is also an amateur photographer, and we had already fraternized during the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, where the Egyptian section was in his care. Therefore at Bûlâq I not only enjoyed a rare privilege at his hands, but also his friendly advice and assistance.

The photography done, we embarked upon the Khedive's steamer *Beni Souef* for Luxor. There we were met by Professor Maspero and Mohammed Abd-er-Rasoul, and together we visited the scene of the latest drama of the Nile.

When we reached the chamber of the dead, the rope which had hoisted the royal mummies from the tomb was made fast to our bodies, was swung over the palm-log, and we were lowered into the depths. As I dangled in mid-air and swayed from side to side, the rocky



THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.



OUTER MUMMY-CASE OF QUEEN AHMES NOFRETARI.

pieces which I startled from their long slumber warned those who preceded me to "look out below."

At the bottom of the shaft, on the right and left wall of the entrance to the subterranean chamber, were written in black ink some curious inscriptions. By whom, no one can more than conjecture. It was the duty of the ancient "Inspector of Tombs" to make frequent visits to the royal dead, to repair the mummy-cases and wrappings, and, if necessary, to remove all to a safer tomb.

This handwriting on the wall may have been that of the Pharaonic tomb inspector whose duty it was to make record of every change. Professor Maspero being desirous of having photographs made of these inscriptions, the little American camera was set for

the work, and succeeded in securing them even there in the bowels of the earth.

Then, lighting our torches and stooping low, we proceeded to explore the long passage and the tomb at its terminus. The rough way was scattered with fragments of mummy-cases, shreds of mummy-cloth, bunches of papyrus plant, lotus flowers, and palm-leaf stalks, while here and there a funeral offering was found. After much stumbling we arrived at the inner chamber where, but a few weeks before, stood or reclined the coffins of so many royal dead.

The camera must have a long time for its delicate, difficult work, and so we did not need to hurry.

Seated upon a stone which for centuries had served as the pillow of priest or king while waiting for immortality, Herr Brugsch told me the whole story of his historical "find."

It was a unique interview. It made such an impression upon my mind that I can repeat the story here from memory, though I do not, of course, claim that the report is verbatim.

"Finding Pharaoh was an exciting experience for me," said my companion. "It is true I was armed

to the teeth, and my faithful rifle, full of shells, hung over my shoulder; but my assistant from Cairo, Ahmed Effendi Kemal, was the only person with me whom I could trust. Any one of the natives would have killed me willingly, had we been alone, for every one of them knew better than I did that I was about to deprive them of a great source of revenue. But I exposed no sign of fear and proceeded with the work. The well cleared out, I descended and began the exploration of the underground passage.

"Soon we came upon cases of porcelain funeral offerings, metal and alabaster vessels, draperies and trinkets, until, reaching the turn in the passage, a cluster of mummy-cases came into view in such number as to stagger me.

"Collecting my senses, I made the best ex-

amination of them I could by the light of my torch, and at once saw that they contained the mummies of royal personages of both sexes; and yet that was not all. Plunging on ahead of my guide, I came to the chamber where we are now seated, and there standing against the walls or here lying on the floor, I found even a greater number of mummy-cases of stupendous size and weight.

"Their gold coverings and their polished surfaces so plainly reflected my own excited visage that it seemed as though I was looking into the faces of my own ancestors. The gilt face on the coffin of the amiable Queen Nofretari seemed to smile upon me like an old acquaintance.

"I took in the situation quickly, with a gasp, and hurried to the open air lest I should be overcome and the glorious prize still unrevealed be lost to science.

"It was almost sunset then. Already the odor which arose from the tomb had cajoled a troupe of slinking jackals to the neighborhood, and the howl of hyenas was heard not far distant. A long line of vultures sat upon the highest pinnacles of the cliffs near by, ready for their hateful work.

"The valley was as still as death. Nearly the whole of the night was occupied in hiring men to help remove the precious relics from their hiding-place. There was but little sleep in Luxor that night. Early the next morning three hundred Arabs were employed under my direction — each one a thief. One by one the coffins were hoisted to the surface, were securely sewed up in sail-cloth and matting, and then were carried across the plain of Thebes to the steamers awaiting them at Luxor.

"Two squads of Arabs accompanied each sarcophagus—one to carry it and a second to watch the wily carriers. When the Nile overflow, lying midway of the plain, was reached, as many more, boatmen, entered the service and bore the burden to the other side. Then a third set took up the ancient freight and carried it to the steamers.

Slow workers are these Egyptians, but after six days of hard labor under the July sun the work was finished.

"I shall never forget the scenes I witnessed when, standing at the mouth of the shaft, I watched the strange line of helpers while they carried across that



HEAD OF PINOTEM II. PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE MUMMY.

historical plain the bodies of the very kings who had constructed the temples still standing, and of the very priests who had officiated in them—the Temple of Hatasou nearest; away across from it Qûrneh; further to the right the Ramesseum, where the great granite monolith lies face to the ground; further south Medinet Abou, a long way beyond the Deir-el-Medineh; and there the twin Colossi, or the vocal Memnon and his companion; then, beyond all, some more of the plain, the line of the Nile, and the Arabian hills far to the east and above all; and with all, slowly moving down the cliffs and across the plain, or in the boats crossing the stream, were the sullen laborers carrying their antique burdens.

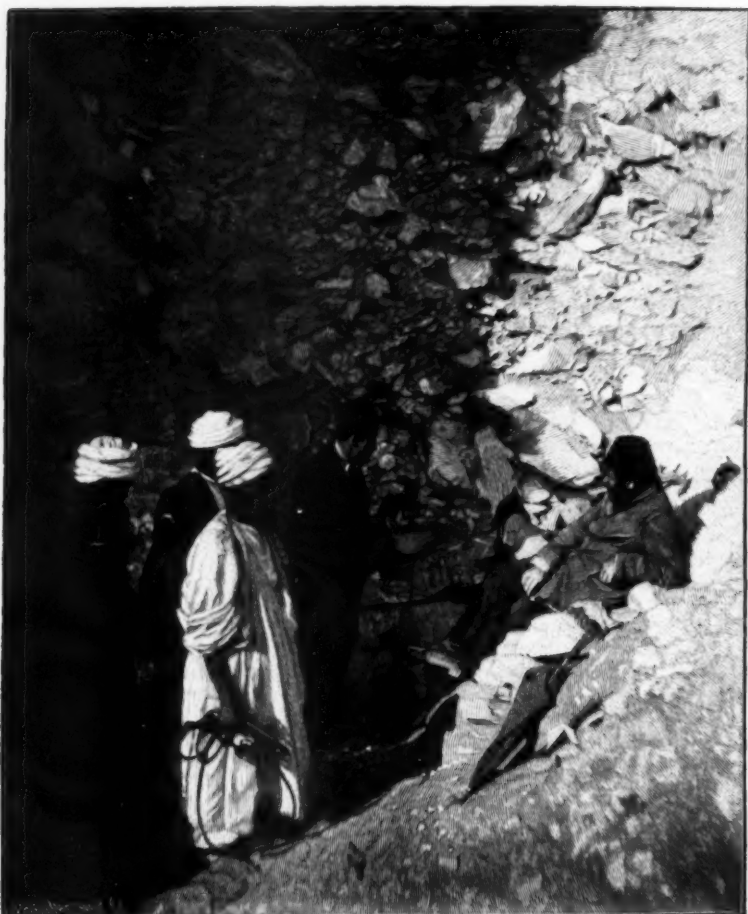
"As the Red Sea opened and allowed Israel to pass across dry-shod, so opened the silence of the Theban plain, allowed the strange funeral procession to pass,—and then all was hushed again.

"When you go up, you will see it all spread out before you—with the help of a little imagination.

"When we made our departure from Luxor, our late helpers squatted in groups upon the Theban side and silently watched us. The news had been sent down the Nile in advance of us. So, when we passed the towns, the people gathered at the quays and made most frantic demonstrations. The fantasia dancers were holding their wildest orgies here and there; a strange wail went up from the men; the women were screaming and tearing their hair, and the children were so frightened I pitied them.



GOLD-FACED INNER MUMMY-CASE OF QUEEN ANKES NOFRETARI. PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE BULÁO MUSEUM.



PROFESSOR MASPERO, EMIL BRUGSCH BEY, AND MOHAMMED ABD-ER-RABOUL. PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE MOUTH OF THE SHAFT, DEIR-EL-BAHARI.

"A few fanatical dervishes plunged into the river and tried to reach us, but a sight of the rifle drove them back, cursing us as they swam away. At night fires were kindled and guns were fired.

"At last we arrived at Bûlâq, where I soon confirmed my impressions that we had indeed recovered the mummies of the majority of the rulers of Egypt during the eighteenth, nineteenth, twentieth, and twenty-first dynasties, including Rameses II., Rameses III., King Pinotem, the high-priest Nebseri, and Queen Nofretari, all of which you have seen and photographed at Bûlâq, arranged pretty much as I found them in their long-hidden tomb. And thus our Museum became the third and probably the final resting-place of the mummy of the great Pharaoh of the Oppression."

Thus was the story of finding Pharaoh modestly told me by my friend who had displayed such enthusiasm and tact in securing for science what had puzzled science for so long a time to discover.

When we ascended from the tomb I grouped my companions at its mouth and once more caused the camera to secure a link of history.

Professor Maspero reclined upon the rocks at the right; Emil Brugsch Bey stood at the palm-log; and Mohammed was posed in front, holding the very rope in his hand which had served in hoisting royalty from its long-hidden resting-place.

Climbing the mountain across the valley I photographed the view on page 5 of the tomb terraces of Bibân el-Mulouk, showing the tomb of Sethi I., whose mummy is now at Bûlâq.

The next day the shaft was filled up again, thus closing the door of the empty theater, for the drama was ended, and the actors were gone.

I made a long Nile journey after that and photographed many a stone-cut "permanent likeness" of "the Michael Angelo of Egypt."

The profile of the southern colossus of the Great Temple at Abou-Simbel has all these centuries retained the beautiful expression left it by the Nubian chisel, and presents a striking resemblance to the photograph of the recently unfolded mummy of the great king. Of this unfolding the world has been told by almost every newspaper in it. When I was at Búlâq, all I could catch of the Sesostris face and form was as it appeared after the last neat work of the Inspector of Tombs had been finished. Since the unfolding, which took place June 1st, 1886, the camera of Brugsch Bey has enabled us all to "see how Pharaoh looked." Likewise, the report of Professor Maspero, giving the particulars of his removal of the wrappings, has ever since been a topic of conversation all over the wide world.

Only fifteen minutes were occupied in undoing the labor of many days by the careful embalmers. The kingly body had "reposed in peace" at least twice as long as was enjoined by the faith of Isis in order to secure immortality.

As recently as 1880 it was offered to an American traveler "for a reasonable bakhshish," but declined because its genuineness was doubted.

But no doubt now exists, for "in black ink, written upon the mummy-case by the high-priest and King Pinotem, is the record testifying to the identity of the royal contents." Then "upon the outer winding-sheet of the mummy, over the region of the breast," the indisputable testimony is repeated. The coverings being all removed by the careful hands of Professor Maspero, in the presence of the Khedive and other distinguished persons, *Rameses II.* appeared. Professor Maspero further reports that

"The head is long, and small in proportion to the body. The top of the skull is quite bare. On the temples there are a few sparse hairs, but at the poll the hair is quite thick, forming smooth, straight locks about five centimeters in length. White at the time of death, they have been dyed a light yellow by the spices used in embalment. The forehead is low and narrow; the brow-ridge prominent; the eyebrows are thick and white; the eyes are small and close together; the nose is long, thin, arched like the noses of the Bourbons, and slightly crushed at the tip by the pressure of the bandages. The temples are sunken; the cheek-bones very prominent; the ears round, standing far out from the head, and pierced like those of a woman for the wearing of ear-rings. The jaw-bone is massive and strong; the chin very prominent; the mouth small, but thick-lipped, and full of some kind of black paste.

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This paste being partly cut away with the scissors, disclosed some much worn and very brittle teeth, which, moreover, are white and well preserved. The mustache and beard are thin. They seem to have been kept shaven during life, but were probably allowed to grow during the king's last illness, or they may have grown after death. The hairs are white, like those of the head and eyebrows, but are harsh and bristly, and from two to three millimeters in length. The skin is of earthy brown, spotted with black. Finally, it may be said the face of the mummy gives a fair idea of the face of the



PROFILE OF RAMESSES II. PHOTOGRAPH OF THE SOUTHERN COLOSSUS AT THE GREAT TEMPLE OF ABOU-SIMBEL.

living king. The expression is unintellectual, perhaps slightly animal; but even under the somewhat grotesque disguise of mummification, there is plainly to be seen an air of sovereign majesty, of resolve, and of pride. The rest of the body is as well preserved as the head; but, in consequence of the reduction of the tissues, its external aspect is less life-like. The neck is no thicker than the vertebral column. The chest is broad; the shoulders are square; the arms are crossed upon the breast; the hands are small and dyed with henna; and the wound in the left side, through which the embalmers extracted the viscera, is large and open. The legs and thighs are fleshless; the feet are long, slender, somewhat flat-soled, and dyed, like the hands, with henna. The corpse is that of an old man, but of a vigorous and robust old man. We know, indeed, that *Rameses II.* reigned for sixty-seven years, and that he must have been nearly one hundred years old when he died."

On the same day that the face of the great *Sesostris* was unwrapped, the mummy of





RAMESSES II. IMMEDIATELY AFTER UNWINDING. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EMIL BRUGSCH DEY.

Rameses III. was also revealed and his identity established beyond question.

And now these old-time kings stand in the glass cases of the Bûlâq Museum, in as close companionship with Pinotem and Nebeni as they were when found in their sequestered retreat.

Once kings, princes, and priests, monarchs, tyrants, and oppressors, "equal with the gods,"—they now appear labeled and numbered as "antiquities," where all who desire may go and face them without fear.

When they were first borne to the tomb,

their frightened subjects cried to the gods for their entrance into immortality; and one of those gods was Rameses II., represented at Pithom in red syenite, seated in an arm-chair between the two solar gods Ra and Tum.

But when they were carried back to the Delta, the folds of sand which had for centuries covered their ancient city Zoan were being unwrapped by the spade and pick of the "Egyptian Exploration Fund," and their frightened descendants cried unto Allah—the God of Israel!

*Edward L. Wilson.*



FAÇADE OF THE BÛLÂQ MUSEUM, CAIRO, THE PRESENT RESTING-PLACE OF RAMESSES II.

## PHARAOH THE OPPRESSOR, AND HIS DAUGHTER, IN THE LIGHT OF THEIR MONUMENTS.

**T**HE ancient Egyptians have placed us greatly in their debt by a science that surpasses ours. Even in the extravagant fancies of childhood over the tales and heroes of the Bible, we never dreamed that some day we might stand face to face with the figure of that "new king over Egypt" who "said unto his people, Behold, the people of the children of Israel are more and mightier than we: Come on, let us deal wisely with them; lest they multiply, and it come to pass that, when there falleth out any war, they join also unto our enemies, and fight against us, and so get them up out of the land";—of that father whose daughter not only spared the weeping babe in the little ark among the flags, but adopted the child, and he became her son, and she named him Moses;—of that royal patron who thus educated him for the public service as a prince in his own household;—and yet of that sovereign in whose breast the prejudice of race ran so deep that he sought to slay this Moses, his foster-son, the moment he heard the hand of the latter had lifted itself against an Egyptian.

Now, upon the reappearance of this venerable monarch on the stage of modern life, one of the questions suggesting themselves as soon as our first surprise is over, is, How does this man of renown bear out his portraits upon the monuments? Placing his actual features side by side with the faces of the numerous statues and sculptures by which he sought to immortalize himself, are the latter thus found true to their subject? Do they present faithful likenesses of this very physiognomy before us? Whatever it may be, the answer to this question will also have a material bearing upon the accuracy of the art of that remote period.

A second surprise lies in wait for us.

It has often been remarked how the countenance of Rameses II., whether upon colossal monolith or mural carving, together with those of other members of the Ramesside line before and after him, can scarcely have been

purely Egyptian; and the conjecture has as often been hazarded that the type of expression they wear is obviously Semitic. Such a surmise has had for its foundation not only the narrow retreating forehead and the aquiline nose, but the long head from chin to crown and the entire cast of visage. The strange traits are limited to the Theban race or ruling



1. ETHNIC TRAITS OF AN INDIGENOUS EGYPTIAN. FROM LENORMANT'S "HISTOIRE ANCIENNE DE L'ORIENT."

class, in contradistinction to the race of primitive inhabitants of the lower Nile valley.

Let us turn aside a moment to make this difference clearer by noting how the genuine Egyptians, having a better claim to be regarded as the natives of the country, looked. Though their fac-similes have been preserved in the monuments all along through the ages, yet some of the best of them have come down to us from the earliest times. One of these is reproduced in illustration 1, taken from a remarkable bust treasured in the Louvre. Whether regarded as a work of sculpture, or



2. PROFILE OF RAMESSES II. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE MUMMY TAKEN UNDER PROFESSOR MASPERO AT BULGÖ.

as a success in portraiture, or as a creation almost endowed with life, it is a rare attainment in plastic skill and a rival to the highest art of any age. Professor G. Maspero sketches the prototype as follows:

"A great effort of the imagination is no longer required to recover the figure of an Egyptian of the time of Kheops, who contributed his part to the construction of the Pyramids: to-day we have merely to step into the Museum and look at the statues in the olden style there brought together. At the first glance of the eye we shall perceive that the artist who produced them sought to effect a strict resemblance in the modeling of the head and members after the person whom he desired to represent; and yet, neglecting the peculiarities of each individual, we may readily regain the common type of the race. The Egyptian . . . carried a head often too large in proportion to the body, presenting usually a spirit of mildness and even of instinctive sadness. The forehead is square, perhaps a trifle low; the nose short and round; the eyes are large and wide open; the cheeks filled out; the lips thick, but not reversed; the mouth, somewhat wide, bears a smile of resig-

nation and almost of suffering. . . . And, even in our own day, the simple peasants have retained nearly in every particular the likeness of their ancestors, and such a *fellah* regards with astonishment the statues of Khawrá or the colossi of the Usertesens, which reproduce lineament by lineament, across the interval of more than four thousand years, the physiognomy of these old Pharaohs."

We have only to compare this precursory portrait of an Egyptian who lived and died under the Old Empire with the remarkable picture of Rameses II. (2) vividly repeating a photograph of his mummy's profile, in order to perceive the dissimilarity instantly. The two have not the first feature in common; in fact, the one is the opposite of the other at every turn, proportion, and measure. Clearly, the great Rameses by these presents is demonstrated to have belonged to the royal Theban race of foreign stock, just as the monuments indicated.

Can this foreign stock be traced back to its source? Until modern research began in Egypt the answer to such a question was a positive "No"; but not long since a monument came to light whose testimony is strikingly confirmed by our mute effigy of the king.

Among the ruins of Zoan Mariette Bey found a memorial slab of syenite, carved with a vignette on the upper part and inscribed on the lower portion, which at once became famous under the title of "The Tablet of Four Hundred Years" (3). The subject of the vignette is a scene representing Rameses the Great offering wine to the god Set in his human form and wearing the white crown, an officer also in adoration standing behind the monarch. The object of the stela is thus revealed to be a recognition on the part of the king of that



3. SPHINX OF ZOAN, BEARING THE PORTRAIT OF THE SHEPHERD KING APOPHIS. FROM "REVUE ARCHÉOLOGIQUE."

Typhonic Set or Sutekh, and a participation in his worship, who had been the national deity of the Shepherds, at the ancient capital of these rulers. By the date of four hundred years from the king Set Aa-peh-peh Nubti, he uses an era founded upon the reign of one of these Shepherd Kings, a predecessor of Apophis. Furthermore, the officer explains, "His Majesty ordered that a great tablet of

came across four very peculiar sphinxes, on the avenue leading up to the shrine of the temple. Writing to the Vicomte de Rougé, he describes them in the following terms:

"You will be struck by the style that characterizes these four sphinxes. The clever chisel which carved the body may, doubtless, have been that of an Egyptian; but I dare not say as much in regard to the hand that modeled the face with so peculiar an energy. The

sphinxes of Egyptian origin impress us above all by their tranquil majesty. Generally the heads are portraits; and yet the eye is always calm and wide open, the mouth always smiling, the contours of the visage always rounded; and especially you observe that the Egyptian sphinxes almost never abandon the grand head-dress with spreading wings, which harmonizes so well with the quiet unity of the monument. Here, however, you are far from recognizing that type. The head of the Sphinx of Zoan is of an art with which I am really at a loss for ought to compare (4). The eyes are small, the nose is strong and arched though at the same time somewhat flat, the cheeks are large while marked by prominent bones, the chin is a projecting one, and the mouth attracts notice by the manner in which it falls at the corners. The whole visage sympathizes with the rudeness of the features making it up; and the bushy mane encircling the head, to such extent as almost to bury it, imparts a still more remarkable aspect to the monument. On beholding these strange figures we perceive that



3. TABLET OF FOUR HUNDRED YEARS. FROM "REVUE ARCHÉOLOGIQUE."

stone should be made in the great name of his fathers for the sake of setting up the name of the father of his fathers," apparently from his parent Seti I. back to Set Aa-peh-peh, four centuries before, both named after the same deity; and thus we are given to understand that Rameses thereby sought to acknowledge and honor the line of the Shepherd Kings as his ancestors.

Fortunately, we are to-day able to verify this acknowledgment and relationship in a conclusive, because physical, way.

In the same ruins of Zoan Mariette Bey

we have under our eyes the products of an art not purely Egyptian, and also not exclusively foreign, and, accordingly, we conclude that the sphinxes of Avaris [Zoan] may well excite the immense interest of dating from the time of the Hyksos [Shepherd Kings] themselves. Upon the right shoulder of each one of our four symbolical sphinxes inscriptions, which had been graven there, have been chiseled out; but the name of the deity Sutekh still remains upon the head, then follows the title 'the beneficent god,' then the illegible cartouches of the king, and the whole recalls so well, by the manner in which the inscriptions are disposed, by the length of the lines, by the style of the hieroglyphics surviving, the legend of Apophis upon the colossus of Ra-smenkh-ka [a statue of a seated Pharaoh found near by], that we cannot hesitate to read the same leg-

end upon the new monuments. According to the Salier papyrus, Apophis reared a temple to the god Sutekh; and we cannot doubt that our sphinxes are owing to the piety of this king toward the deity of his nation, nor can we refrain from the thought that the sacred inclosure which these monuments were intended to embellish was the site of the temple of Sutekh at Avaris [Zoan]. . . . And if, as every indication leads us to suppose, Apophis is the Pharaoh of *Genesis*, it was this Apophis who raised Joseph to the rank of a minister. And, these sphinxes of Zoan being contemporary with Joseph, can it be possible they have the signal honor of owing their origin to the son of Jacob personally, who would have the ordering of their execution?"

We are now ready to make the verification. The Tablet of Four Hundred Years and these sphinxes were discovered not far apart. *Rameses the Great* was the author of the tablet confessing descent from the Shepherds, and to-day we possess the features of the latter copied by the sun: the Shepherds were the authors of the Zoan sphinxes, to which they imparted their own faces. Let us compare the two, the profile of the sphinx, as above (4), with the profile of the king in illustration 2. They are parallel! Both have the same roundly retreating brow, the same arched nose, the same prominent lips, the same projecting chin, the same high cheek-bones, the same hollow cheeks — what have they not exactly alike? They are a startling match. An eminent scholar, the Reverend H. G. Tomkins, once wrote of the sphinx:

"What a front is this! full of gnarled strength. The brows are knit with anxious care; the full but small eyes seem to know no kindly light; the nose, of fine profile curve, yet broad in form, has its strongly chiseled nostrils depressed in accordance with the saddened lines of the lower cheek. The lips are thick and prominent, but not with the unmeaning fullness of the negro; quite the opposite. The curve is fine, the 'Cupid's bow' perfect which defines so boldly the upper outline: the channeled and curved upper lip has even an expression of proud sensitiveness, and there is more of sorrow than of fierceness in the drawn-down angles of the mouth."

But if we could throw the lion's mane of the sphinx around the head of the proud and lion-hearted though aged king, this description would apply equally well to him, would it not?

The family resemblance is so complete that one might be tempted to suspect the sphinx of really bearing the portrait of *Rameses* himself, rather than that of some Shepherd king. But, unhappily for such a suspicion, *Rameses II.* once, having found a similar sphinx at the site of Pithom or having removed one from Zoan, actually engaged in the discreditable work of appropriating it to himself by trans-

forming the head of the Shepherd into an image of his own (5). The alteration consisted mainly in removing the shaggy mane of the lion in order to substitute the "grand head-dress with spreading wings," a reduction which leaves the head too small for the body, while the outlines of the countenance remain almost untouched in the stolen monument.

However, *Rameses II.* did inscribe his name on the front of the Sphinx of Apophis at Zoan, which he did not otherwise injure, and upon other sphinxes of the Shepherds where he added the title "Friend" or "Beloved of Set"; while upon various monuments recently uncovered on the same site by Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie, he is delineated in the act of offering to Sutekh, who in one instance wears the white crown as on the Tablet of Four Hundred Years, but in two instances is uncrowned and long-eared.



5. HEAD OF SHEPHERD SPHINX ADAPTED TO THE HEAD OF RAMESSES II. FROM A PUBLICATION OF THE "EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND."

Such a verification is more than satisfactory. We are fully convinced that this tall king, so superhumanly towering as to be frightful to his enemies, rightfully belonged to the ruling rather than to the native race of Egypt; and, strange though it be, we allow his claim of blood-relation to those invaders, the Hyksos-Shepherds, whose expulsion from the Delta required the entire strength of the seventeenth Theban dynasty expended in a war of eighty years. Here lies the secret of that uniform, peculiar, superior cast of physiognomy running through all the countenances of the *Ramesside* line, a line ever famous for being uncommonly handsome.

And who were these Shepherds? whence did they enter Egypt? Such questions have confounded the wise ever since the revival of learning. The origin of the Shepherds has been referred to the pastoral ranges on the





S. RAMESSES' FATHER, SETI I. FROM A MONUMENT, FIGURED IN ROSELLINI'S "MONUMENTI STORICI."

east of Egypt, to the Negeb, to the land of the Amorites, to the coast of the Philistines, to the hill of the Jebusites, and especially to the cities of Phœnicia. But grave objections lie against all these conjectures; and the more the ethnic type of the race is studied, the farther north and east, into Asia, its original home is carried. Some Hittite monuments recently discovered show a remarkable approach to its general aspect, yet many of the heads of Assyrian kings a still greater coördination. Very striking agreements appear in some details of custom, such as wearing a profusion of hair and the fashion in which it is dressed, exhibited in the familiar representations of Nimrod strangling a lion, or the statue of the god Nebo. The latest verdict on these inquiries is that of a distinguished scholar whom America delights to honor, Miss Amelia B. Edwards:

"The question of the Hyksos type remains unanswered. It is neither Egyptian nor Ethiopic nor Semitic. It bears a more Northern stamp. It reminds us that those early Chaldeans, who were driven out by the Elamites under Kudur-nan-khundi, spoke and wrote a Turanian dialect, and that their blood was akin to that of the yellow races which we now call Tartar and Mongolian."

When the eighteenth dynasty came to an end with King Haremhebi, the royal line was extinct on the male side. So the nineteenth dynasty was founded by a warrior, Rameses I.; but he was a usurper, lacking in an essential qualification—royal blood.

His son, Seti I., was also a brilliant conqueror; but to the Theban priests and men of learning he, too, was unsatisfactory, because, in like manner, royal blood did not course in his veins, and because he bore the offensive name of Set. However, if, on the contrary, he was a scion of Shepherd stock, then

to us he is a curiosity, from the fact that the Hyksos features of Rameses' son must have descended through him, and in so doing left on him the typical marks of this mysterious race. How is it? has he got them too? Consult his portrait in illustration 6, and answer accordingly. Neither a long nor a second examination is required to perceive in his looks a survival of the Sphinx of Zoan on the one hand, and a prophecy of his offspring on the other. A brow reclining, a languid eye, a nose strongly arched, a mouth of almost voluptuous lips, a deep hollow beneath them that throws a round chin into accent,—all are there. He strikes involuntarily the same attitude of calm contemplation, or even pleasant reverie; but even in his style of wearing the hair he appears to affect that odd, superfluous mane of his pastoral ancestors. Though only an outline, this sketch has been chosen above many splendid examples of pictorial carving, for the sake of presenting features and not a scene. Some of the finest bas-reliefs in all Egyptian sculpture have Seti I. for their subject and central figure, imparting the story of his life through the eye rather than through the ear,—artistic object-lessons fairly changing study into enjoyment. A late witness, Monsieur Ch. Blanc, testifies:

"Seated upon a round base of a column, we examined the noblest bas-reliefs in the world! Seti was present in his own temple of Abydos. His noble head, at once human and heroic, mild and proud, stood out from the wall and seemed to regard us with a gentle smile. A wandering ray of sunlight penetrated into the temple, and, falling upon the low salience of the sculptured figures, gave them a relief and animation which was almost illusive."

However, so varied are our resources that to-day we are not dependent on ancient art for an acquaintance with this refined and wor-

shipful parent of him who forms the object of our inquisitive study. The famous Seti, too, was found among the royal mummies at Dair el-Bahari, along with Thothmes III. the illustrious, and Rameses II. the conqueror. And when his winding-sheets of mummy-cloth were unwound, and when, for the first time in so many long centuries, the light re-revealed those idiosyncratic features which of old inspired many beautiful reliefs in stone, the merciless camera was also turned upon them, and in that sort of picture which is notori-



S. RAMESSES' FATHER. FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN UNDER THE DIRECTION OF PROF. NASPERO AT BULAQ.

ous for never flattering nor ever detracting we have a proof of the very original himself (7),— a proof, by the way, of more than one kind; a proof which betrays the work of the bas-relief artists, showing how well or ill they ren-



B. TUA, MOTHER OF RAMESSES. FROM LEPSIUS'S "DENKMÄLER AUS ÄGYPTEN."

dered their princely subject — and a proof of Ramesside blood. In neither of these lines will any one who makes the comparison require the help of hints as to points of conformity or affinity. Rather, the danger lies toward the opposite extreme. The casual examiner will be likely to declare, "Difference there is none. Why! this pretended Seti is merely another photograph of the Rameses mummy-head taken from another direction of view!"

But Seti shrewdly made up for his own deficiency in the nobility then dominant by marrying a princess of the last or eighteenth

dynasty, Tuaa by name. She was descended directly from Thothmes III. and Amenophis III. whose granddaughter she was; and the monumental records acknowledge her as "Royal Wife, Royal Mother, Heiress, and Sharer of the Throne." Her mask, as it were, in illustration 8, reveals another source whence Rameses, her illustrious son, derived some of his "classic type" of countenance, along with the whole of his royal blood. For a work of such high antiquity we are not prepared for a treatment so truly artistic, and productive of so startling an effect. How vividly that sharp profile contrasts with the adjacent background! It speaks for itself as preserving an exact appearance of a living being, with the utmost fidelity and delicacy. Nay, what trace of antiquity does it present? It is not too much to say that it marks a moment of Egyptian Renaissance which so closely approaches the Renaissance of art in Italy that, were its origin unknown, it might be mistaken for a product of that time.

Tuua, however, was preëminently royal, not only in that her father was a king of the eighteenth dynasty, but in that on the maternal side, her mother, Tii by name, the queen of Amenophis III., was a princess in her own right. Her father was a powerful king, and her mother a notable queen, of Naharaina or Mesopotamia. This information is preserved upon a large scarabæus, executed under Amenophis, whose inscription, having the following legend (9), may be translated thus:

"The living Horus, the Strong Bull, crowned by Truth, The Lord of Diadems, establishing laws, pacifier of The Two Countries, great warrior, smiter of the Eastern Foreigners, King of the Upper and Lower Egypt. NEB-MA-RA, Son of the Sun, AMENOPHIS, the ruler of The Thebaid, the Giver of Life: The Great Royal Lady TII, the living one; the name of her father was IUA, The name of her mother was TUA, Who is the wife of the powerful King, His southern frontiers are to the Karui. His northern are to NAHARAINA."

In the record upon another similar scarabæus, of the same age, Tii, the living one, is called "the marvel, the daughter of the Chief of Naharaina." Of course we are curious to see how this marvelous princess held forth, if, perchance, the monuments have taken and saved a picture of such a "Great Royal Lady" from the land of Rebekah and Rachel and Leah. And *mirabile dictu!* they have. It is found among the portraits of the queens in the Tombs of the Queens, on the west of the river Nile over against Thebes, where her own chamber of sepulture remains intact, together with all its sculptures and paintings, unharmed by fire (10). The family likeness on the maternal

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9. MARRIAGE RECORD OF AMENOPHIS WITH TIÛ. FROM ROSELLINI.

side, quite different from that of the Rameside line in respect of angularity, is here revealed with intensity. The nose, especially, is straight and pointed; the brow is high and far from continuing the slope of the nose, implying an intellect of superior order. Though her lips indicate a loving heart, she evidently possessed more of spirit than of gentleness; while the remarkably exact relations and equalities of her features must have made her not only a very attractive but an exceedingly beautiful woman. If Rebekah and Rachel were only half so fair as she, they were well worth a journey away to Mesopotamia to win. And, possibly, they were not unlike in another very different respect. It will be remembered that Rachel, on the eve of the furtive departure from Mesopotamia, stole away the images of her father's gods, which surely would be of no value to her unless she really trusted in them and meant to be true to their service in the land to which she was going. Tiï, too, was equally loyal to her father's idols, and carried the gods of Mesopotamia to Egypt. Being a worshiper of Baal, her example revived the adoration of the sun, in the religious rites of the royal family at least, leading to endless discord and trouble. Though a wife of Amenophis III., her daughter married his son Khu-en-Aten, who is famous for having discarded the gods of Egypt totally, and (under the influence of Tiï?) for becoming a

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fanatical worshiper of the sun's beamy disk. In the enthusiasm kindled by a head wrought in white marble and exhibiting a taste surprisingly æsthetic, recognized as that of Tiï by Mariette (though not by Maspero) after she had reached the proportions of a matronly queen, Monsieur Charmes declares:

"When we stop in admiration before the head of Taia, at Bûlâq, we feel ourselves unconsciously driven by her charms . . . to forge a whole history, an historical romance, of which her enigmatic personality is the center and inspiration, and to fancy her the chief author of those religious tragedies which disturbed her epoch and left a burning trace which has not yet disappeared."

Having thus traced the probable origin of Rameses' ancestors on his father's side, by the aid of the Tablet of Four Hundred Years, back to Chaldea, and the lineage of his mother, by the aid of the Marriage-record of Amenophis, back to Mesopotamia, he might be regarded in respect to race as an Assyrian rather than an Egyptian, might he not? Are we aware that a verse exists in the Bible, reading,

"For thus saith the Lord God:  
My people went down aforetime into Egypt to sojourn there,  
And the Assyrian oppressed them without cause,"

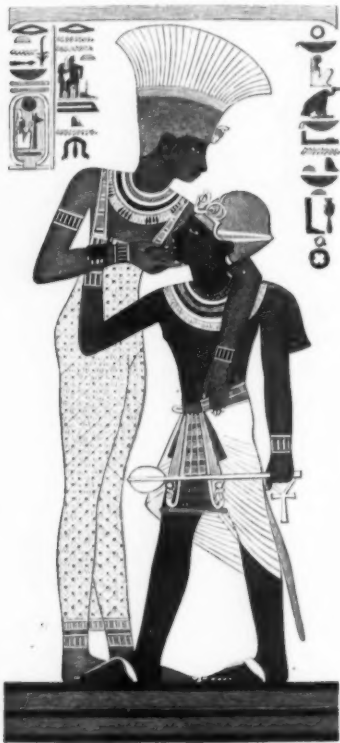
which always has been an enigma? Commentators, indeed, unanimously say the sojourn in Egypt is here contrasted with the captivity in Assyria; but this leaves the statement in the first clause abruptly suspended, and would characterize a carrying away into captivity incorrectly as an "oppression," while the very next verse (Is. lii. 4, 5) the discourse proceeds to turn from the Egyptian oppression to the contemporary Babylonian captivity in usual and precise terms:

"Now therefore, what have I here, saith the Lord,  
That my people is taken away for nought?"



10. TIÛ THE MESOPOTAMIAN PRINCESS. FROM ROSELLINI.

In Babylon the captives were treated as colonists and citizens, not as slaves, whereas the real "oppression" occurred in Egypt alone. It is impossible to resolve this enigma except by regarding the conception of the prophet as remaining in Egypt and referring to Egypt in both clauses of the verse 4, the last bearing out and explaining the first; and then, when the question is raised, How could the oppressor of Israel in Egypt be an Assyrian? the answer is ready, Our present investigation has already



11. ANUKHEH AND RAMESSES. FROM PRISE D'AMENNES. "HISTOIRE DE L'ART ÉGYPTIEN D'APRÈS LES MONUMENTS."

shown. Isaiah well understood in what way Rameses the Great was an Assyrian in Egypt, and so did they whom he addressed.

And this first-born son of the union between Seti and Tuaa, because inheriting the double royalty of his mother, was instantly hailed as king, and recognized by a fastidious aristocracy as the future sovereign of the land; and not only as a royal but as a divine being. To the people at large he was the personal representation of the divine nature; they adored him, offered prayers to him, sang hymns of praise to him; his ministers addressed him in rever-

ent terms, his princes prostrated themselves in his presence, his wives really worshiped him. And he appears to have believed himself superior to men and even allied to the gods; for in such groups as that of *Abû Keshâib*, or Pithom, he seated himself between two solar deities, Ra on the one side, Tum on the other, and made his own image larger than either of theirs! Indeed, he carried this vanity so far as to represent in certain sculptures Rameses as king burning incense before Rameses a deity. His very name signifies "Derived from Ra," nor does he hesitate to assume the titles "Son of Ra," "Son of the Sun." How naturally he cries out, "Where art thou, O my father Amen?" And he blushes not to put into the speech of the Supreme Creator such words as these, "Thus speaks the father of the gods, to his son who loves him, the first-born of his loins, I am thy father, I have begotten thee like a god; all thy limbs are supernal."

One expression of this popular conceit relates to his nurture in early life: he was regarded as having been nourished by the vestal divinity Anûkeh, whose maternal embrace, as disclosed in illustration 11, he enjoyed and reciprocated by a pressure of the hand, at the same time looking up into his benefactress's face with filial affection. For observe that the artist has with intention thrown into the features of the goddess that noble "classical" profile of his real mother Tuaa, retaining also in those of Rameses as much as possible of the peculiar mold he developed in after life; both, therefore, are living portraits. The execution of this exquisitely colored intaglio, upon a wall of the temple at Baît el-Wali, dates from the very days of Rameses; its tone is chaste, and its design is carried out to the minutest detail. Both in feeling and in art the original is an advanced attainment in Egyptian effort. It is a composition whose excellence kindles new enthusiasm as a longer study unfolds its merits. Though the bas-reliefs of this temple relate to the opening life and early wars of Rameses, manifestly in this scene, though returning from his first excursion very hungry and thirsty, he had not yet passed beyond a tender age. At first sight we may not be able to suppress a smile nor restrain the remark, Rather large for a babe! But, as the Egyptians would no sooner sketch their hero in the weakness of childhood than in the infirmity of old age, he is always upon the monuments attributed with immortal youth, beauty, felicity. Nor were the Egyptians alone in this sort of estimation of their idols: Josephus indulges in a similar vein respecting that infant brought up by Pharaoh's daughter:

"God did also give him that tallness, when he was but three years old, as was wonderful; and there was

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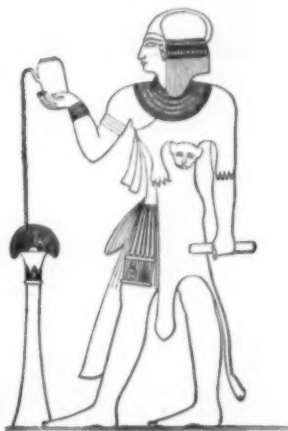
12. AN EARLY PORTRAIT OF RAMESES. FROM PRISSE D'AVENNES.

nobody so impolite as, when they saw Moses, they were not greatly surprised at the beauty of his countenance, which was so remarkable and natural to him that it detained the spectators, and made them stay longer to look upon him."

Even in boyhood the countenance of Ramesses began to exhibit the cast of his father; and the instant we look upon any one of his early copies we recognize the shape and color of his mature life as in a bud the prophecy of the open flower. One of these early portraiture is brought out in the next illustration (12). A royal uræus inwinds about the fillet binding a head-dress on the brow, from which on the left side depends that long artificial tress, recurved at the end, which every prince was bound to wear as long as his father remained still in the land of the living. Around the neck reposes a highly ornamental collar, in part composed of precious stones, the like of which apparently he never ceased to bear, if we may so judge from his next costume and that of his last portrait in this series. And the pelt of a panther, with its head resting on his left breast and one paw thrown over his right shoulder, half covering his tunic, marks the wearer as already a member of that sacred class of priests called *Sam*, more fully detailed in the next figure. All of which, however, fail to conceal the fresh round form of the lad, and the bright look, the happy expression breaking forth in every feature about to blossom out in the face of the Ramesses of the future.

As soon as old enough, Ramesses began to assist his father in every regal and ritualistic duty—sometimes holding the plate of offering, pouring the libation, pronouncing the invocation, or reciting the hymn of worship, while his father performed the sacred rites; at

other times, in order to learn the science of war, accompanying his valorous parent on military campaigns, and, at length, venturing forth alone to victory. In illustration 13 we behold him engaged in one of these services—pouring out a libation of wine—as set forth by a tablet in the Temple of Abydos, upon which Mr. Villiers Stuart declares "more care has been lavished than on anything else in the entire temple; as a specimen of sculpture it is quite a gem." In the strength of youth Ramesses stands erect before an altar surmounted with flowers, partly shaven as to his head, yet retaining that side-lock which marks him still as a princely minor, and upon which he has lavished a golden clasp, a row of pearls, and a royal basilisk. Beads encircle his neck, and an elaborate collar. Over his shoulder hangs a panther's skin, which only priests of a certain rank had the right to wear. A leopard-headed buckle secures the apron-strings, and the straps suspending a plate of gold upon which are inscribed the cartouches of the heir to the crown. In his left hand he grasps a papyrus-roll, containing, doubtless, the litany of his worship. But, that countenance! How, at this early age, it involves all the elements that are to render it peculiar in manhood, in old age, and even after three and thirty centuries have rolled away,—traits, inherited mainly from the paternal line, the salient chin, the impulsive lips, a nose that would identify its owner quite as well as his name, and the extension of its outline over the brow at scarcely a different angle. But while the backward consanguinity is unmistakable, the forward relationship between this unchangeable bas-relief at Abydos and the veritable personage rendered equally unchangeable by the embalmer is also unmistak-



13. RAMESES AS PRIEST. FROM MARIETTE'S "ABYDOS."



able, the only modification being due to the burden of many years.

When grown to man's estate and elevated to the throne, the king Rameses lost none of his individuality. This is finely developed in the head of one among his surpassing images,

unusual in figure and size, yet the nostrils are refined. The lips are rich in kindliness and vigor. A serious thoughtfulness seems to pervade the whole visage, as though the king were living over again some trying episode, with its fortunate deliverance, in his past ex-



14. RAMESSES THE KING, AT TANIS. FROM LEOPOLDS.

reproduced in illustration 14, now enriching the Museum at Turin, but obtained early in the present century by the Italian collector Drovetti at Tanis in all probability. It pertains to a sitting statue, which ranks as the best one that has come down to us in point of complete form, unblemished preservation, and genuine artistic skill. Even without the tell-tale cartouches of Rameses upon the pilaster at the back, we should be struck instantly by the distinction it conveys of its ancient original. He wears a military casque bearing the royal uræus, and holds in the right hand a crook, emblem of dominion. His large eyes betoken a large soul, a fearless purpose, and a consciousness of supremacy. While the nose is

perience. Shall we venture a guess as to the scene of that incident? Can this brave warrior ever cease to brood over that narrow escape he had in his conflict with the Kheta, afar on the banks of the Orontes?

"And not one of my princes, not one of my captains of the chariots, not one of my chief men, not one of my knights, was there. My warriors and my chariots had abandoned me.

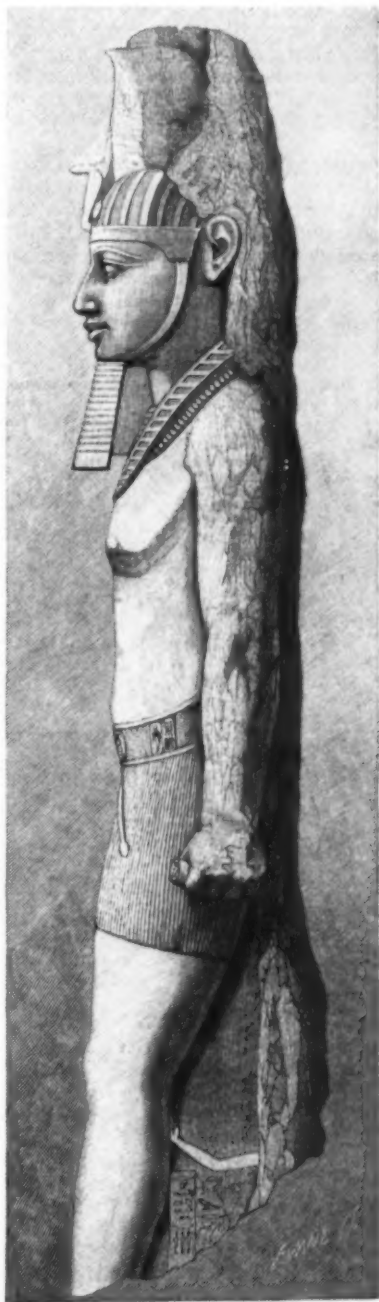
"Thereupon I lifted up my voice: 'Where art thou, my father Amen? If this means that the father has forgotten his son, behold have I done anything without thy knowledge, or have I not gone and followed the judgments of thy mouth? Shall it be for nothing that I have dedicated to thee many and noble monuments? Behold, now, Amen, I am in the midst of many unknown peoples in great numbers. All have

united themselves, and I am all alone; no other is with me; my warriors and my charioteers have deserted me. I called to them, and not one of them heard my voice. The works of a multitude of men are nothing; Amen is better than they.'

"And my voice found an echo in Hermonthis, and Amen heard it and came at my cry. He reached out his hand to me, and I shouted for joy. He called out to me, 'I have hastened to thee, Rameses Mer-Amen. I am with thee. I am he, thy father, the sun-god Ra. My hand is with thee.'

"All this came to pass. I was changed, being made like the god Monthu. I hurled the dart with my right hand, I fought with my left hand. Not one of them raised his hand to fight; their courage was smitten in their breasts; their limbs gave way. I made them fall into the waters just as the crocodiles fall in. They tumbled down on their faces one after another. Each one as he fell, he raised himself not up again."

A grove of palm-trees now flourishes where the city of Memphis, formerly a brilliant capital of Egypt, once stood. Out of all its magnificent structures or splendid monuments only a single example survives the others, either drowned by the inundation of the Nile or by its waters left behind during nine months in the year, or groveling, face downwards, in the mire of a pool during the remaining months. The *fellahs* call this sole remaining inhabitant *Abû el-Hawâ*, "The Father of Terror"; and every traveler to Egypt makes a pilgrimage to the spot to receive an impressive lesson of fallen greatness. It is one of those colossal statues of Rameses II. which its ambitious author scattered through his kingdom from one end to the other—not in sitting posture, as the last one considered, but originally standing erect, with face to the north, against a pylon of the great Temple of Ptah, of which not a vestige is to be found to-day. The surpassing element in this monolithic image is that of height, being about forty-four feet from end to end; though its grandeur of size is paralleled by a majestic grandeur of beauty and style. Again, as illustration 15 well shows, the head so teems with the authentic character of the individual that we cannot tire of admiring it. How very exact the relation of brow to nose! while the entire face presents just such a contour as, from the mummy, we should suppose the features of Rameses must have had in middle life. When the statue fell to the ground the upper part of the double crown, or *pschent*, towering above the head, was dashed away, and the feet were broken off; but everything else continues intact—uraeus, false beard under the chin, even down to the royal titles engraved upon a breastplate, and a papyrus-roll held in the left hand. At the feet diminutive images of a prince and a princess, one of whom lifts an arm as if raised in supplication, reaching to the knee, are supposed to recall the peril from fire at Pelusium to himself as well as to his wife and children, in commem-



15. RAMESES THE KING, AT MEMPHIS. FROM PISSE D'AVENNES.

oration of rescue from which, through personal bravery as well as presence of mind and prayer, he reared memorial statues of the whole family before the grand sanctuary in Memphis. As if contemplating this miraculous extrication, the stony face cannot conceal the gratitude and peace of the king upon his second deliverance.

Yet among these masterpieces of art from the days of the nineteenth dynasty, one, judging from the fragment persisting to our day, surpassed all others in a very rare element. In those thus far examined realism has been plain to be seen — the fruit of an aim to repeat an actual face not in the least degree departed from nor fallen short of through inadequate talent.



16. RAMESSES THE KING, AT THEBES. FROM "DESCRIPTION DE L'EGYPTE."

But in this one there are signs of the indulgence of a conception, together with an effort, while remaining faithful to the real, to express a dream of an ideal king. The result is the most beautiful face of Rameses that was ever produced by Egyptian genius. It graced a court in that transcendent monument raised to the glory of the great potentate, the Ramesseum at Thebes. From illustration 16 we may easily separate the two components, one the object intended to be duplicated with whom we are now familiar, retaining his smile of self-complacency, which, perhaps, always flitted around the lips of Rameses; the other a stamp

upon that face of superhuman symmetry, of spiritual delicacy, reaching out after, really catching, that divine nature and dignity which Rameses was believed to share. So successful were the authors of this statue in their design that, as late as our own century when the French *savants* reached it, they, looking steadfastly thereon, actually thought it the face of a god:

"One could scarcely represent divinity under traits which should better cause it to be respected and cherished."

From this fragment in its faultless chiseling and polish, we may only imagine what amount of labor must have been expended upon the whole colossus of rosy syenite. It was the choicest monument, probably, in the grand structure of the Ramesseum. How innocently the *messieurs* of the French Commission add,

"This *morceau* of sculpture deserves to be carried to Europe, in order to show to what degree of perfection the Egyptians attained in the art of cutting and finishing stone."

Presently this *morceau* was conveyed to Europe — to the Louvre? No; but to a hall in the British Museum! Compare this illustration, for a moment, with the full-face view, on page 10, of the mummied king. Is there any difference, aside from the contrast between the bloom of manhood and the emaciation of extreme senility? How many landmarks are common to both — the heavy eyebrows, the face broadest at the cheek-bones, the prominent nose, the excessive lips, the sharply jutting chin! The monument and the monarch agree beyond all anticipation.

Our series of representative portraiture of Rameses began with one made vivid by the aid of colors; it may, therefore, appropriately end with another made as brilliant as a painting by never-fading pigments. It occurs at Abû Simbel in Nubia, in the grotto or temple of Hathor. Of course, an illustration (17) in black and white cannot transmit any conception of those powerful tints which render the portrait as natural as life itself, and so perfectly real that you wait to receive some reply to your greeting, or expect the monarch to descend from the wall and welcome you to his royal abode. The surpassing quality here is an intense expression. He is older now, equally tranquil, but less gracious and more stern. His complexion is a deep coppery red; his eye is very long, its apple is black, its ball white, its lids overshadowing; the nose is Rameses' own, depressed at the end; while the mouth and chin are equally peculiar. His costume is a military one; a casque of cobalt-blue, enameled with studs of gold and ornamented with the uræus, is bound behind by streaming bands. A broad collar adorns the



17. RAMESSES THE KING, AT ATU SIBHEL.  
FROM CHAMPOLLION-FRÈRE'S "MONUMENTS DE L'ÉGYPTÉ."

neck, variegated with circles and radiant points in blue, green, yellow, red, and black. The hue of his short-sleeved garment, crushed-strawberry, has again come round into the height of fashion, and is rendered highly effective by dominos in black; you would readily imagine the king might have taken the pattern from Joseph's coat of many colors.

But what sort of grotto or temple or abode is this at which we have arrived? Here, certainly, the king can no longer complain that he is "all alone." The temple at Bait el-Wali and the imposing Ramesseum are devoted to his glorious achievements; but here, on all sides, upon façade, walls, pillars, another figure is met with; another presence keeps him company; another regent reigns conjointly with him on the throne. This sacred abode is consecrated to Hathor, the Egyptian Venus, and the second personage who shares it with him is his beloved wife, the idol and ruler of his heart, Mer-en-Mut Nefer-ari. Miss Edwards has unfolded the *raison d'être* of the shrine, in most inimitable terms:

"The façade is a daring innovation. Here the whole front is but a frame for six recesses, from each of which a colossal statue, erect and life-like, seems to be walking straight out from the heart of the mountain (18). These statues, three to the right and three to the left of the doorway, stand thirty feet high, and represent Ramesses II. and Nefer-ari, his queen. Mutilated as they are, the male figures are full of spirit, and the female figures are full of grace. The queen wears on her head the plumes and disk of Hathor. The king is crowned with the *pschent*, and with a fantastic helmet adorned with plumes and horns. They have their

children with them; the queen her daughters, the king his sons, infants of ten feet high, whose heads just reach the parental knee.

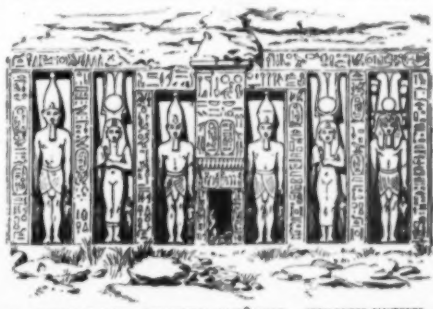
"The superb hieroglyphs that cover the faces of these buttresses and the front of this porch are cut half a foot deep into the rock, and are so large that they can be read from the island in the middle of the river. The tale they tell—a tale retold, in many varied turns of old Egyptian style upon the architraves within—is singular and interesting.

"Rameses, the Strong in Truth, the Beloved of Amen," says the outer legend, "made this divine Abode for his royal wife, Nefer-ari, whom he loves."

"The legend within, after enumerating the titles of the king, records that 'his royal wife who loves him, Nefer-ari the Beloved of Mât, constructed for him this Abode in the mountain of the Pure Waters.'

"On every pillar, in every act of worship pictured on the walls, even in the sanctuary, we find the names of Rameses and Nefer-ari 'coupled and inseparable.' In this double dedication, and in the unwonted tenderness of the style, one seems to detect traces of some event, perhaps of some anniversary, the particulars of which are lost forever. It may have been a meeting; it may have been a parting; it may have been a prayer answered, or a vow fulfilled. We see, at all events, that Rameses and Nefer-ari desired to leave behind them an imperishable record of their affection which united them on earth, and which they hoped would reunite them in Amenti. What more do we need to know? We see that the queen was fair, that the king was in his prime. We divine the rest; and the poetry of the place at all events is ours. Even in these barren solitudes there is wafted to us a breath from the shores of old romance. We feel that Love once passed this way, and that the ground is still hallowed where he trod."

In order to get a better view of this loving pair, let us separate the two statues at the right of the picture, or northern end of the façade, from the remainder, and enlarge them as much as possible. This is done in illustration 19. The two cartouches of Rameses the King stand over his head in the cornice, and one of them above the head of each statue at its left; the single cartouch of Mer-en-Mut Nefer-ari falls in the middle of the pilaster just at the elbow of the queen, beneath her title "The Great Royal Wife," equivalent to "Royal Wife, Chief Lady of the land." Out in the sunlight the wonted smile of the king returns, indicating a condition of happiness without alloy. Observe how remarkably this face, with the attire upon the head, coördi-



18. FAÇADE OF THE TEMPLE OF HATHOR, AT ATU SIBHEL. FROM PHOT. D'AVENNES.



19. TWO STATUES AT RIGHT OF PRECEDING FAÇADE. THE QUEEN MER-EN-MUT NEFER-ARI AND THE KING RAMESSES II. FROM PRISSE D'AVENNES.

nates with both the style and the detail of the Ramesseum statue. Also, closely compare the two countenances of king and queen and note a very apparent kinship lying back of, older than, the relationship of husband and wife. Evidently the love that is now so warm and paramount in their lives is a continuation of an affection never less tender or strong.

Upon a pillar deep within the recesses of this grotto, on the left, we may find a more exact delineation of this fair queen, revealing the same secret. Just the same hieroglyphs identify her as the "Royal Wife, Great Lady Mer-en-Mut Nefer-ari." As illustration 20 indicates, she dons the plumes and horns and disk of the goddess to whom her home is dedicated; she wears a coronet; and, not unlike some fashionable ladies nowadays, she bears upon her head the livery of a bird, that of a vulture,—in her case, however, a symbol

of maternity. Above the beak of the bird rises a hooded asp, carrying a miniature disk of the sun, always the emblem of a sovereign. A large earring peeps from under a sun-bonnet, fringed with gold and falling around her shoulder. In her right hand she holds up a sistrum, or copper bow with cross-bars strung with beads, ornamented by a head of Hathor as a sign that she is a priestess of the highest rank or prophetess of peculiarly sacred character; while in her left she grasps a scourge as another sign of royal supremacy. In her outline the Egyptian artist manifestly tried to realize a beauty which he was never afterwards called upon to outdo: he has expressed a sweet grace, united with a force of character, quite sufficient to gain and to keep the affections even of a Ramesses the Great.

A variant of her dedication of the temple to him reads, according to Mr. Villiers Stuart:

"To the sovereign of the two lands, Lord of Upper and Lower Egypt, User-Ma-Ra, Son of the Sun, Beloved of Ra, Lord of Crowns, Ramesses Mer-Amen, his loving Lady, Queen and Princess Nefer-ari has built a temple in the locality of Abbû by the waters. Grant him life for evermore."

Throwing these epithets into a natural succession, "His Princess and Queen" at once, we may curiously ask, Does the first of these terms explain the romantic attach-

ment and offer the ground of exaltation to the last?

If so, the revelation is capable of a test which will either confirm or disprove it.

One step backward in her history would be a time when she had not yet assumed the title Mer-en-Mut, "Beloved of the goddess Mut," just as her liege-lord was proud to call himself Mer-Amen, "Beloved of Amen," and his son Mer-en-Ptah, "Beloved of the deity Ptah." And such a period is readily recovered. Among the bas-reliefs of West Silsilis



20. RAMESSES' ROYAL WIFE, GREAT LADY MER-EN-MUT NEFER-ARI. FROM LEPSIUS.



this same queen may be observed occupied with the pious task of offering sacrifice to certain divinities (illustration 21). Here she is announced to the world as the "Royal Wife," and the "Great Royal Wife, Lady Ruler of the Two Lands," etc., while her cartouch reads merely "Nefer-ari." Her insignia are essentially the same, the plumes, etc., of Hathor, a coronet, but no uræus, and now she holds a sistrum in each hand high above the altars, upon which libation-jars are standing. As a sistrum-player, *ahi-t*, and in the act of performing certain religious ceremonies before an altar, she again signalizes her membership in that holy order of priesthood to which only the wives and daughters of kings could belong.

Another step backward in her history would be a time when she had not yet attained the position of queen or the title of "Royal Wife," but was known simply as "Princess." Looking through the lists of royal daughters born to Rameses, among the troop depicted at Derr we find one little girl portrayed beneath the king, accompanied by his lion and about to dispatch a group of prisoners, who lifts her arms on high and holds a sistrum in one hand, who wears a coronet, and bears the name of "Nefer-ari." On the walls of the Great Temple here at Abû Simbel she also appears, beneath a similar scene, and is recorded as "Nefer-tari" by name: in illustration 22 is her picture.

At first thought it might seem, from the occurrence of Mer-en-Mut Nefer-ari in the company of Rameses offering sacrifice on one wall in the Great Temple, and the occurrence of these daughters on another wall of the same temple, that the queen was grown when the princess was young. But on second thought this objection disappears; for this troop of princesses is merely a

genealogical table, a duplicate of others at Derr and at Thebes, without reference to the queen, who is represented upon the walls of both these temples at Abû Simbel as she appeared at several other epochs in her life; and also for the reason that among these various princesses, all alike of about a twelve-year-old size, no less than a whole generation of years must be di-

vided up—they could not *all* have been exactly twelve years of age at once.

Let us estimate that the daughter of Pharaoh the Oppressor was not far from sweet sixteen when she found the little waif upon the Nile: at this time she was only the "Princess" Nefer-ari, and the Bible is perfectly accurate in referring to her as "Pharaoh's daughter." As Brugsch believes, this occurred in the sixth year of Rameses' reign, who may then have been six-and-thirty years of age: we know that he had grown-up sons, who were assisting him in war, when he himself began to rule. On the other hand, votive tablets in our Hathor Temple, dating from the thirty-eighth year of Rameses' reign, would indicate forty-eight and sixty-eight as the ages of the royal couple when this sacred abode was finished and in constant use.

But in two or three or four or more years after her discovery of the ark in the flags by the river's brink, the "Princess" became the king's peerless consort, and at first was distinguished by no other than her former name, the "Royal Wife Nefer-ari"; but, presently, for some reason best known to herself, she added a second appellation, Mer-en-Mut, the basis of the Thermuthis (T-mer-mut) of Greek historians.

Here lies the key to the strange procedure of Josephus, who first styles her "Daughter," then calls her "Thermuthis," and finally describes her as Co-regent in the administration of affairs.

And this very singularly clears up the records of other historians hitherto obscure.

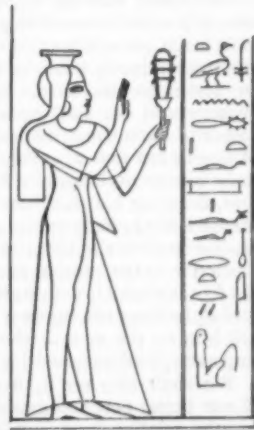
One of them, Georgius (Syncellus), calls Rameses "Amosis Pharaoh"—a close approximation, yet not a perfect echo, "Amosis" having lost an initial R in its transit across the sea

and two thousands of years. Besides, he relates, "The Daughter of Pharaoh, Thermuthis who was also called Pharia." Ah! this, too, has a familiar accent,—*"Pharia?"*—yet something is missing. What can it be? Again across the great sea and a space of twenty centuries "Pharia" has lost an initial N: if Georgius's record were to read



21. RAMESSES' GREAT ROYAL WIFE NEFER-ARI. FROM LEFRUIE.

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22. RAMESSES' ROYAL DAUGHTER NEFER-ARI. FROM LEFRUIE.

Nepharia, nothing would be wanting. Thus, according to this authority, the full name of Pharaoh's Daughter was no less than Thermuthis-Nefer-ari.

Another of them, Cedrenus, tells how the Daughter of Pharaoh was named "Muthidis," as well as Thermuthis, and "Pharëis." Of course, as before this, "Pharëis" is a reduced survival of Nefer-ari, while "Muthidis" stands as a fragment of Mer-Mut; and so in both combined we have represented about half of the long Egyptian designation Mer-en-Mut Nefer-ari.

Artapanus, also, was right, as far as he went, in saying that Pharaoh's Daughter bore the name of "Merhis," which selects the other half of Meri-Mut. By putting the halves preserved by Cedrenus and Artapanus together, we get the whole of Mer-en-Mut after all.



23. HEAD OF PHARAOH'S DAUGHTER. ENLARGED FROM FIGURE 22.

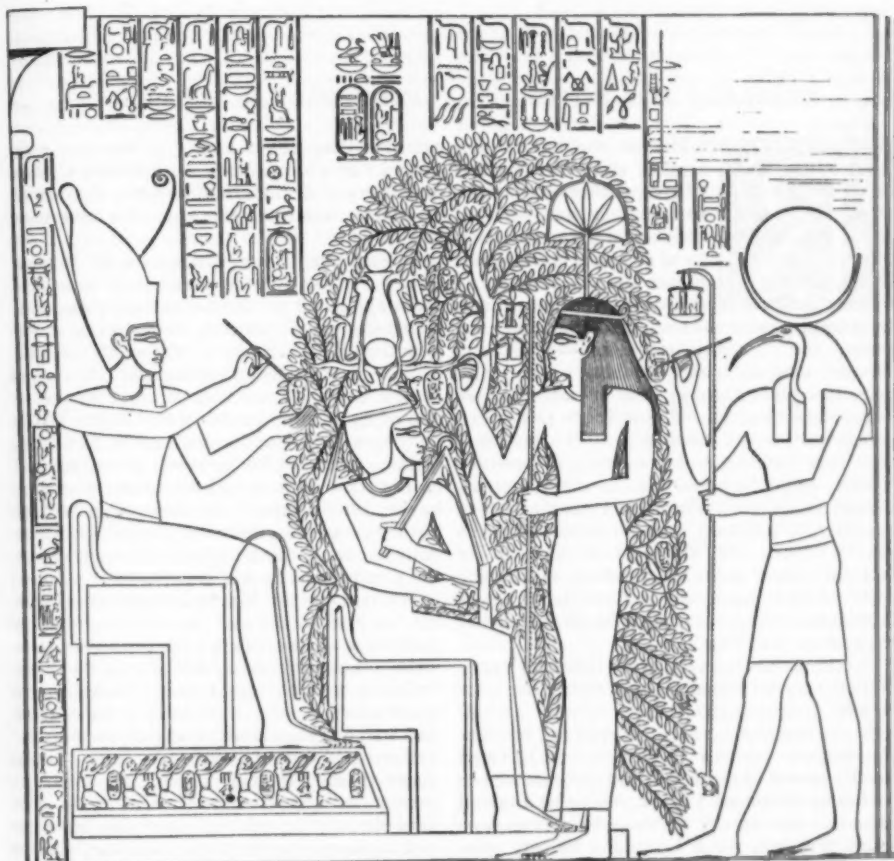
Unconscious of all our perplexity in regard to her identity, the Daughter of Pharaoh is silently waiting for recognition, in life-size and bold relief, upon the walls of Hathor's Grotto today (23). A gentler spirit never breathed from

any countenance, together with a charm as irresistible to us as it was to the king; and yet she exhibits no lack of intelligence, good sense, wit, or strength. She wears all the grace and majesty of a real queen: a marked refinement betrays her superiority in rank and race to everything natively Egyptian. The narrative of Josephus respecting the events which took place after Moses had ceased to be an infant abundantly exhibits Thermuthis as active and influential in the government as any queen could be. She certainly exercised the power of veto when, having brought the boy Moses to her father, saying she intended him to be heir to his kingdom, and the great Rameses, drawing his daughter's pet close to his breast and playfully putting the royal diadem on the head of the lad, the latter audaciously dashed it to the ground and trod upon it with his feet, for which act of evil omen the sacred scribe, looking on, made a violent attempt to kill him on the spot — she snatched her darling away, and so saved his life a second time.

We shall also err if, from the standpoint of our better psychology, judicially condemning the relation here involved, we pronounce it inadmissible. We are in search of facts, re-

gardless where they may lead; and we must judge the parties concerned by their standards and circumstances, not by ours. It is already admitted by Pierret, Lenormant, and others that Bint-antha thus became the queen she was; while Wiedemann asserts the same as true, not of Bint-antha only, but of Amenmerit and of Neb-tau also. But, if of these three daughters or only of one, why not of Nefer-ari as well? Reflecting a moment upon the reputed number of the progeny of this great king, one hundred and seventy, — half of whom must have been daughters, — an array unprecedented in the annals of Egypt, we see how difficult a matter it must have been to find royal suitors for the hands of the princesses. Rameses was at war with all the world within his reach until there was no king but himself in all his wide domains. Inter-marriage was regarded as expedient by the lofty house of Egypt, as the true means of keeping its royalty pure and the family perfect. People in the olden times over there reasoned precisely as the daughters of Abraham's brother did, when their mother became defunct by crystallization into a pillar of salt. Isaac, by Abraham's express direction, and Jacob took wives from their own kindred; and when Esau preferred to go out of the lines of consanguinity and marry Hittite damsels, it was "a grief to Isaac and Rebekah." Besides, toward the end of Egyptian history the Ptolemies were famous for close alliances, and we think it not so very strange only because we have got used to the fact.

Rameses the Great was about thirty years old when he began to rule alone, and he reigned sixty-seven years. As Professor Maspero says in his report, "And so he ought to have been almost a centenarian at death." The Scriptures imply that the Pharaoh who had brought the Israelites under the yoke of bondage was sovereign on the throne when Moses was born, we may estimate, with Professor H. Brugsch, in the sixth year of his reign. After this, Moses had time for growing up to adult age, and for retreating into Midian forty years, according to the chronology in our A. V., ere he could return to Egypt with safety. Can there be, therefore, an undercurrent of irony in the words of the Bible where it reads, "And it came to pass in process of time, that the king of Egypt died"? Be this as it may, we have, also, the testimony of one profane historian, at least, who records of Sesostis that, having lived to so great age as to lose his sight, he preferred to put an end to his earthly existence rather than allow it to be further prolonged. "This last act," Diodorus continues, "was admired by the priests as well as by the other Egyptians, as terminating life in a manner worthy the ac-



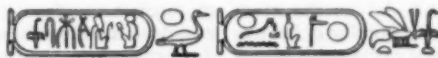
24. APOTHEOSIS OF RAMESSES II. FROM LEPSIUS.

tions of this king." Accordingly, the walls of his magnificent Ramesseum preserve a bas-relief depicting the apotheosis of this exalted scepter-bearer (24). He is seated as upon a throne still, and, already their equal, he enters the society of the gods, all of whom are engaged in inscribing his name upon the fruits of the Tree of Life. On the left sits Amen-Ra-Tum, the sun, the supreme deity, under the form he assumes in the lower world where the dead reside. On the right stands Tahut, having the head of an ibis, god of science and all knowledges, scribe to the assembly of the immortals. In the midst and facing the king newly arrived, stands Safehh, the "Lady of Writings" or god-

dess of letters, who, along with Tahut, carries in the left hand the emblem of perpetuity during millions and millions of years. The double royal cartouch of Rameses II. appears directly over his head; and even in this outline drawing of his countenance the artist of more than thirty centuries ago clearly endeavored to trace the very profile which time has dealt so tenderly with and now in these last days has unveiled to our reverent gaze.

Even if his royal name had not been officially written by the high-priest Pinotem upon his cerements, we would have been able readily to recognize and safely to identify the Great Rameses from his iconographic monuments.

*John A. Paine.*



CARTOUCHES OF RAMESSES II.—KING OF THE UPPER AND LOWER COUNTRIES.

## ZWEIBAK; OR, NOTES OF A PROFESSIONAL EXILE.—V.



**R**IGHT on the top of my remark that the passion of love, or that simple passions of any sort, such as the plays describe, are not to be met with in Zweibak, comes the adorable spinster Phillis, accompanied by Amyntas, who has been in love with her for years. She is a really fine person,—a tall, full, blonde woman, with a coquetry which approaches philanthropy, it is so amiable, so vague and elevated. Her desire to please expands itself into a fine and gentle enthusiasm. She has a freedom and a strength of position which would be possible to no other than an American spinster. She is not emancipated, or peculiar, or anything that is unbecoming, but sits by her tea-table like Deborah of old under her palm tree; from this position, in which I have often seen her, she radiates her interest in mankind in general and the male portion thereof in particular.

Amyntas has been in pursuit of her for years, if that may be called pursuit, where she does not fly and he scarcely dares follow. The affair has reached a state of suspended motion. He is quite content to be near her, to listen to the sound of her voice, and to be conscious of her movements. Indeed, it is to be doubted whether her actual presence is necessary to him. I should think he might sit very comfortably in the same room with one of her old dresses.

... An American should not spend the years of his early and middle life in Europe. When Americans first come abroad, they are very much taken up with associations. These are often so attractive as to make them think they could never weary of such things. A day or two after my first landing in England as a youngster, fifteen years ago, I went with a college friend to the Haymarket Theatre. This was in the time before the hand of the improver had been laid upon that charming abode of Thespis. It was a dingy white-and-gilt old place, stodgy and full of draughts, still redolent of old comedy and of the days of the pit and "half price." We sat in the stalls in the second row from the orchestra, and were very near the actors. Our compatriot, Mr. Vezin, who was playing in "The Man of Airlie," did us the great kindness to wink at us. I wonder if he was sensible of the effect upon our young minds of his benevolent action. In an instant I felt

such "a man about town." I was one with the wits of Queen Anne, with Colley Cibber and Barry and Betterton, and the dandies of fifty and a hundred years ago. We were very happy.

The next day I went to a levee at St. James's Palace. A beef-eater in the dress of three centuries ago stood at a turn of the staircase, and, recognizing my black coat, motioned me in the direction of the *entrée*. I was vastly pleased by the man's deferential manner. His semblance was in some way familiar to me. I looked again and saw that it was Henry VIII., no longer proud and valiant as in Holbein's picture, but contrite in mind, much tutored by the lapse of time and the course of events, having fully adopted the view of the school histories regarding his own actions, and now doing homage to the spirit of democracy in the person of a Yankee diplomat.

But one cannot live on associations. One has but a single life and cannot spend that on traditions. Associations and traditions soon weary. I sometimes go and stay at the country house of an old lady who has known pretty much every European celebrity of the century and who has entertained many of them under her most hospitable roof. She likes to talk about them. At first it was interesting to listen; but it has come to bore me sadly. The kind old lady sits discoursing all day upon the past of these eminent people—to me, who am altogether interested in my own future.

... I begin to want a country badly. I have so long breathed foreign air as to have begun to wonder whether the atmosphere of my own land, like this, is made of oxygen and nitrogen, and whether our piece of ground has as much of the sun, the moon, and the stars as these countries. I am aware that my country is a great one, but I require in my exile an outward and visible sign of the fact. It has altogether too much moral and future greatness. I wish it had more ships of war and bands of music. I would give some tons of moral greatness and, as for the future, would throw in an eon or two, for one smart drummer-boy.

A year ago a United States ship of war visited the country in which the writer holds a diplomatic appointment. I accompanied my chief on a visit to this ship. We were met at the dock by a steam launch, commanded by a midshipman, a tall youth with delicate and distinct features and a complexion that suggested ague. He told us he was from south-



ern Ohio. The chief, who is a poet, said he looked like Nelson; a Nelson from the shores of the Miami seemed a funny notion; but he did nevertheless. I was expecting nothing and thinking of nothing when the launch reached a hole in the side of the black object we had seen in the offing. We ran up the steps to the deck, which had been hidden from us by the ship's high walls and which was alive with a numerous company drawn up in the smartest array; the admiral to the front, an extremely handsome old man, in uniform of navy blue and brass buttons and white waistcoat, looking very grand and clean and bright and "tarnation mad." (We should have been there before). There was a violent discharge of musketry. My senses were shocked by the sharp rattling reports. The deck swam blushing with ten thousand flowers. In the twinkling of an eye I had been taken, after long absence, to a portion of the territory of my own country. It was her music, from the guns of four hundred thronging brothers, which tore the morning air of that distant shore. It was her most sweet thunder which reverberated among those summer seas. I looked upward and beheld the flag floating supremely in its elemental blue.

I never dreamed they could make such a devil of a noise. The ship's company went through their manoeuvres; and then we were shown over the vessel. There was something rather flattering to ourselves, who had been treated with such consideration in the "damnyour-eyes" manner in which the officers hissed their orders sidewise to the common sailors, while we, so to speak, strode on superbly over their prostrate necks. It seemed very professional and quite the right thing. The admiral asked us to dine with him in his cabin. He also asked the captain. It was particularly pleasant to see that the captain called him "Sir," similar instances of just authority and decent subordination being so rare among our countrymen. At dinner the admiral had several times told the colored boy who waited to fill my glass, which the boy was rather slow in doing. At length the admiral himself filled the glass, saying: "That boy is determined you shan't have anything to drink." The moderation and self-restraint of this impressed me greatly, when I knew that at a word he could have hanged the boy from the yard-arms.

The ship's company were again drawn up to take leave of the minister, who declared to the admiral when about to take the launch that it was the happiest day he had spent in England. As for me, I shall not attempt to describe the lively sentiments toward the grand old admiral I entertained at parting.

. . . I see by the papers that they have taken up the remains of John Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," and carried them to America, the expense of the proceeding having been borne by an American millionaire. Mr. Payne had a very nice grave by the side of the Mediterranean. Why not have let him stay there? To have taken him up after so long a time and to have carried him such a distance and then for a Washington glee-club to get around him and sing a part-song seems to me to have been of the nature of an indignity. If Mr. Payne was a man of humor and refined sensibilities, as he probably was, I doubt if such a free treatment of him would have been to his taste.

There is a notion at home that you may be allowed to do anything, if you will pay for it. And when a rich man wants to do something "graceful," it is difficult for the authorities to gainsay him, a rich man with us being a bigger thing than the Government of the United States. I trust that if any soft-hearted millionaire proposes to make a contribution to my traveling expenses, he will do so while I am in the flesh, and can come to such a nice place as this and spend it. It seems also that the Department of State made a somewhat unseasonable concession in this matter. There must have been occasions when a leave of absence of sixty days and the necessary time required for transit, with permission to visit the United States, would have been appreciated by Mr. Payne. But to speak seriously, of course if there were people who wished to move Mr. Payne and were ready to pay for the transfer, the government could hardly have refused to assist them to do so. A great department can hardly humor itself with the whims of taste in which an irresponsible itinerant like the writer may indulge himself.

My countrymen have recently displayed a great access of necrologic zeal. Some Philadelphians have made a determined effort to get possession of the body of William Penn, and as they are that sort of people who think there isn't anything you can't raise with a derrick, they are much surprised that their attempt should have been resisted. On the ground that Pittsburg was named after the elder Pitt, the Common Council of that city recently passed a resolution, requesting Lord Chatham to allow the remains of his ancestor to be removed there for interment. The great Lord Chatham said, "If I were an American, I would never lay down my arms!" By way of a tardy acknowledgement of this famous and magnanimous utterance, I now take this opportunity of saying, "If I were the Pitt family, I would never give up my grandfather!"

E. S. Nadal.



## THE HUNDREDTH MAN.\*

BY FRANK R. STOCKTON,

Author of "Rudder Grange," "The Lady, or the Tiger?" "The Late Mrs. Null,"  
"The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine," etc.

XVII.



**M**R. STULL did not go into the country with his family, for it was necessary for him to remain some time longer in the city, in order to give attention to several branches of his varied business which had been neglected when his mind and time had been so greatly occupied by the disturbances at Vatoldi's. But this occasioned no delay in the opening of his operations against the peace and welfare of Enoch Bullripple. He had no intention of doing anything in his proper person, and his presence was not at all necessary at the scene of action. Without allowing his motives to make any appearance whatever, he had engaged a competent agent to investigate the title-deeds and original surveys of the Bullripple farm; and he had found, as he had expected to find, that not only was the old man's tenure of his property a very uncertain one, having depended for its endurance principally upon the fact that no one had ever cared to investigate its validity, but that there was an equal doubt of legal ownership in regard to the farm which he himself had acquired from Mrs. People. Mr. Stull had reason to suspect this when he bought up the mortgages which eventually gave him possession of the farm, but the property came to him so easily he was willing to take the risks in regard to the title. Now it would serve his purpose very well, if, when the time came to push Enoch Bullripple to the wall, the old man could also see that Mr. Stull was being pushed. That would make it impossible for Enoch or his nephew to suppose that he had anything to do with the matter.

But Mr. Stull was an excellent manager and a shrewd business man, and he did not propose that the pushing he might receive should hurt him in the least. His present action was not entirely based on his desire to retaliate on the old farmer for the insults and injuries the latter had heaped upon him. If things should turn out as he expected, there was reason to hope that

there would be much profit for him in his proposed transactions. The lands in question were not worth very much, looked upon from an agricultural point of view, but it was possible that they might, otherwise, be very valuable. Iron ore in paying quantities had been found in various parts of this region; and Mr. Stull's observations had led him to believe that the rolling country about Cherry Bridge was as likely to contain iron as any of the places where it had already been found. It would please him very well to form a company and put up a smelting-furnace on some spot convenient to the railroad; but, before he did this, he would like to become the owner of as much valuable mineral land in the vicinity as he could lay his hand upon. If there should be iron on his own farm, he would be very willing to give up his present hold upon it in order to acquire another which would be firm and secure; and if the Bullripple property should contain the desirable metal, he would most certainly buy up that property if it should be forced into the market.

The agent selected to conduct these investigations was exceedingly well adapted to the work; and, had he not undertaken it, it is doubtful if Mr. Stull could have found any one to whom he would have been willing to intrust it. This individual was Mr. Zenas Turby, who lived in the county town not far from Cherry Bridge, where he engaged in a variety of vocations, most of which had some connection with the law. He collected debts, and took up any odds or ends of legal business which could be attended to by one who was not an actual lawyer. In the course of a long and intrusive life he had picked up a great deal of information, legal and otherwise, which frequently caused him to shine in the light of a useful man. There was one piece of business which most of his neighbors would have been very glad to see him engaged in, and that was an early attendance at his own funeral. But Mr. Turby had declined for many years to gratify this popular desire, and, although now over sixty, was so hale and hearty that the prevailing hope in his direction seemed likely to be much deferred.

Among his other accomplishments Mr.

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Turby was skilled in the search for iron ore, and this helped in a great degree to make him unpopular. The farmers in this part of the country had no desire to profit by the discovery of ore on their property. The profit they received from the culture of the surface of their fields was as satisfactory to them as it had been to their fathers, and they did not wish to dig and blast into the bowels of their farms in the pursuit of what might or might not be concealed therein. There were a few who had been shown the errors of this conservatism, but the greater part of them still asserted that they wanted nobody prowling and prying around their farms looking for iron. Even if it should be found, there was at present no furnace in the neighborhood, and, consequently, no immediate demand for the ore; and, more than that, they were unable to rid their minds of their old-fashioned prejudices against allowing other men to come and work upon their lands.

Mr. Turby was very well pleased to take up this piece of business for Mr. Stull. There was gain in it, and, besides, all the fighting that would have to be done would be against Enoch Bullripple, and Turby liked that. For many years, and in various ways, these two had been pitted against each other, whenever occasion could be found for such pitting. Whatever one believed in politics, religion, or in regard to almost anything else, was doubted or denied by the other, and the fact that they were the two sharpest old fellows in that county was reason enough for their being very sharp against each other.

Hitherto Enoch had generally got the better of Zenas Turby, and the latter, therefore, was very zealous in an affair which might give him the upper hand—and a very hard and horny upper hand—of a man who had not failed to get him down whenever it had been possible.

The investigations regarding the title-deeds and surveys of the estates in question had been carried on at the county town, and Mr. Turby having made a satisfactory report upon these, it now remained to look into the iron branch of the business before Mr. Stull definitely determined how he would proceed in the affair. This made it necessary for Zenas Turby to visit the village of Cherry Bridge; and to Cherry Bridge he came.

It was on a rainy morning that Mr. Bullripple, mounted on a great gray horse which would have been plowing in the corn-field had the weather been fair, rode up to the village house of entertainment, and tied his horse under a shed. There were several men sitting in a large covered porch in front of the house, but the first person Enoch saw was Zenas

Turby. It cannot be said that in the mind of either of these men there ever arose a desire for social converse with the other, and yet, whenever they happened to meet, each experienced certain snappy emotions which were not unpleasurable.

"You here, Zenas Turby?" said Enoch, as he took his seat in the one vacant wooden arm-chair. "Haven't seen you in Cherry Bridge for a good while. I thought, perhaps, that sulky of yours had broke down at last from your havin' forgot yourself and taken somebody in with you."

As he said this Mr. Bullripple smiled, and looked around at the other men sitting in wooden arm-chairs, most of whom being his neighbors returned him an answering grimace of approbation of the little thrust he had given Zenas Turby.

The latter did not smile. He was a strong, heavily built man. His face was smooth-shaven, and the little hair he had on his head was curly and of a reddish, sandy hue which made it difficult to perceive whether it was turning gray or not. He wore a long black coat, and the rest of his clothes and his hat were black, and he carried a stout cane with a long curved handle, well polished by the use of many years. He did not need this cane, but always took it with him when he drove. On such occasions he used it as a prodder with which to remind his horse that time is money; and when walking he carried it as a symbol of authority and a punctuator of his remarks. Now he gave a tap upon the floor which might indicate the opening of a paragraph, and fixing his sharp blue eyes upon his old antagonist, he said: "It's all very well for you, Enoch Bullripple, to keep on talking about my sulky, for I expect there's been many a time when you've wished it held two instead of one, so that you might get a chance of using some other person's horse-flesh instead of your own, but I've lived long enough to know it's a sight better for a man that's got business to attend to to drive about in somethin' that'll hold himself and nobody else; so that wherever he goes he won't be asked to give somebody a lift who's too lazy to walk, or too stingy to keep a horse. My sulky carries me about all right, but it won't carry nobody else, and this suits me very well, even if it does sometimes come hard on you, Enoch Bullripple." And the big cane came down on the floor, marking a period apparently very satisfactory to the speaker.

Mr. Bullripple grinned. "There's no man in this county," said he, "outside of a lunatic asylum that would see you driving by with an empty four-seated wagon and ask for a lift in it if he didn't have enough money in his pocket to pay you a little more than common stage

fare. And I shouldn't wonder if the reason you stick to a sulky is to keep yourself from the temptation of stagin' without a license."

At this two or three of the company laughed, and Mr. Turby frowned. But Enoch, not caring for any reply to this remark, continued to speak.

"But what brought you up here any way, Zenas?" he said. "'Tain't the time of year for collectin' bills. Did you come to look for iron? I've heard you've been goin' into that business."

Now nothing could have angered Mr. Turby more than this remark. Sneers in regard to his narrowness of disposition were not new to him, but he flattered himself that he always succeeded in keeping his business a secret until he chose to divulge it. But here, at the very first question, Enoch had hit upon the object of his visit to Cherry Bridge.

"Whether it's iron or gold or paper money, it's none of your business, Enoch Bullripple. That is to say——" but here he checked himself. He wished to make it very much the business of the other, but that was a matter which must not now be touched upon. "All that I've got to say about iron is just this: that there never was a bigger fool than the man who'd go on plowin' and workin' his stony old fields and not get enough in any year to pay his honest debts, when all he has to do is to say the word and have a company dig iron out of his hills—and not hurt his fields and pastures nuther—and pay him fifty cents for every load of ore took out. But there are fools of that kind and plenty of 'em, who might live in comfort and send their children to school if they only had sease enough to let other people come and get out of their farms the only thing worth gettin' out of 'em."

"It's one thing," said Enoch, "to own land with minerals in it and to go to work and get them minerals and make money on 'em. But it's altogether another thing to have a man come that p'raps don't know no more about it than that p'inter dog, and dig here, there, and anywhere, on your farm, and then go off and say that there ain't iron enough on it to make a horse-shoe, and so spile your chance of sellin' a part of your land if a company ever did come along that wanted to buy it. Nobody wants a fellow huntin' for iron on his place who's got a report to sell to the highest bidder."

This was a hard hit, because a story had once been told that a farmer in the neighborhood of the county town had been urged by Mr. Turby to employ him to make a report on the mineral value of his lands, offering as a reason that it would be much better for the owner of a farm if the investigating agent had his in-

terests at heart instead of those of the would-be purchaser. As the country people of that region had an old-fashioned idea that a report should be a simple statement of facts without reference to the interests of any particular employer, this story thickened the cloud that for a long time had shaded Mr. Turby.

Zenas frowned and looked steadily at the floor. "I shouldn't think," said he, speaking slowly but very forcibly, "that a man that goes off on some sort of a shindy in the very busiest part of the year and leaves his farm to take care of itself and go to rack and ruin fur all he knows, ought to have anythin' to say about what industrious fore-handed people choose to do with their lands."

"A part of what you say, Zenas Turby," answered Mr. Bullripple, "is exactly right, and that is that you shouldn't think. Thinkin' is a business that you ain't suited for. There's a good many kinds of work that you can do first-rate, but you ought to get somebody else to do your thinkin'. You was just right when you said you shouldn't think."

At this there was a burst of laughter from the men in wooden arm-chairs; and Mr. Turby rose to his feet to make an angry reply. But he was not so quick of speech as was Enoch, and the moment the laughter ceased the latter, also rising, got in ahead of his antagonist, and remarked: "I haven't got no time to stay here any longer palaverin' about iron lands. But I'll just say this, Zenas Turby, that it's a mighty good thing when a farmer gets his place in such a condition that when he wants to go away for a while to attend to some other business, it can run itself."

#### XVIII.

MISS MATILDA STULL was very well aware that in her endeavor to get into the Cherry Bridge society she need not depend in the least on her mother. That lady was too glad to get away from the irksome and often embarrassing social demands of the city to wish now for society of any kind. Usually spending the summer at some fashionable watering-place, the quiet of this mountain farm-house gave her a sense of delightful repose she had not known for years, and she was entirely satisfied with the protracted absence of her husband, who, if he had been upon the scene, would most probably have insisted, as he always insisted elsewhere, that she should push to the front of whatever society she might find about her and make herself clearly visible as the wife of J. Weatherby Stull.

But the eldest daughter of the house felt that she was quite able to further her own interests in this matter, and, with this view,

she set out on a walk to see Mrs. People. When her father should return she knew that she would be obliged to take the horses and the carriage when she wanted to go about the country, but now it suited her purpose much better to walk. It was easier to meet people, and perhaps to stop and talk with them, when walking than in driving in the carriage. She looked upon Mrs. People as the only present thread of connection between herself and the Cherry Bridge gentry, and it was her intention to make that good woman understand that it was her duty to impress upon the mind of Mrs. Justin the importance of an early call upon the ladies of the Stull family, people of high position who had recently arrived in the neighborhood. She did not attempt to deceive herself with the notion that anxiety to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Justin was at the bottom of her intended action, but she freely admitted to her own consciousness that through that lady the acquaintance of gentlemen, often a most necessary adjunct in the enjoyment of country life, would probably be made.

She was yet some little distance from the Bullripple house, when she met John People, who was coming towards her on the narrow path through the grass at the side of the road. John was in his shirt-sleeves. He wore a broad straw hat, and on his shoulder he carried a hay-rake. His portly and upright figure appeared so well in this rural guise that Miss Stull could not help wishing for a moment that he were a gentleman disporting himself thus for his own pleasure, instead of being the son of that fat Mrs. People, taking a holiday from his restaurant, and working on the farm. Had she expected no other opportunities of male society during her country sojourn, Miss Matilda would have been willing to ramble over the woods and fields with the sturdy John; but, as she had a lively hope of doing something better in this line, she now looked upon him only in the light of a possible stepping-stone to some advantageous foothold.

"Good-morning, Mr. People," she said; "isn't this a beautiful day?"

John returned the salutation, and, taking off his hat, exposed to view his short yellow locks, as smoothly and evenly brushed as Miss Stull had ever seen them at Vatoldi's.

"Are you going to work in the fields?" she said presently, as the two stopped.

"I was going," said John, with an emphasis upon the "was" intending to indicate that such should not be his present purpose if Miss Matilda gave him an opportunity of remaining in her society.

Miss Matilda understood the intonation perfectly, and she hesitated for a moment be-

fore she spoke. If the mother should happen to be away it might be a good thing to take a walk with the son, and if she could derive no other advantage from the ramble she felt she could obtain from John some additional information in regard to the persons whose acquaintance she desired.

"Is Mrs. People at home?" she said, "and disengaged?"

"Oh, yes," said John, "and she will be very glad to see you. There's a lady in the house now, but I don't think she intends to stay very long."

"Who is it?" asked Miss Stull quickly.

"It is Miss Armatt, the young lady who is staying with Mrs. Justin."

"Oh, indeed!" said Miss Matilda. "I think I'll go in and make a little call on your mother. Good-morning."

John stepped aside to let her pass, and over his face there came a shadow of disappointment. He did not know exactly what he had expected, but, whatever it might have been, he was not going to get it, and he could not prevent the shadow.

"Won't you walk with me as far as the gate?" asked Miss Matilda with a smile. "I don't always understand the opening of these big gates."

She was not a workman who dropped her chisel and her saw into the dust and chips whenever she did not happen to be using them.

When, with another smile, she parted from John at the gate, she stepped very quickly towards the house. Miss Armatt's presence there was a rare piece of good fortune, and she was very anxious to arrive before that lady left.

Gay had walked over, across the fields, on an errand for Mrs. Justin, who was very glad to give her young friend an object for her morning walk, and thereby secure for herself the uninterrupted company of Mr. Stratford, who had come, by appointment, to assist her in the auditing of some complicated accounts of the association of which they both were members.

Mrs. People was about half through one of her long statements of facts when Miss Stull appeared, and she and Miss Armatt were made acquainted.

The visit of the two young ladies proved to be quite a long one, for Mrs. People was very anxious to talk. Miss Gay did not wish to leave until she had fully attended to her errand, and Miss Matilda did her best to make herself agreeable without regard to the passage of time. When, at last, Gay said that she positively must go, and her business had been promptly brought to a conclusion, Miss Stull discovered that she would not be going out of her way if she should walk over a field or



two with her new-made acquaintance, and so they set out together.

Mrs. Justin and Stratford, having finished their business, were standing together on the piazza, when the former exclaimed:

"Who's that coming over the field with Gay?"

Stratford looked steadfastly, but at first he was unable to answer. Presently, however, he recognized the young lady whom he had seen at the Bullripple farm, and in regard to whom he had made inquiries of Mrs. People.

"That," said he, "is a daughter of J. Weatherby Stull. His family are, at present, at his farm. But it seems rather odd that Miss Armatt should be acquainted with his daughter."

Mrs. Justin had never heard anything of J. Weatherby Stull that she liked. It was during the life-time of her husband that Stull had acquired his present possessions in the neighborhood, and Mr. Justin had been very indignant at the relentless manner in which Mrs. People had been driven from her home. Even if she had not looked upon the opinions of her husband as a guide for her own judgments, Mrs. Justin would have despised the things that Mr. Stull had done, and would have despised the man who did them. He had lived very little on his farm after it had come into his possession, and, while there, it had never entered into the mind of Mrs. Justin that it was possible for her to call upon his family. She had heard that they had again come into the neighborhood, but although much of her old resentment at the man's actions had faded away, she did not consider the Stulls as people with whom she had the least concern; and had almost forgotten that she had been told of their coming.

Mrs. Justin looked gravely at the two young women, who had now stopped and appeared to be talking quite earnestly. "I don't understand it," she said; "Gay never mentioned the Stulls to me, and that does not look like a recent acquaintanceship. They are evidently taking leave of each other, and yet it seems impossible for them to tear themselves apart."

This difficult deed was, however, accomplished, and while Miss Matilda turned back and took her way across the fields, Gay came hurrying homeward. She threw herself into a piazza chair and made her report, and it was plain enough to her hearers that she had been very favorably impressed by Miss Stull.

"She's a very nice girl," she said, "and as friendly as she can be. She intended to walk only a little way with me, but we had so much to say that we got almost here before we knew it. I wanted her to come in and rest herself, but this she would not do, for she seems to be very

particular about such things, and said it would not be proper for her to come here before any of this family had called upon her mother and herself. I suppose we ought to call on them as soon as we can," she continued, turning to Mrs. Justin. "I should think they would be very pleasant neighbors. And what I particularly like about Miss Stull is that she seems so much fonder of this country than of the fashionable places she is in the habit of going to."

Mrs. Justin did not immediately answer. She had an instinctive aversion towards anything that bore the name of Stull, but her conscience would not allow her to believe that the sins of a husband and father should be visited upon a wife and daughter, and she could readily understand that it would be a severe punishment to ladies accustomed to society to find themselves in a country place where their few neighbors would not associate with them. But it is possible that even these conscientious and kindly feelings would not have been sufficient to urge her to an early movement in the direction of her social duties to the new-comers had not a fresh motive come to their assistance. It was evident that Gay had conceived a liking for Miss Stull, and it occurred to Mrs. Justin that if her young protégée could form a friendship with one of her own sex and age, it would interfere very much with that friendship for Mr. Stratford about which she found that she still had some fears, notwithstanding the fact that she had persuaded herself that Gay's love for Crisman would be invulnerable against all attacks, whether made under the guise of friendship or any other sentiment.

She was glad to find that Mr. Stull was not expected to join his family very soon, and that his daughter did not suppose that, when he came, he would stay long.

Miss Matilda had heard that there had once been unpleasant feelings between her father and the Justins, and she was a young woman who generally knew what to say and when to say it.

If, therefore, there was but little chance of having anything to do with Mr. Stull, it might be well, so reasoned Mrs. Justin, to call upon his wife and daughter; and if the latter should appear to be the extremely pleasant young lady that Gay thought her to be, a companionship between the two would probably be a desirable thing. Gay's enthusiasm over this new acquaintance was very encouraging to Mrs. Justin. "That seems to be her natural disposition," she thought, "in regard to friendships, and it may not mean as much as I supposed it did."

She therefore determined that she would call on the Stulls. But when this decision



was announced to Mr. Stratford he gave it a cold approval. It was well enough, he remarked, to be courteous to new-comers, but he had always had a great dislike for Stull himself, and from the little he had seen of his daughter he did not believe that her companionship was needed by Miss Armatt. But Mrs. Justin laughed — was he such a judge of the nature of girls that he could tell their capabilities and qualities by a glance or two?

## XIX.

A FEW days after the entrance of Miss Matilda Stull into the Justin field of view, Mr. Horace Stratford was driving slowly along one of the by-roads in the neighborhood of Cherry Bridge. It was about the middle of the afternoon, and he was starting out on one of those mountain drives with which he varied his fishing and walking experiences. He had allowed his horse to fall into a small jog-trot; for a sensible man will not drive fast over the ordinary by-road of mountainous neighborhoods when his mind is fixed upon a subject entirely unrelated to roads and driving.

Mr. Stratford's mind was intently fixed upon the subject of his plans and purposes regarding the future welfare of Miss Gay Armatt. His desire to promote this welfare was as strong as ever, and his belief in the justice of his purposes was unshaken, but his hopes of their success were not quite so bright as they had been. He could not but admit to himself that while he had made upon the mind of this young lady quite as forcible an impression of the value of worthy male companionship as he had expected to make, that impression had not produced the result which he had hoped from it. Miss Gay, indeed, appeared capable of entertaining, at the same time, a true and earnest friendship for one man and a true and earnest love for another man. Thus, while he had gained for himself a most charming and sympathetic friend, Mr. Crisman still retained a loyal lady-love. Now while Stratford had no objection whatever to make for himself a charming friend, that was not the ultimate object of his carefully considered conduct towards Gay Armatt. If Mr. Crisman's hold upon the girl were not loosened, it mattered little to her future what hold any one else retained upon her.

"Perhaps," said Stratford to himself, "Mrs. Justin may be right, and the girl, having plighted her word, will stand to her promise through good or evil." Now this blind constancy was a quality of the soul of which Stratford did not approve. Adherence to the wrong under any circumstances was, in his opinion, unworthy of a true man or woman. If, by any

means, by comparison with other men, or by direct study of his character, Gay should discover that her lover was not the man she would have chosen had she deferred her decision until a little more age and a little more experience had given her better powers of judgment in regard to what a husband should be, then Gay was false to herself, and, in a manner, to Crisman also, if she married him.

If Mr. Stratford had been consulted on the subject of the young lady's action after she had arrived at this conviction, he would have advised a clear and frank statement of her change of views, coupled with a proposition that the engagement be set aside by mutual consent. He truly believed that if women were to do this when they found they had made a mistake in the plighting of their affections, not only would they avert a great deal of future unhappiness, but they would find the matter much easier than they had supposed. The lover might flout and rebel at first, but there were ten chances to one that, if the engagement had existed for any considerable length of time, he would have discovered for himself that the cog-wheels of the attachment did not run smoothly together, and that he would be willing to separate them before they had become worn or injured. It often happens that it is easier for an inferior man to sever his attachment to a superior woman than it is for her to disengage her affections from him. The material of the attachment in the first instance is of poorer quality.

But as Stratford was a sensible man, as has before been said, he did not expect any such severe moral action on the part of Gay Armatt. He had hoped no more than that she might gradually grow away from Crisman, and Crisman, consequently, dropping away from her, the engagement would come to an end without any particular effort on either side. But so far as he could now see, nothing of this kind seemed likely to happen.

"I have not understood," reflected Stratford, "the varied powers of sympathetic action which exist in the soul of this young girl. I came to her as a friend, and she has received me as a friend, whereas with Crisman she connects no idea but that of love. Consequently she has never made any comparison between us. If I wish to make an impression which shall be of the slightest use I must get her to compare me with her lover. At first I thought I was about to succeed in this, but now I have my doubts. She takes him for what he is, and me for what I am, and is perfectly satisfied with us both."

It may be said here that if Mr. Stratford's ability to read the mind of a young girl had been as great as his belief in the obviousness of his

superiority to Crisman, he might not have come to this conclusion. He was in the not unusual position of a person who doubts his ultimate success at the very moment he begins to succeed. Gay had already compared her lover, and that not favorably, with her friend.

Mr. Stratford was so absorbed in his important cogitations that his horse now fell into a contemplative walk, and the two proceeded very slowly.

"But," Stratford continued in his converse with himself, "I do not wish her to look upon me as a lover. In the first place I am not her lover in the least degree. And, again, I should consider it dishonorable, and entirely opposed to the spirit of my plan, even to appear to be her lover. I would like her to look upon me as a man who might be somebody's lover, and, in that regard, to compare me with Crisman. I would like her to say to herself, 'If some one may have the love of a man like Mr. Stratford, who will appreciate her tastes and her aspirations as he will appreciate them, who will sympathize with and help her as he will sympathize with and help her, and who will, in every way, offer her that sufficient companionship which he will offer her, why may not my lover be such a man?' If I can induce her to ask herself this question, and then seriously to consider whether or not Crisman is that sort of man, I shall be perfectly satisfied."

Easier were the tasks of tangled skeins and wind-driven feathers set by wicked step-mothers to forlorn princesses in the olden tales than was the task which this man now proposed to himself. And yet, without the slightest hope of the assistance of a fairy godmother, he steadfastly set his mind upon it.

"Upon my word," exclaimed Stratford, speaking out in very decided tones, and drawing up his horse to a full stop, "this is exactly like a story in a book! Only it is too improbable."

"What do you mean?" asked Gay, who had just emerged upon the road from a broad pathway through the woods.

"I mean," said Stratford, "that I was busily thinking of you, when you suddenly appear in the most unexpected manner, and in the most unexpected place."

"The place and the manner are simple enough," she said. "Mrs. Justin has gone to call on the doctor's wife, and after that she will drive over to the railroad station to pick up Mr. Crisman, and I thought I would kill the time until they came back by going out to look for rhododendrons, but it must be rather early for them, for I have only found this one little sprig."

And she held up a small cluster of the deli-

cately tinted pink and white blossoms for which she had been searching.

"It is not too early for them," said Stratford, "but you would be likely to find only straggling bushes along that pathway. It would be difficult for you to go where they are abundant. But why didn't you visit the doctor's wife?"

He would have been glad to extend the question, but saw no appropriate way of doing so.

"I don't care about going to see strangers," said Gay, "and as we called upon the Stulls two days ago, I thought that was enough ceremony for me in one week."

"If you will allow me," said Stratford, "I will say that, however much you may desire to escape from social boredom, it is not right for you to be wandering by yourself in these woods."

Gay laughed. "There is nothing in the world to hurt me except snakes; and, do you know, I have tried hard to see a snake, but never could. And now tell me how you came to be thinking about me."

"It may have been," said Stratford disingenuously, "that I had some premonition of your appearance, but I don't believe it. I could not even have imagined that you would be wandering in these woods by yourself, and, really, Miss Armatt, you ought not to do it. But I am delighted to see you, for now I shall ask you to take a drive with me. You will come, will you not?" And as he spoke he stepped down from the buggy.

Gay looked at him with a little smile upon her lips. "May I drive?" she said.

Her expression as she smiled and spoke, with her head a little on one side as she looked at him, was very youthful and very charming, for Gay when she slid down the straw-stack had not, as she supposed, left all her girlishness behind her. But Stratford was not altogether pleased. He did not wish to teach her to drive; he did not want to appear in the character of a tutor of any kind. But he answered promptly, "Certainly, you shall do as you choose; drive or be driven. All that I ask is the pleasure of your company."

"How easily pleased!" said Gay. And almost before he could touch her arm to assist her, she had stepped into the buggy.

"No," said Stratford, "you must not sit there. You must sit on the right side. If you drive you must do it properly."

"That will be delightful," said Gay, quickly changing her seat. "I do so like to do things in a regular way."

It did not altogether satisfy Stratford that Gay's pleasure in the mere act of driving seemed to exclude every other motive for

wishing to accompany him. But he put the reins into her hands, adjusting them with much care, and made her also hold the whip.

"In difficult driving," he said, "you should have the whip in your hand, in order that you may touch your horse if he hesitates."

"Is this to be difficult driving?" asked Gay.

"Yes," he said. "These rough country roads demand constant care and prudence, or you might find yourself in trouble."

"Oh, I like that!" said Gay, settling herself squarely in her seat, "and I am going to be awfully particular. Will you jump in?"

"Before I do so," said Stratford, "I must ask you to turn your horse to the right, and separate the wheels on this side. As you are the driver, that is part of your duty to your companion."

Gay laughed as she turned the horse rather more than was necessary on one side. "This is just perfect!" she exclaimed. "I feel as if I were managing everything. Are you quite comfortable, sir?" she added when Stratford had taken his seat.

"Go on," he said, laughing, but quickly exclaimed, "Not so fast! You will dash us to pieces against some stone or stump."

Gay drew in the horse, and then Stratford, in spite of his dislike of appearing on this occasion in the rôle of a teacher, proceeded to instruct his companion in the art of eluding the rocks, ruts, stumps, and fallen branches with which this seldom-used road was frequently obstructed. She applied herself with much earnestness to the difficulties of her task, but Stratford, desiring to put an end to this soul-absorbing occupation, which did not suit his purposes, and must, eventually, tire his companion, soon directed her to turn into a road in the woods which would shortly lead into the highway.

"You should have told me to beware of these branches," he said, as he pushed aside a protruding bough. "To be sure I saw them myself, but it is the driver's place to give warning of such things."

"I don't take much care of you, do I?" said Gay, turning around and looking up into his face with a glance of laughing kindness. "I ought to manage things so that you would never have the least bit of a brush or a bounce. There now!" she cried, as a sweeping branch took off her hat, "I was thinking so much of you that I forgot myself. Whoa, sir!"

Stratford jumped out and picked up the hat, and when he resumed his seat Gay requested him to put it on for her as her hands were so full.

"And I am going to ask you," she said, as Stratford placed the hat on her head, and ad-

justed, not very awkwardly, an elastic band beneath the thick coil of hair, "if you won't hold this whip until we get out of the woods. It is really too much for me to have to attend to the reins, the whip, the stumps, the bushes, and you."

When they turned into the broad open road Gay had the pleasure of a mile or two of good rapid driving. During this period of delight they met an open carriage, drawn by two horses, driven by a coachman, and containing a lady. Gay was so much occupied in keeping her horse exactly midway between the right-hand side of the road and the left-hand wheels of the other vehicle that she could do no more than give a little nod as she swiftly passed the carriage.

Stratford took off his hat, and then remarked to Gay that it was a pity Miss Stull had to drive about the country by herself.

"Yes," said Gay. "Her mother doesn't care to be out-of-doors, and she doesn't like to have her younger sisters with her. She said she would come to take me to drive, and perhaps she is now on her way to our house."

"Do you wish to turn back?" said Stratford.

"No, indeed," she answered. "That was the merest supposition of mine. And besides, even if she does want me, why should I slight your invitation for one from her?" And she gave the horse a little touch of the whip of which she had again taken possession.

Gay's prompt decision was a very gratifying one, but Stratford could not help asking himself if her preference for his company was not due, in some degree, to the fact that she was driving.

Presently he made a proposition. "How would you like," said he, "for me to take you on a mountain drive? It will be a novel experience for you."

"I shall like it ever so much," said Gay, "and if you want my seat I am quite ready to give it up, for this tight-rein driving has begun to tire my wrists."

"In the work we have before us," said Stratford, "I shall certainly want the driver's seat."

They now stopped at a gate by the side of the road, and Stratford having opened it, Gay drove through, and then he took the reins. They passed at a good trot along a cart road which wound through a field of young corn, and leaving this by another gate they emerged upon a wide stretch of grassy hillside, interspersed with bushes, rocks, and trees. They skirted the base of the hill, following a track that gave some indications of being a road, and which, by a series of gentle ascents, brought them to a forest on the side of a line of low mountains. Here Stratford turned into a wood-road which for some time led them

steadily upward. At a point with which he seemed very well acquainted he turned boldly into the woods, and wound in and out among the trees, which here being principally pines were little encumbered with underbrush, until he emerged upon the open mountain-side, where could be seen no track of wheel or hoof.

"You did that splendidly," said Gay. "I can't imagine how you dared to drive right in among the trees."

"I have been through that way before, and knew I could find a free passage. And now, my lady, I want to warn you that we are going to leave everything which resembles civilized driving. Do you think you shall be frightened?"

"I am sure you will not take me into any dangerous places," she said.

"There will be no danger whatever," he answered. "I shall go nowhere where I have not driven before; and although we shall pass over a great deal of shelving ground, I assure you that we shall not upset."

"If you say it is safe, I am perfectly satisfied," said Gay. "Please go on."

Stratford now proceeded at a steady walk along a slight terrace upon the mountain-side which afforded a very good roadway. To the left the vast forest stretched upward, while to the right lay a long green valley closed on three sides, and utterly wild and uninhabited. Very soon they rounded a turn in the mountain-side, and here the terrace disappeared. The surface of the ground, however, was diversified by rounded knobs and horizontal shelves of projecting rock, and the general incline, even in the smoother places, was not great.

Around and over the inequalities of the ground Stratford steadily made his way, taking advantage of every favoring surface; but, in spite of his carefulness, the buggy sometimes tipped very much to one side.

"You are sure we can't upset?" asked Gay.

"Quite sure," Stratford replied. "It would be extremely difficult to overturn a low-hanging vehicle like this, and everything about the buggy and harness is strong and intended for rough work."

"It is delightfully exciting," said Gay, "and I don't intend to be afraid. The view is getting better all the time."

"When we round that next point, just beyond us," said Stratford, "we shall have the view I brought you here to see. It is different from anything else in the neighborhood."

Having reached the point indicated, Stratford stopped, and they looked out on a scene of solemn grandeur. Below them was a deep and vast ravine, through which a dark river of tree-tops seemed to run into the valley they had first seen. Beyond this ravine rose a

heavily wooded mountain, and to the right of that, and back of it, stood other mountain peaks, purpled by the distance. Still farther towering high on the left, its eastern side now dark in shadow, stood the loftiest mountain of them all, looking down upon its lower brethren with a certain stern solemnity, while between it and the nearest peak Gay could see, far, far away, a line of light-blue mountain waves against the sky. For a few moments she sat without a word, and then she exclaimed: "What magnificence! I never knew we had such mountains near us!"

"They are the same mountains we always have in view," said Stratford, "only we are on a point where we can see between their broken lines, and not merely look up against them as we generally do."

The spot where they had stopped was the most available one in the vicinity for a mountain view, but the ground was very sloping, and even if they had had plenty of time before them, Stratford would not have taxed the patience of his horse by requiring him to keep a stationary position there very long. After devoting some minutes to Gay's intense enjoyment of the scene, he told her they must now turn round, and go back; and as this turning round on the mountain-side might excite nervousness in the mind of a lady he proposed to Gay that she should get out while he performed this feat.

"Are you going to stay in?" she asked.

"Of course," he answered.

"Then so am I," said Gay.

Stratford made no further remark, but driving upon a projecting knoll, he backed the buggy up on a shelf of rock behind it, and turning the horse, drove down again to the spot where they had been standing. He knew what he was about, and his horse was perfectly trustworthy; but the knoll was very small, and the downward view from the outer border of it was likely to give one a good idea of the precipitous.

Stratford drove a short distance along the mountain-side, and then he drew up his horse.

"Now," said he, "I am going to give you your choice. We can either go back the way we came, which you know is a long road, or I can drive down the mountain-side, which is not very steep just here, and when we reach the valley we shall find a wood-road which will lead us to that low hill, over there. Having crossed that, we shall soon find ourselves upon one of Mrs. Justin's farm-roads which will take us directly to the house."

"Oh, let us go that way, by all means!" said Gay. "It must be ever so much nearer, and after what we have done I am ready for anything."



"Very good," said Stratford; and he began the descent of the trackless mountain-side. He did not go directly down, but wound along in a serpentine way among the rocks, low-growing bushes, and over occasional stretches of coarse grass, which would sometimes have proved difficult of passage had not the yielding mold given a sure foothold to the horse. Gay was very merry over the varied contingencies of this novel drive, although she could not refrain from some starts and exclamations when they found themselves going straight down some short steep incline with the horse so far beneath the buggy that there seemed to be danger that the vehicle with its occupants would double over upon the steed. Once when the horse, thoroughly well trained in the business of holding back, actually sat down on his haunches, Gay gave a little cry and seized Stratford by the arm.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, instantly relinquishing her hold, "I must not do that or I shall hinder your driving."

Stratford was not afraid of any interference with his driving, but he was a conscientious man, and essayed no unnecessary slopes for the purpose of encouraging an intuitive reliance.

When they reached the valley, and had struck the wood-road, now almost overgrown, which led through a narrow stretch of forest, Gay gave a sigh of relief.

"I can't deny," she said, "that it is a comfort to feel that the buggy-wheels and the horse's feet are on a level with each other. But I would not for anything have missed that mountain drive! It had more of delightful adventure about it than anything that ever happened to me. But I would not have allowed any other man in the world to drive me where you drove me."

"And let me say to you," said Stratford, turning towards her, "that I know no other woman than yourself whom I could have trusted to be brave enough to trust me absolutely and entirely."

"I like to hear you say that," said Gay, with an expression that could not be mistaken for anything else than honest earnestness.

So far, although these two had spent a good part of the afternoon together, they had had but little conversation except that which had been called forth by the unusual character of the surrounding circumstances, and this condition of things Stratford thought had lasted quite long enough. He certainly did not regret the circumstances, because they had pleased Gay, and had brought out in a strong light some interesting points in her disposition. But now he was glad that the rest of their trip would be uneventful.

"You are pleased, then," Stratford said, "that I think well of you?"

"Indeed I am!" exclaimed Gay. "I am a great deal more than pleased. Do you know," she continued, "that it seems very strange, in fact, it is absolutely funny, when I think in what a different way I regard you now from that in which I looked upon you when I first knew you. I don't mind telling you that I liked you ever so much from the first day. Then I used to wish that you were my father, and to think that it would be perfectly charming to have such a father, entirely forgetting that you did not begin to be old enough to be a father to me. After that I wished you were my brother. But that did not last very long, for if you analyze the relationship of a brother, which I have done, having a very good brother who is a professor in a college out West, you will find that he is wanting in some of the varied qualities of companionship; at least that is what I discover in my one specimen. Now in you I find no want of the kind."

"Am I to understand," said Stratford, "that you have analyzed my character?"

"Indeed I have," she replied. "In fact, I have done so two or three times."

"And what is the result?" he asked. "And in what light do you now regard me?"

"The result is," said Gay, "that it is impossible to place you in any class. I tried it and utterly failed. So I am going to let you stand all alone, by yourself."

Whatever of approbation there was in Gay's words or manner, there was nothing to indicate that she had ever thought of putting him into that class of men, who, not being fathers or brothers, might, upon occasion, make love.

"Do you analyze everybody?" he asked.

"Oh, no indeed!" said Gay promptly. "Only a very few persons. You more than anybody else."

"Am I then so very difficult to understand?"

"I do not think you would have been," said Gay, "if I had known you a long time, and had, in a manner, grown up with you; but, you see, you came upon me so suddenly and swiftly, and I have known you so fast, if you understand that, that I had to look very closely into the matter in order to comprehend it all."

"And do you comprehend it?" he asked.

"I think so," said Gay.

"And are you satisfied?"

"Perfectly," she answered.

Stratford was not perfectly satisfied. "I wish," said he, "that I could have been put among those persons who do not need to be analyzed."

Gay turned upon him suddenly. There was a little frown upon her brow, but when she spoke she could not help smiling. "You are



dreadfully grasping," she said. "Here I have been putting you up higher and higher, on a loftier pedestal every time, and yet you are not satisfied."

"Pardon me," said Stratford, "but if you had ever analyzed yourself you would not be surprised that I am hard to satisfy."

"Now I wonder what that means!" said Gay. "Are you going on developing and changing, so that I shall have to analyze you again?"

"I hope you will not do it," he answered quickly, "if there is any danger of my being placed on a lower pedestal, or perhaps being toppled over altogether."

"Don't you be afraid of that," said Gay, involuntarily laying her hand upon his arm. "And I'll tell you one way in which I think of you. I have a feeling that if you were to ask me to do anything I should instantly go and do it. What do you think of that, sir?"

A thought had come with much promptness to Stratford, and he had said to himself that if he could thoroughly believe what Gay had said, he would impress the seal of happiness and success upon her life by instantly demanding that she should give up the man who would be to her like a worm at the root of all to which her ardent young soul looked forward. But he did not believe her, at least to such an extent, and he kept this thought to himself.

"You do me the greatest honor," he said, "by placing such trust in me; and I wish I could tell you to do something which would make you happy for the rest of your days."

Gay turned and looked at him with an expression of inquiry which seemed somewhat foreign to her face, for her desires to know were generally promptly expressed in words. But now she said nothing, and, turning again from Stratford, sat quietly looking out before her.

They had now crossed the valley and had reached the top of the rounded hill upon the other side. The day was drawing to a close, and in this exposed position the evening wind came fresh and cool upon them. Gay's dress was thin, and Stratford, without remark upon the subject, stooped forward, and drew from under the seat a light woolen lap-robe which had hitherto been unneeded. This he placed around Gay's shoulders, carefully arranging it so as to protect her well from the somewhat chilly mountain breeze.

"Thank you," said Gay. And then she went on with her thinking.

Among the many things which came into the mind of Stratford on their homeward road was the conviction that this mountain drive had occupied more time than he had expected it would, and that Crisman must have arrived at least an hour ago at Mrs. Justin's house. He wondered if Gay was thinking about this, but, if so, she certainly manifested no anxiety upon the subject. Comfortably wrapped up, with her hands folded under her improvised shawl, she nestled quietly in her corner of the buggy as if she were perfectly satisfied with everything that was.

*Frank R. Stockton.*

(To be continued.)

## AMIEL.

(THE "JOURNAL INTIME.")

A FEW there are who to the troubled soul  
Can lay the ear with that physician-art  
Which by a whispered accent in the heart  
Follows the lurking treason that hath stole  
Into the citadel;—a few whose scroll  
Of warning bears our safety, is a chart  
Of our unsounded seas, and doth impart  
Courage to hold the spirit to its goal.

Of such is Amiel, lonely as a saint,—  
Or as an eagle dwelling on peaks, in shade  
Of clouds, which now he cleaves for one wide look  
At the green earth, now for a circle faint  
Nearer the sun. Once more has Truth betrayed  
Secrets to Sorrow not in the sibyl's book.

*Robert Underwood Johnson.*

## AMONG THE APACHES.



LOCO.

**A**MONG the few great Indian tribes that cover vast areas of land and are so numerous in population that they are divided into many petty clans, we find the Apaches of the south-western part of our country holding no small place.

The Apaches are divided into no fewer than seven principal clans, which acknowledge no common chief or chiefs, and have but little sympathy in common, even warring against one another under the stimulus of bribes,—the pitiful pay of a soldier often being sufficient to ally them with their common enemy, the white men, against any of their brothers in blood.

The word *Apache*, converted back into its own language, signifies *people*, and is synony-

mous with many tribal names among savage nations,—as *Lacotah* or *Dakotah* with the Sioux, and *Innuvit* with the Eskimo.

The first conquest of the Apaches by civilization, imperfect as the conquest was, came from the inroads of the Spaniards who had overrun old Mexico. It was more of a peaceful conquest than those old Castilians were wont to make, much of it being, through the medium of the Spanish Jesuits, of a religious nature, and so early was this conquest that Santa Fe and Albuquerque, long considered frontier posts, claim priority over St. Augustine, the first city of the Atlantic. One Cabeça de Vaca appears to have been their first military conqueror, and they seem fortunate that in him there did not exist in cruelty and tyranny another Cortés or Pizarro. Nor is this comparison wholly our own, for it is affirmed that the Apaches, singular as it may seem, know of the name and doings of Hernando Cortés, probably through intertribal tradition, and picture him



A CAMP.



YUMA APACHE AND FAMILY BUILDING A HOUSE.

alongside of de Vaca much to the detriment of the former. In fact, it was explained to me that Cabeça de Vaca, meaning a cow's head, was but the Spanish translation of the Apaches' name for the first soldier among them, and was thus given because the feast of the cow's head was then held in reverential esteem.

From Spanish rule, with the liberation of Mexico, they passed under the new government, and after the Mexican war with us the resulting boundary ran ruthlessly through the heart of their country, paying less attention to them than to the barren lands which it divided, and which for untold ages had been their home. Nor did the thin sabulous strip known as the "Gadsden Purchase" do more than throw the preponderance of the great tribe upon our shoulders.



MANGAS.

The diplomatic Apaches were keen enough to see the new international relations, especially as it bore upon them as a people whose reliance for subsistence, arms, ammunition, and clothing rested in no

small way upon their success in raids upon the white people; and from this standpoint they oscillated in friendship or enmity from one side of the border to the other with an alacrity that should rank them high among the diplomats of fame. On one side hung high the fair flag of truce, and on the other, as at half-mast, the black standard of no quarter; and with such deadly and cruel effect was this alternation made, that we saw the humiliating spectacle of two civilized nations, claiming rank among the nations of the world, sitting in solemn conclave to devise a common plan that would annihilate a batch of breech-clouted bandits whose whole numbers would not have made the hundredth city in either land, and to do this surrendering the highest prerogative of national sovereignty—the sacredness of their soil—to the soldiery of the other. Once Victorio, a presumptuous and daring chief of Apache land, dared to flaunt the three hawk feathers of his lance in the faces of the eagles of both the North and South; and all conversant with Indian history know how that chief met his tragic death, after being driven weary, exhausted, and hungry across the boundary line into the arms of the Mexican soldiery, where he and the greater part of



BONITO.

his band were swept from the face of the earth, Victorio dying fearlessly at the front as became a chief.

My first visit to Apache land was in 1871. Then the favorite route to Arizona was to round Cape St. Lucas of

Lower California, sail through the gulf until the mouth of the Colorado was reached, up which shallow river boats plied and distributed passengers for the few river villages and inland points where a scanty population wrested a precarious existence. From the mouth of the Colorado River it was deemed necessary to send through a courier with dispatches to Fort Yuma, distant ninety miles, I believe, by the trail. Three long days we were steaming up the swift, shallow, and tortuous river, and when we did finally reach Yuma we found that our courier, a lithe, active, young Yuma Apache, had slipped across the trail in thirteen hours, or at the rate of about seven miles an hour the whole distance. Dressed in the uniform that their Creator issued to them, with perchance a dangling necklace or armlet of beads to ornament it, and a homeopathic breech-clout, these sinewy deer-hounds of the desert, with fists clinched across their breasts, with a mouth full of messages, will keep up a "dog-trot," hour in and hour out, for a time only limited by that which is necessary to reach their objective point, how

ever far it may be away,—and this too across valleys carpeted with cactus, and hills and mountains beset with flinty footings. Some of their running feats of endurance are marvelous to relate, and are oftentimes made in a withering heat that makes life in the open field burdensome almost beyond bearing to the white man.

These Yuma Apaches are the most westerly of the family, living along the Colorado River in its lower part in Arizona, while on the upper part is found the Mojave branch, two sub-clans almost identical in many characteristics. They alone of all the great Apache tribe cremate their dead, a cremation so effectual that it does not cease with the body, but includes all the personal effects, however valuable, even to their *wick-ups* (the universal Arizona expression for their rude houses).

These *wick-ups* (as I notice the spelling in an Arizona journal) are made of a circular row of long lithe brush, bent down toward the center and interwoven into a rough semi-globular shape, not unlike the half of an egg-shell on its rim. Over this is thrown other brush and a light sprinkling of dirt as a protection from the sun's rays. When these materials are scarce, mud is used as a substitute, the wealthier class being sometimes supplied with a piece of canvas. Their more permanent abodes are now and then made by digging into a steep dirt bank at an expenditure of muscular energy that one would hardly think possible among any band of Indians showing such squalor and laziness in every other department of life.

The dialectic difference in the Yuma and Mojave Apache pronunciation of their common language is not noticeably great, but these again, on the contrary, differ from all the other Apache tribes to an extent apparent to persons who make no profession to linguistics. Theirs are the harshest and aboudest the most in guttural inflections of all the dialects of this desert tribe, some of which are toned down to a softness quite pleasant to the ear, although these extremes readily comprehend each other.

Once the Yuma and Mojave bands held high rank as warriors among the Apache tribe, but their country being easy of access, they were the first to succumb to civilization, and have gone a long way on that road of extinction which is marked out to those peculiarly tempered savages who can absorb only



OLDEST APACHE ON THE RESERVATION.

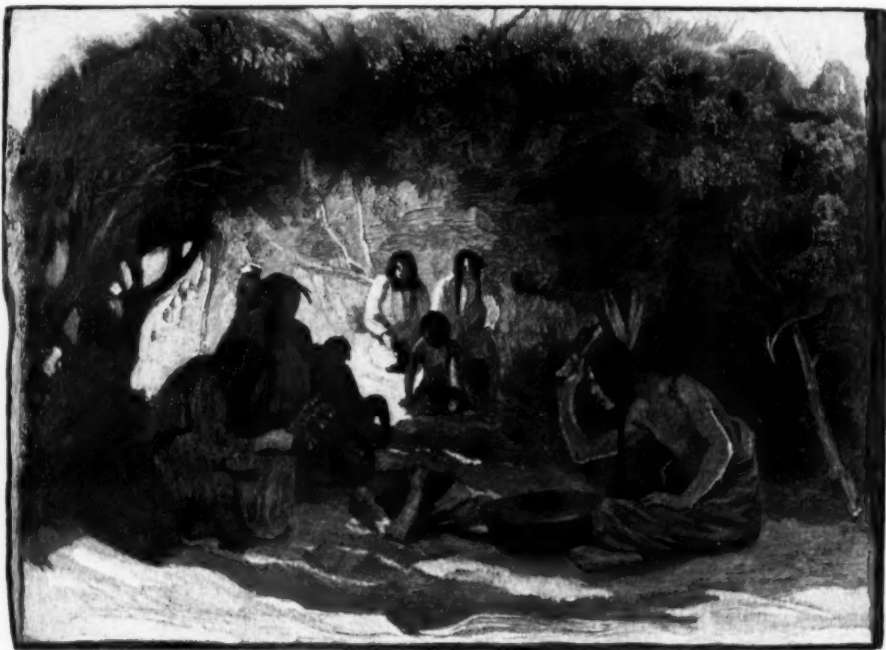


APACHE RUNNERS.

the vices and but few of the virtues of such a contact.

To combat their ailments they have only the usual superstitious rites of a few ignorant "medicine-men," and occasionally make use of those heroic and barbarous treatments so common with savages. One of these I think may be interesting. A great hole, large enough to receive the body of the invalid in a recumbent position, is dug in the ground. In this excavation a fire is maintained until the ground is heated to its greatest possible extent, when the embers and ashes are scraped out. Several layers of damp mud are imme-

adorned, and, as far as I casually noticed, there being no difference between the men and women. Paints and pigments of all characters are eagerly sought for temporary personal ornamentation, the Yumas and Mojaves even descending to stove-polish, boot-blackening, and mud. Undoubtedly the latter, in some of its applications, serves a more practical purpose than mere ornamentation. A thin coating of soft clay is matted through the hair and then plastered carefully down upon the skull, until it resembles, when dry, a shining bald head or an inverted earthen bowl. This is left on for two or three days, until it has subserved



MEDICINE-MEN.

diately used to plaster the walls of this fiery furnace, and the invalid is then placed within and covered up with mud, the head alone protruding. The escaping steam makes the torture endured by the poor wretch, for the thirty-six to forty-eight hours of misery in the prison of baked clay, oftentimes insupportable, and but few survive the severe ordeal. A Mojave squaw, with the Americanized name of "Polly," rallied from this terrible inquisition, but it took the kindest treatment for two months under the care of a white physician to save her life.

Nearly all the Apaches are addicted to tattooing, their faces and wrists being usually

its purposes of deadly destruction, when the earthy skull-cap is broken with a stick and the beating process continued until every particle of dust is thoroughly eradicated, when the hair is washed with the soft pulp of the root of the Yucca palm, which produces a soapy lather. After this the hair is energetically rinsed and then whipped in the open air until dry. From all this manipulation it emerges as glossy and as soft as silk.

This Yucca palm is commonly known as the Spanish bayonet and oftentimes as the soap-weed, the latter name being evidently derived from this peculiar use by the Indians and Mexicans. It is one of the most exten-



sively common plants of Apache land and contiguous countries, and it is well for those localities that a commercial use has been found for this abundant weed, its pulp, according to recent experiments, bidding fair to give a very

named and the Tontos, a clan of central Arizona. Among the Apaches, men are never accused of this crime, but, at extremely long and rare intervals, some luckless squaw in a village that has seen more than its share of



APACHE FIDDLER AND MAIDEN.

fine grade of printing-paper. Thus the vulgar soap-weed that cleanses the outside of the Apache's head may yet improve its interior through the medium of the press.

The most barbaric forms of witchcraft have within fairly recent periods been practiced by them, especially by the two bands we have

misfortune is accused of these calamities as a witch. Either man, woman, or child can bear witness against the unfortunate, although the highest chief in the vicinity seems to be the proper one to prosecute her. The accusation once lodged, and, of course, as such complaints always are, believed without thought or trial,



APACHE SQUAW AND CHILD.

the entire village is summoned to the proceedings, which generally mean an execution. In carrying these on the victim is stripped to her waist and then tied up by her thumbs with strong thongs, her toes barely touching the ground. All of their devilish energies are now bent on extorting a confession from the wretch. Any of those who have had any misfortune, however remote, imaginary, or real, are at perfect liberty to flay the supposed witch with mezquite or willow switches until she faints from exhaustion, or terror and weakness forces a false confession in the vain hope of obtaining relief from her terrible condition. If she will not thus please them, the whipping is kept up until the executioners themselves are exhausted, when one by one they leave her to die, which results unless she be lucky enough to liberate herself from the thongs after the last one has departed. Should they wring a confession from her, she is beaten to death with stones and sticks, and all of her property burned, even to her rude house and ruder utensils.

On ordinary deaths, these Apaches mourn for a few days in wild plaintive cries that the uninitiated might mistake, at a distance, for the cooing of the turtle-dove. The nearest relatives cut off their hair as close as possible, and their mourning is kept up until the hair grows out. All these latter rites are denied the poor wretch executed for witchcraft, but she is still entitled to a burial at the hands of her relatives if they make no display to insult the superstitious dignity of the tribe.

There are but few other superstitions that

have such disastrous results in their applications. It would almost seem that they had some supernatural dread of water, and this in a country where that fluid is conspicuously scarce. Fish never enters into their diet, although they are not hard to procure, and they repel them in a way that can only be based on superstition. Canoes are never used, although an occasional raft is made to transport effects in one direction, and, in general, a river is of no more use to them than furnishing drinking water or establishing a flat valley in which they can travel more readily on foot or horseback. In this way all traveling is done, and all household effects are transported either on the backs of horses or of squaws, the women generally predominating. Some of the muscular feats of the latter, while thus engaged, even rival the endurance and strength of the stronger (?) sex, as shown in their runners. A Yuma squaw has been known to carry over three hundred pounds of bulky hay between four and five miles over a mountain road and without stopping on the way. Not much was left to the imagination of the story-teller either, as the hay was weighed on tested scales and the route pursued was a well-known measured one. More marvelous cases are heard of occasionally, but they are not so authentic.

Birds are also rejected as food, although they are used in cases of distressing scarcity; especially the wild turkey, which stands better in their estimation. Other native articles of diet, on which they yet subsist to a certain extent, are baked *mescal*, the bean of the mezquite tree, the fruit of the giant cactus, and the prickly pear. To furnish them with meat they find extensive variety in the black and white tailed deer, antelope, bear, ground-rats, rattlesnakes, and rabbits (hares). Nothing exists to show that the Apaches were ever cannibals. No part of a slain animal is unused, even the smallest bones being broken open in order to save the marrow.

No drink-loving old toppers ever enjoyed their liquor so much as have the Apaches whenever they could procure it, a vice, however, that is rapidly subsiding as the tribes are concentrated at agencies more directly under the eyes of watchful authorities. *Mescal*, made from that plant by the Mexicans, found its way in days gone by, when population was scattering and the laws lax, into Apache maws with every trade and deal-



HEAD WAR-CHIEF OF CHIRICAHUA.

ing between the two races. From corn they make a fermented drink called *tiz-win*, which is not as strong as the corn-whisky of civilization, but their peculiar method of drinking it compensates for its lack of strength. For some three days before it has reached its highest point of fermentation not a single piece of food is swallowed. At the end of that period they fill themselves to their utmost capacity with the unclarified *tiz-win*. Although half starved, it takes but a few moments to make them feel as if they had had a major-general's rations for six months previous, while the most conspicuous effect is to swell their bump of combat-

so ancient that when disturbed the grains fell from the cob a mass of impalpable powder, leaving the cob, singularly enough, as fresh as if it had been gathered but the harvest before.

To ramble for a moment from the main subject, in considering the ancient cliff-dwellers of Apache land,—I was not a little surprised to hear of many cliff-villages yet unexplored. An idea prevails that the cliffs and caves of Apache land have been nearly all included in the researches of archaeologists and curiosity hunters. An old Apache of San Carlos agency, whose perfect confidence had been won by a government official, spoke of many that he knew had never been inspected and that were full of relics. He wished to conduct his confidant to a place not far distant. He added that only a small part of the remains known to the Apaches had ever been examined.

San Carlos agency, on the river of the same name, is the great central point where the Government has gathered from time to time the greater portion of almost all the Arizona bands of Apaches, who are slowly acquiring the arts of peace and will soon be a useful part of the agricultural population of that region. Here from the eastern boundary are bands of the Yumas and Mojaves, of the Tontos and San Carlos Apaches from the central districts, and of the Sierra Blanca tribe from the north-eastern corner. The only important Arizona band not directly represented are the warlike Chiricahuas, and they are quartered on the reservation of which this agency is the headquarters,—except the leaders, recently surrendered, who have been exiled to Florida.

Their partly civilized, partly barbaric agency-life is not uninteresting in some of its aspects, especially while the barbaric element yet predominates. The Government has cultivated their martial feelings, and at the same time turned them to its own account, by enlisting the most trusty warriors as soldiers in its own service, and using them as a police and detective force against one another, and especially one tribe against another. No less than three full military companies of these scouts were, until recently, distributed among the Indians of this great agency;



CHIH-HUA-HUA.



HAT-TZUCK-REH.

iveness to an inordinate degree. If a large number have indulged in this liquor, serious outbreaks and disturbances are almost sure to ensue, especially if other bands of Indians or any whites are near enough for them to reach before this temporary, stimulated combativeness has worn away. In fact, after having, when sober, decided to go upon the war-path, by far the most important preliminary is the manufacture of huge quantities of *tiz-win*. Its peculiar composition, and the no less peculiar manner of taking the liquor, gives it a most lasting effect upon the system, and an Indian with his stomach distended with it is said to have ahead of him a six to eight days' "spree," and during all this time his warlike qualities are sure to be most conspicuous.

There is much evidence to show that alcoholic liquor made from corn is an ancient drink with these people, everything that was necessary to manufacture it being found in their old ruins, and under circumstances that make such a conjecture not unreasonable. Even in the caves of the old cliff-dwellers of Arizona there have been found cemented deposits of corn



T'IOE, OR "PEACHES."

and as the white soldiers were at the same time placed at distant points on the boundaries of the reservation, the Indians were thereby lifted a little in their ideas of sovereignty and self-government.

In every cluster of *wickiups*, and in fact in almost every family, might be found one of these scouts, acting in the interest of the Gov-

had gone through all the processes of his trial, there hung over his head a three-years' sentence in the penitentiary at Alcatraz within the Golden Gate. Even death has been meted out to offenders by Indian juries. A guard-house inclosed less refractory criminals, and through one of its windows peered the face of an Indian sentenced for life.



APACHE FULL DRESS.

ernment, and forming, in effect, a secret detective system more efficacious than the detective bureaus of civilization. While every crime was reported to the white chief-of-scouts, care was taken that the informer should never be known. But not long ago Ki-at-ti-na, the head war-chief of the Chiricahuas, tired of the monotonous restraint of the military, gathered around him a few of his belligerent band, still footsore from the war-path. They indulged in a preliminary war-dance, and, sending couriers to all likely to join them in an outbreak, impatiently awaited results. The chief's fleetest courier was a spy, who gave timely warning of all the concerted movements and intentions before an advance was really made. The chief's first intelligence of the result of his plot was his arrest by the scouts of his own tribe and his arraignment before the authorities at the agency.

An Indian accused of any crime is tried before a jury of Indians, and when Ki-at-ti-na

These Indian soldiers, in all that pertained to arms, ammunition, pay, and rations, were on exactly the same footing as other soldiers in the service, except that their term of enlistment might be variable. A calling of the muster-rolls sounds like that of Hungarian Hussars or Polish Lancers, a deception of the ear that an inspection of the written names would not confirm. Their savage passion for finery and display cropped to the surface in an inordinate desire for military parade and exhibition, even to the extreme of monotonous drill, but much has been denied them in those particulars, as on their primitive *status* rests much of their efficacy as scouts against other bands.

In one of the last and then one of the most important and decisive campaigns waged against the most warlike band of the Apaches, the Chiricahuas of south-eastern Arizona, all of the friendly Apache scouts were employed and but one company of white troops, and in the con-

test which ensued in the broken mountainous defiles of the Sierra Madre of Mexico none of the white troops were used. Their endurance and rapidity of action are superior to that of white men, for they literally crawl in the grass like snakes, and creep and dodge through the rocks like squirrels in the branches of trees in their densest foliage.

Portraits of some of their most famous scouts are given. Nat-tzuck-ei-ch, a Chiricahua squaw, was one of the most important against her own tribe in the campaign into Mexico just alluded to. Even before the main command had started she departed alone and on foot to determine the whereabouts of the hostiles in the fastnesses of the Sierra Madre mountains. On this trip she was absent for about six weeks, unceasingly prosecuting her object. A Chiricahua herself, it was evidently her intention to gain the Indian camp, claim that she had been captured by and escaped from the whites, find out all that she could, and then at the first favorable opportunity prove traitor to her tribe. Treachery is a distinguishing feature of the American Indian, but it is almost wholly a trait turned to account against the enemies of the tribe. Even the lowest Digger Indian has some faint conception of honor in his tribal relations in war, and among some it compares well with, if not exceeding, that among civilized nations, but the Apache seems to have absolutely none.

The painstaking labor to which they will go to emphasize their cruel treachery seems almost fiendish in the extreme. "Way back in the 50's" an emigrant family, winding its toilsome way through the burning desert of the Gila valley, on the road to California, found themselves, with an exhausted team, at the bottom of a steep hill, which they vainly essayed to ascend. A band of Tontos Apaches, bent on some fiendish foray, passing that way, came upon the scene and at once willingly offered their services to carry the effects to the top of the hill. Not only did they do this, but the empty wagon was spared to the exhausted horses and hauled up by hand. This wonderful act of kindness was terminated by the massacre of the owners on the crest of the mesa, while all unawares they were reloading their wagon, the only object of the pretended

friendship being undoubtedly to throw the victims off their guard. I visited this spot over a decade later, and some four or five whitewashed head-boards, encircled by a neat fence of native mezquite brush, kindly placed there by some frontiersmen, were not only monuments to the dead, but to as foul a piece of treachery as was ever perpetrated by one of the most savage of Indian tribes.

It will be seen that Nat-tzuck-ei-ch's nose



WAR-DRESS IN WARM WEATHER.

has been somewhat abbreviated, an old mode of punishment among them for marital infidelity: a punishment that has been stopped by the authorities along with other cruel practices. In virtue and modesty the eastern Apaches compare favorably with the best of Indians, but unfortunately the same cannot be said of the western tribes.

The most important scout in the campaign noted above was one T'zoe, whose translated





CHATO.

which, from their low mutterings and half-concealed threats, he believed to be in danger, knowing right well the Indian character, that they waste no time in hearing the arguments of the one fully accused. Going to the nearest agency, the San Carlos, was a jump "from the frying-pan into the fire," as he was immediately imprisoned, tried, and sentenced to death. The general revolt of his tribe, however, made him more useful to the Government as a guide than as a corpse, and he was spared the latter alternative by accepting the former, and right well did he do his work. It seemed singularly dramatic that this forced outcast of the tribe, compelled to flee for his life to a place where his life was still in danger, should in so short a time be leading back into their mountain stronghold an army of his kith and kin that destroyed a third of the warriors of their own tribe.

While General Crook was in the Sierra Madre mountains on this campaign after the Chiricahuas, many never before imagined sites of ancient races were discovered, and in such vast extent as to be almost bewildering in magnitude. There seemed to be a series of colossal steps or terraces made by man, the lowest of which, near the streams, was evidently inhabited by these crude and ancient people. On the tops of these hills or mountains, around whose sides the steps or terraces appeared, and apparently independent of them, were immense and extremely effective fortifications, considering the rude weapons they then had,—a sort of rallying point of defense for the people living near the streams. Why these terraces, between the stream where they dwelt and overlooking fortifications where



KI-AT-TI-NA.

name is said to mean "Peaches," at least he was known by this latter name among the white people of Arizona. T'zoe had long been held in distrust by his tribe, and he deserted them in order to save his life,

they probably fled in danger, should have been constructed it seems hard to conjecture, unless it is possible that they lived near a constantly hostile and active enemy of which they had the greatest fear, and these, although for protection, were their garden-plats or limited

grazing-grounds for their goats. An incline would have been as good, and would have cost no such immense outlay of labor in building the retaining walls. In many places through these rude structures had protruded the large pines of the country, some of which were two to three feet, or even more, in diameter. Everywhere, often in no small quantities, could be found their pottery, huge stone mortars for grinding corn (called *me-tates* in the vernacular of the country), and stone implements of war, and axes and hatchets. Under the overhanging cliffs were found caves that had once been inhabited, one series of apartments having no fewer than twenty-two rooms. Over one of these rooms was a large granary, capable of holding many bushels of grain. Here were corn-cobs, showing great age, mixed with pottery and stone axes. On the walls of



GERONIMO.

these rooms were hieroglyphics and pictured representations, none of which had been copied or secured. It seems not unreasonable to argue from their cheerless homes and mighty fortifications that this was an inferior race of people in the age in which they lived. Even the Apaches who have made these labyrinths of lava their hiding-places superstitiously avoid these old ruins, and perchance this very fact may have saved to science valuable archaeological matter when the time comes for the investigation of these strange ancients.

Superstitions are shown in their dress and ornaments, or rather in the charms which adorn and compose these. The medicine jacket and belt are common to the whole Apache family, and are about the counterpart of similar dresses so common with savages. From the head of the

Chiricahua hangs a single buckskin string about two inches wide and as many feet in length, its upper end braided in the hair. This is ornamented with all the different pieces of shells they can obtain, and for which they seem to have a reverence, while beads and ornaments of silver and other metals help to cover it with an almost solid coating of decorations.

Maidens may be distinguished from matrons by the peculiar arrangement of their hair, the former wearing what in their language is called a *nah-leen* (*nah-leen* strictly interpreted is maiden). It is flat and of a beaver-tail dumb-bell shape, covered with red, and closely studded with gilt buttons, if procurable, the hair being tied up with this to prevent its flowing over the shoulders as with married squaws. In general, it may be said that the eastern tribes, Sierras Blancas and Chiricahuas, are far finer in dress than those of the western parts, the Yumas and Mojaves, the intermediate tribes of San Carlos and Tontos being also intermediate in dress. Still farther to the east in New Mexico are the Mezcalero and Coyotero Apaches, also very ornamental in dress, but in other respects beyond the ken of this article in their now quiet isolation.

The war-dress of these warm-weather warriors, when actually in a campaign, is not so resplendent in buckskin and beads, nor is it so warm. A gorgeous bonnet of three hawk feathers is about the only display, and the rest has a sort of simplicity known only in the Garden of Eden. An old weapon with them was a heavy round stone at the end of a short stick, the two being wrapped and joined in a common case of rawhide taken from the tail of a horse or ox so as to be continuous and seamless. This was used like a policeman's club, and has its counterpart in the Sioux "skull-smasher," a word which describes it at once. The wild Chiricahuas use the lance, and do some good work with it in a decisive fight. Even the armed warriors use it in killing cattle and stolen stock to save their ammunition thereby, while some of the most horrible tortures practiced on their captives by these fiends are inflicted by this instrument. With the introduction of fire-arms into their warfare fell the shield into disuse. It was a gaudy appendage of the primitive savage, but it exists among the Apaches only as a relic for which they can obtain so much money from the curiosity seeker. They care but little for money, however, except to appease a craving for gambling, or to meet immediate wants.

They are behind no other savages in their love for the allurements of gambling, and use all sorts of implements, from the most intricate games of cards to the simple throwing of sticks and hoops, and in nearly all of these games

their play is one of hazard, in the excitement their horses, rifles, and even the shirts on their backs, changing ownership.

Only in their dances do they excel the physical energy put forth in their gambling plays.



APACHE MOTHER AND INFANT.

From sunset till sunrise can be heard the beating of their drums and tom-toms, and night after night is it kept up. Old squaws and young children dance until they can stand no longer, and cease from exhaustion and fatigue; a cessation of but a few minutes and they are up and at it again. Their medicine dances take place in cases of sickness and distress, to drive away bad spirits or keep them from doing harm. In these the squaws are never allowed to take a part, but in peace, weddings, and feast dances, young and old of both sexes form a conspicuous part. The "corn dance," to make that plant productive, is also a monopoly of the medicine-men, while besides all these there exists the war, the conqueror's, and the chiefs' dances, varying in type through all the possible motions and gesticulations of the human body.

The ages which some of them reach appear surprising, considering their rough mode of life in the past, which seems sufficient to end it rapidly when the physical powers begin to fail. Got-ha, a Sierra Blanca, a once famous warrior of their tribe, is probably eighty or ninety years of age, and seems hale and hearty



NACHEZ, SON OF COCHISE.

yet. Could this old sage of the sandy deserts concentrate the salient points of his life into a volume, it would rival the tales of Daniel Boone or Kit Carson.

Age, however, finds only a place in their councils of peace, and young blood rules in times of war, unless some mighty chief, with

a record of battles that none can gainsay, bears all before him even in his age. It is a keen appreciation of the eternal fitness of things that has helped them in no small way to hold for so long the mastery of the South-west in peace and in war. One mighty chief of theirs was Cochise, a household word in the literature of Indian depredations. A Chiricahua himself, his success was sufficient to join many bands under his rule, and especially those *renegados* so common in all Indian warfares and so numerous in every band who will join every revolt without regard to tribe or cause, if the revolt only promise booty and that bloody excitement which their nature craves. For years he was the terror of all in Arizona, and for a long period before his own tribes could be turned against him the sum total of his battles placed him plainly ahead. For savage strategy and barbaric grand tactics



ZELE.

he will always be a mark in the annals of Indian warfare, and will be better known as this country settles up to that extent that it will demand a history of its own. Cochise bravely acknowledged he was out-generaled once. A military train of a score of wagons, guarded apparently by only a small platoon of cavalry, bore down through Apache Pass, where Cochise had some two or three hundred warriors in waiting, and their eyes glistened with delight as they looked at the chance of an easy capture of the hard bread, molasses, sugar, and tobacco on which they might revel for weeks. They made one wild yelling charge on the train from every quarter, when, instead of savage luxuries, there came from each wagon a blinding, crashing volley from nearly a score of well-armed infantrymen. Cochise's warriors were sent flying back like surf, and, as they fled up the steep sides of the cañon, were

picked off like squirrels in a tree. Cochise died some nine or ten years ago a natural death, a singular ending for one who had been so active in the trade of death. However much they may have hated him in that frontier land, even their legislature honored him with a conspicuous county, showing that their hatred could not conscientiously descend into contempt.

After Cochise came Victorio, whose fate has been noted. Then Nana led them for a brief period of time, and then came Nachez, son of Cochise, who rules the Chiricahua band. Juh (pronounced *Hoo*) was a noted leader, and met his death in a way that was scarcely heroic. Blindly drunk with *mezcal*, he attempted to ride from a Mexican town to his village, his head buried in his hands, and his elbows and the responsibility of getting home resting on the pony's shoulders. As they crossed a shallow stream, the horse, believing it was his turn, leaned forward for a drink, and Juh was precipitated into the water, and there, with his face in that kind of liquor that he had not followed closely enough in his life, he was drowned.

Loco is an important chief, he being at one time a medicine-man. In a career uniformly good—as savages judge careers—and nowhere brilliant, it is hard to speak further of him in a contracted article. Geronimo, said to be a captured Mexican youth, might be styled the Daniel Webster of the Apache Senate. His advice was always sought on every particular matter of state, and his influence therein was equaled by few before his incarceration in a Florida prison, as the result of the latest and one of the greatest outbreaks under him, which ended with his surrender.

Chato, Bonito, Chihuahua, Mangas, and Zele form the lesser lights in this list of leaders.

Railroads run their double bands of iron through their deserts, mines pour their ores from the sheltering sides of their mountain homes, an inexorable decree has cramped them to a corner of their country, where they now wrest a living from the soil they once trod as masters, and it may be well said that the Apache sun is near the horizon of their national destiny.

Frederick Schwatka.



WIFE OF NACHEZ.



WIFE OF ZELE.

## FROM AN ANCIENT IRISH MOUND.

ON this lone mound of legend, heaped by hands  
That have been still from immemorial years,  
Above their mythic chief, whose vassal lands  
Forget his name,—so long forgot by tears,—

I dream. Below me wrath and ruin are.  
England's ally there shook down Philip's fleet.  
Here sings a young bird like some morning star.  
The old song's sorrow makes the new song sweet.

*Sarah M. B. Platt.*

## A GLIMPSE OF WASHINGTON IRVING AT HOME.



IT is now forty years and over since I was a school-boy at Tarrytown, and when I revisited the place not long ago I was not surprised to find it somewhat altered. The changes I remarked were, however, only such as might have been looked for in a town so prettily situated and so near New York; and I was pleased to find that the memory of Washington Irving had restrained the hand of improvement from destroying the few objects to which his writings have given an interest, as well as from defacing the sites which tradition or popular imagination has identified with the scenes of his delightful legend. Sleepy Hollow is still very much the same lazy country road it was in the old days when we school-boys wandered along it in the summer afternoons picking blackberries from the wayside vines. Following the turn-pike-road down the hill, we come to Beekman's mill-pond; and crossing the pretty stream, the Pocantico, on the bridge over which Ichabod galloped, pursued in his mad flight by the headless horseman, we reach the old Dutch church, surrounded by the graves of many generations—those of the earlier settlers clustering thickly about the church itself, while the newer graves people the rising ground toward the north.

It is in this newer portion of the cemetery that Washington Irving lies. His grave is in the middle of a large plot purchased by him in 1853, six years before his death. The stone that marks his grave is a plain slab of white marble on which are engraved his name and date alone, without any memorial inscription. The path that leads to the entrance-gate of the plot is so worn by the feet of visitors that a stranger hardly needs to ask his way to the place.

I confess I heard not without a secret pleasure that the relic-hunters so chip and hammer the stone that marks Irving's grave as to make its frequent renewal necessary. It

did not seem to me a grievous wrong, nor in any true sense a profanation of the grave, but rather a testimony to the loveliness of Irving's character, and an evidence of the wide extent of his fame, that, from filling the circle of the educated and refined among his countrymen, has now come to include that lower stratum of our common humanity which has only instinctive and, so to speak, mechanical ways of expressing its feelings. Who is so insensible to the good opinion of his kind as not to think such a trodden path as this that leads to Irving's grave better than any written line of praise, and the very destruction of his monument, by this reprehensible clipping and chipping, a more enduring testimony to his work than any monument of brass!

It would not have been easy to find a place more in harmony with the associations that gather about Irving's name as a writer than the spot in which he is buried. Even to-day, with all the changes that have been brought about by the growth of the neighboring settlement, the spirit of peace and quiet that used to brood over the region hovers there undisturbed. Irving's own words, in the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," describing the grave-yard, the old church, and the stream that plays about its feet, reflect with the faithfulness of a mirror the scene as we behold it to-day.

Here is the church, a small building with rough sides of the country-stone, surmounted by a picturesque roof, and with an open bell-turret over which still veers the vane pierced with the initials of the Vrederick Felypsen who built the church and endowed it in 1699. In our rambles about the grave-yard we used to find the bricks of light-colored clay, brought from Holland, and of which, so tradition said, the church had been originally built, or which had, at any rate, been largely used in its construction.

The church was seldom used, except in the summer-time. On communion Sundays the handsome seventeenth-century Jacobean table of oak brought from Holland, where plenty like it may still be found, was set out, as it is to-day, with the plain vessels of silver "pre-



sented by Queen Anne," as the formula goes, that used to please my childish taste for things that had about them the flavor of old days.

The same budding taste for antiquities led me and some of my school-mates to the old grave-yard, where we hunted up the oldest tombstones, scraping off the moss and lichens to decipher the names and dates, and enjoying many a laugh over their carved ornaments, scrolls, and cockle-shells, and sturdy, dew-lapped Dutch cherubs, with their stumpy little wings scored like checker-boards for plumage. Many of these gravestones were said to have been imported from Holland by the early settlers, like the bricks of which the church was built, the table in the church, and much of the furniture to be found in the farm-houses of the country-side, chairs and tables, cupboards, and even looking-glasses. The carvings, memorial verses, and scripture-texts upon these tombstones were cut by the more skillful workmen over-seas, and the names and dates were filled in here at home as occasion called.

Even so early as when Mr. Irving wrote the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," he tells us that the bridge over which Ichabod Crane clattered half dead with fright, pursued by the headless horseman, had long disappeared, and that the present one had been substituted for it, to avert the omen of the tragedy. The banks of the Pocantico above the bridge are greatly changed since those primitive days. They are now cleared of the underbrush that once clothed them so thickly and through which a narrow cow-path made its devious way. The cow-path is now an orderly lane, and the sunlight strikes through tamer leafage on a well-kept turf; for the banks of the pretty stream have been transformed into a rural pleasure-ground, where the plump Katrinas and spruce Ichabods of to-day may wander and flirt at their will on Sunday afternoons.

Although Tarrytown retains certain of the features that it had when I first knew it, yet the general character of the place is very different. When those of us who used to read Washington Irving's tales and sketches among the scenes in which they are popularly supposed to have been written read them now, in the midst of this combed and curled landscape, set about with overdressed houses, and inhabited by people who regulate their lives by the city clock, we no longer feel the harmony between the printed page and the life about us that we felt then. It was easy, in the old time, to believe the story of Ichabod Crane, because the characters described in the tale were just such people as we met daily in the village street, or in the church on Sundays, and Irving has

hardly made use of the novelist's license in portraying them.

The brisk little woman who was cook in our boarding-school was Mrs. Van Tassel; and the delicious fragrance of her bread, baked twice a week for us in an old-fashioned brick oven, has power even at this late day to make us forget that she had a temper of her own, of which her red-headed scape-grace of a son stood as much in awe as we. The question with us was, what was her relation to Katrina? For, to the boyish mind, the facts that she was a Van Tassel, and a native of Tarrytown, were convincing proofs that she belonged to the family of the renowned Baltus, albeit Fortune had played the good lady one of her jade's tricks in reducing her to the position of cook to a parcel of unruly boys.

And where, to-day, could be found such a figure as the weather-beaten deacon in the Dutch church presented when, in his blue coat and brass buttons, and his hair done up in a pigtail, he stood up in front of the pulpit and took the first note of the psalm-tune with a tuning-fork; the parson giving out two lines of each verse at a time, and the congregation following the precentor's lead with nasal unanimity!

I came on the scene a little late to get the full benefit of the primitive time; but there was enough simplicity left to stamp the image of the place on my memory as a sleepy neighborhood, where dreaming was more in fashion than doing. The village itself was a dull Dutch market-town, consisting, in the main, of one long street that lumbered slowly up the hill from the riverside to the narrow plateau along which the Albany turnpike runs. There was no communication with the city of New York except by steamboat or by sloop, for the railroad which has since ruined the banks of the most beautiful river in the world was not so much as thought of at that time. In the winter we drove to the city in sleighs. I believe no regular stage-coach plied between New York and Tarrytown.

Considering how dead the village was, so far as active interests were concerned, we were fortunate as school-boys in having anything to quicken our minds in the history and associations of the region. We became strongly interested in the legendary gossip of the time of the Revolution, much of which centered about André; his capture on our side of the river, and his trial and execution at Tappan, directly opposite us, on the other side of the broad Tappan Zee. The tree under which André's captors were sitting, playing cards, when he came up, for so the story ran, still stood in the field by the roadside; although, between the relic-hunters and the lightning, it

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had come, when I knew it, to present a rather forlorn appearance. Mr. Irving made good dramatic use of this tree in his "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," but it is likely enough he had not seen it when he wrote the story.

Our minds, thus kept awake by living in an atmosphere charged with legendary lore and with local history, were still further inspired by living so near to a man of genius who had already made the country-side classic ground by his residence there, and by the legends he had enshrined in the amber of his style.

We were not aware, at that time, how slight was Mr. Irving's acquaintance with the region when he wrote the legend that has made it immortal. When he published the story of Rip Van Winkle he had not visited the Catskill Mountains, and he went to Tarrytown for the first time in 1798, when he was fifteen years old, with his dog and gun, for a few days, and it would appear that he did not see the place again for several years — certainly not until some time after "The Sketch Book" had made him famous.

Mr. Irving first heard the story of the headless horseman from his brother-in-law, Mr. Van Wart, in Birmingham, at the time of his visit to England in 1819. The two homesick friends fell to talking about old times and scenes, and among the stories that Mr. Van Wart recalled was this one, which so tickled Irving's fancy that he sat down at once — such was his happy, off-hand way — and rapidly sketched the outline of his story, which he afterward finished in London and sent home to America, to be published, with other stories, as the sixth number of "The Sketch Book." He says himself that the story is a mere thread on which to string descriptions of scenery, and surely all that he wrote came from his heart. He had seen the Hudson for the first time in the full flush of eager boyhood, sailing up the river from New York to Albany, but without stopping anywhere, and the strong impression made upon his mind at that time by the beauty of the scenery, strengthened a little later by his visit to Tarrytown, was sufficient to root his imagination in that region. Years afterward, homesick and discouraged in London, the seed so early sown burst into sudden life; and in that one picture and its companion, Rip Van Winkle, all the landscape was painted breathing warm with life and feeling, but with little more care for detailed resemblance to any one spot than a Claude or a Turner shows.

Not far up the Sleepy Hollow road was the little country school-house which we had decided, on no better authority than that of childish imagination, must be the school-house

in which Ichabod Crane taught. One day I ventured to ask Mr. Irving if it was really the same, and I can still see the sunshine-smile in his handsome face as he put me by with some quizzical, non-committal answer. Had I been wise, I should have known enough to be content with the credentials furnished by imagination. But children have a very commonplace hunger for facts, and so in my ignorance I exchanged a pleasing certainty for an empty doubt.

While I was at school at Tarrytown, Mr. Irving was living on his little Sabine farm of Wolfert's Roost, which afterward was so widely known as Sunnyside. The place, which originally contained ten acres, afterward increased first to fifteen and finally to eighteen acres, lay on the river-bank a few miles below the village, in a neighborhood vaguely known as "Dearman's." There was no distinct settlement at this point in my time, but in 1854, the place, having secreted enough population to warrant it, was set off from Tarrytown and incorporated as a village, to which, out of compliment to Mr. Irving, the name of Irvington was given.

Mr. Irving had never been a man of means, and at the time I speak of his early fame as a writer had almost died away. Had I been at school in any other place than Tarrytown, I suspect I should have heard very little about him. But our schoolmaster had named his school the Irving Institute, and had persuaded Mr. Irving, out of his abounding good nature and liking for young folks, to visit the school occasionally at "Commencement" time, and give out the prizes. This of course made it necessary to keep us acquainted with Irving's writings, and there were some of us who found this no ungrateful task. "The History of New York" and "The Sketch Book" we knew by heart. In the village, too, Irving was not without local honors. The new hotel was called the Irving Hotel, the myth-making spirit had already given a local habitation to all the incidents of the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and strangers were directed on Sunday to the church where Mr. Irving was a regular attendant, and where they could study the great man at their leisure.

All this, however, was the result of Mr. Irving's residence in the neighborhood. In New York, to say nothing of the country at large, comparatively little was said about Irving. He was reckoned a little old-fashioned, and people's eyes were turned rather to Longfellow and Hawthorne and Emerson, and to Lowell, the newest risen star.

Something of Irving's literary position in New York at that time was owing, no doubt, to the grudge that existed against him in the

minds of the descendants of the early Dutch settlers, on account of his "History of New York." I crossed the ocean not long ago with a member of a New York family whose name is known as honorably as it is widely, and whose members have done good service in many fields of culture. In the long summer days on deck we talked of many things, and naturally enough, both of us being New Yorkers, we came upon Irving. I was taken aback by the heat with which my companion attacked his name. He frankly expressed his dislike, and when I pressed for a reason, I found it to be that Irving had made New York ridiculous. The city had a more than respectable early history: it was one highly honorable, and Irving's book had turned it into irretrievable caricature. It would need a talent as great as his own—for the talent was frankly conceded—to paint the canvas over again; it was doubtful, now, if it would ever be done.

I could not sympathize in the least with my companion's view. As I looked at the matter, I thought New Yorkers ought to be much obliged to Irving for having built up so lively a structure on the flat marshland of their early history. And why should not New York have a fanciful early history as well as Rome or England? We read the stories of the Greek cities as if we believed them; why should we stick so at our own fabulist and his work—"the Dutch Herodotus, Diedrich Knickerbocker," as Mr. John Duer, one of the old Knickerbockers, had the magnanimity to call him? Is it not likely that the stories of Menelaus and Helen, of the wooden horse, and of sulking Achilles, were as disagreeable to old Greek and Trojan families as the fables of Van Twiller and Stuyvesant were to the old New Yorkers?

Irving has been called the last of the mythologists, but it must be admitted that Cable and Craddock are showing delightful skill in work of a similar kind. And the way in which a brilliant, charming, and sympathetic writer has been criticised in New Orleans enables us to understand how Irving was treated in New York. His nephew's "Life and Letters" has some amusing anecdotes relating to the subject. Irving himself treated the matter rather lightly, but even he must have had some feeling on the subject, for in his revised edition of the "History," he withdrew the original dedication to the New York Historical Society. A distinguished scholar, a member of one of the oldest and most respectable of the Dutch families, had said, in an address delivered before the Society, speaking of Irving and his "History": "It is painful to see a mind, as admirable for its exquisite perception of the beautiful as it is for its quick

sense of the ridiculous, wasting the riches of its fancy on an ungrateful theme, and its exuberant humor in a coarse caricature."

And to show how deep was the irritation caused by this "coarse caricature," which Walter Scott and all the cultivated world of England found so delightful, and which was the foundation of Irving's fame and fortune, I would record that, while writing this paper, finding myself in the country, away from my books, I asked a member of a family which may surely stand as representative of everything the Knickerbockers had of best, if in her father's library—very rich in English literature, and in beautiful editions, the envy of the bibliophile—I could not find "The Sketch Book."

"Well, no," was the half-amused, half-ashamed reply. "We have not, I believe, a single work of Irving's. You know when grandfather lived, and we were young, Irving was *taboo*!"

But in 1846, after his return from Spain, where he had most acceptably filled the position of Minister, Irving's sky, which, when all is said, had never been seriously obscured, cleared finally, and took on that mellow beauty which continued to the end of his life. Perhaps no incident will serve better to mark the date of the change in Irving's literary fortunes than the publication of Lowell's "Fable for Critics":

"Set forth in October, the 31st day,  
In the year '48, G. P. Putnam, Broadway."

Lowell's enthusiastic greeting to Irving in this delightful burst of youthful spirits, one of the best characterizations in the poem, begins with an allusion to Irving's recent return from Spain. In the same year with the publication of the "Fable for Critics" began the re-issue of Irving's works by Mr. Putnam, most generous of publishers and kindest of men, whom not even a Napoleon would have found it in his heart to shoot, or if he had, no Charles Lamb would have toasted him for it. The success of this venture was very great. The eyes of the public were again turned upon Irving, and his early triumphs were renewed: no less than two hundred and fifty thousand volumes of the new issue of his works were sold during his lifetime.

Neither the public honors that were heaped upon him after his return, nor the prosperity that came so unexpectedly to reward his literary labors, had any charm to wean Mr. Irving from his taste for the simple pleasures of a country life, his plain house, his old friends, his little study lined with books, his rambles on horseback among the well-known hills and lanes, his vine-trellised piazza (we have no American

name for this distinctively American thing) where he could sit at his ease in the summer evenings and hear the waves of the Hudson River lapping the shore at his feet.

Everybody knows the exterior of the cottage at Sunnyside from pictures, engravings, photographs, or from having himself been one of the hundreds of pilgrims who have visited it. When Irving bought the place, in 1835, there stood upon it a small stone house called Wolfert's Roost (Roost, rest), from a former owner, Wolfert Acker (the name of Acker is still heard in the neighborhood), who had been one of the Committee of Public Safety, and who had come here to set up his Rest, and take his ease. Mr. Irving called in the services of an architect, Mr. George Harvey, to fit up the cottage for his occupancy, and he was fortunate in finding so sympathetic an assistant. When it was finished, it had not only lost nothing of the character which first struck Irving's fancy, but it had that air of "old times" about it which is so hard to give to a new place, or even to an old place made over. The architect gave it back comfortable, and suited to Mr. Irving's needs, yet no less picturesque than it was when he first described it—the "little old-fashioned stone mansion, all made up of gable-ends, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat."

The principal external feature was a substantial porch, supporting a room overhead, and with a crow-step gable surmounted by a weather-cock. Over the entrance to the porch is a stone bearing the architect's name and title, "George Harvey, Bomr," an abbreviation for "Boumeister," which Mr. Irving had raked up as Dutch for "architect."

Every visitor, too, must have remarked the fine growth of English ivy which covers the eastern side of the cottage with a thick mantle of green—so thick, indeed, that the windows of the second story had the look of being cut out of the solid mass of shining verdure. This ivy has grown from a slip brought from Melrose Abbey and presented to Mr. Irving by his friend Mrs. Renwick. This lady, Mr. Pierre Irving tells us, was a Miss Jeffrey of Lochmaben, Dumfriesshire, Scotland. She was the heroine of Burns's "Blue-eyed Lassie," as well as of another of his songs, "When first I saw my Jennie's face."

After Mr. Irving's return from Spain, in 1846, the services of Mr. Harvey were again called in for an addition to the cottage which should make living in it more comfortable as a permanent dwelling, with better offices and more commodious servants' quarters, and this work was accomplished as successfully as the other. No material changes were made in the internal arrangement of the older part of the

building, but externally, as a whole, the alteration was very marked: the sky-line was much enlivened by the pagoda-like roof over one portion, which was the subject of some good-natured raillery on the part of Irving's neighbors; and when it was completed the house had a picturesque charm uncommon enough at that time. With the turn in Mr. Irving's literary fortunes which began at this time everything relating to his personality became of interest to the public, and artists found the cottage at Sunnyside a popular subject for sketches and pictures.

The interior of Mr. Irving's house hardly corresponded with the promise made by the outside. As I remember, it was plainly but comfortably furnished; and, compared with almost any house lived in by a person of Irving's position to-day, would certainly be said to have a bare look. I was particularly struck with this in the parlor, where the only ornament I remember was the portrait of Irving painted in 1820 by Stuart Newton, and of which the head and bust, showing the fur collar of his coat, is engraved in his nephew's "Life and Letters."

If the parlor were somewhat bare, Mr. Irving's study was hardly more attractive. It was a small room, to the right on entering, with windows looking to the south and east; that facing the east was framed in the ivy of which I have spoken. In the middle of the room was the plain table, always in a state of healthy disorder, at which Irving wrote, and at the north end was an alcove filled with books. As a youngster fond of reading, and with my mind made up as to how the workroom of a famous author ought to look, I was much disappointed at the somewhat uninviting appearance of this small chamber. But Irving's literary work had not been of a nature to make many books necessary, and the writings that have given him his true reputation—the "History of New York," and "The Sketch Book," with its followers in the same field—were all written and published before he came to Sunnyside to live. There was nothing in Irving's surroundings, or in his way of life, to suggest the literary man. His house might have been that of any gentleman bachelor with a happy turn for indolence, with no expensive tastes, but with an inborn relish for the simple pleasures of country life.

This absence of picturesque or artistic surroundings, supposing it to have been noticed at all, was quickly forgotten, however, by all who met him, in the charms of his manners, and in the pleasure of listening to his talk. Yet it was not at once seen wherein the charm of his manner lay. No one of the stock epithets describes him. He had at fifty-seven,

when I first saw him, the unconscious animal spirits of a boy. He could make himself at home with anybody, and put a child, or even a bore, at his ease. His fine face, to which no artist ever did justice, such was its mobility of expression, was now all sunshine over his own mirth or that of somebody else, now working with emotion as he recalled old times or spoke of some friend from whom death had separated him, or from whom he had just now parted with little hope to meet again. Easy and natural as were Mr. Irving's manners, there was a strong individuality behind them: they are reflected in his books, whose limp style seems so easy to imitate, and yet is beyond the reach of effort.

I happened to be with him on one occasion when a young man whom he knew called upon him, and in the course of the conversation informed him that he had recently married. "Who is the lady?" said Mr. Irving; and on hearing the name—"What! a granddaughter of Mrs.——, the lady who declined to dance with Washington? Dear me! dear me! Since I have been writing the 'Life of Washington,' I have heard of no end of ladies who had danced with Washington, but Mrs.—— is the only one I ever heard of who had declined to dance with him!"

And in the newspapers lately there was a story which might certainly have been true, if it were not. Irving was walking one day in his orchard when a small boy who was prowling about accosted him, and with a confidential air offered to show him "the old man's best tree," if he would shake it for him! Irving agreed; and "By George, sir! if he didn't actually take me to the very best tree on my place!"

When I was last at Tarrytown, I was visiting at one of those handsome houses and

well-kept places which make the sleepy, slouchy ways of the region, such as it was in my school-boy days, seem more than ever like a dream. My hostess took me to the edge of the velvet lawn, and showed me a rock. "That," she said, "we call Irving's seat. This place, when we bought it, was a farm. It belonged to old Captain S——, and he told us that Mr. Irving used to climb this hill and sit on this rock overlooking the river and the landscape, and Captain S—— found it so pleasant to have him come, that he had the rock shaped into a rude seat to make it more comfortable. Here Irving would spread the plaid with which he was accustomed to protect his shoulders and which he used instead of an overcoat in walking about, and here he sat with his old farmer friend beside him, and passed the hour in homely chat or alone with his own thoughts."

The last time I saw Mr. Irving in his own house something turned the conversation to the group of American artists—Leslie, Stuart Newton, Allston, and the rest—with whom he was so intimate in London at the time of his first visit. I think what led to his speaking of his friends was my asking him some question about his portrait by Stuart Newton, which, as I have said, hung in the drawing-room. After a little, the talk turned on Allston, and he began to speak of him in the tenderest, most affectionate way. "I was just reading over one of his letters," he said; and he rose quickly from his chair and went into his study to fetch it. Returning at once with the letter in his hand, he began to read it, but had not gone far when his recollections overcame him, his eyes filled with tears, and exclaiming, "I can't bear it," he threw the letter down on the floor. Recovering himself, he changed the subject, and I presently withdrew.

Clarence Cook.



### THE DESERTER.

**B**LINDEST and most frantic prayer,  
Clutching at a senseless boon,  
His that begs, in mad despair,  
Death to come;—he comes so soon!

Like a reveler that strains  
Lip and throat to drink it up—  
The last ruby that remains,  
One red droplet in the cup.

Like a child that, sullen, mute,  
Sulking spurns, with chin on breast,  
Of the Tree of Life a fruit,  
His gift of whom he is the guest.

Outcast on the thither shore,  
Open scorn to him shall give  
Souls that heavier burdens bore:—  
"See the wretch that dared not live!"

Anthony Morehead.



## THE CHEMISTRY OF FOODS AND NUTRITION. I.\*

### THE COMPOSITION OF OUR BODIES AND OUR FOOD.

"Half the struggle of life is a struggle for food."—EDWARD ATKINSON.

"I have come to the conclusion that more than half the disease which embitters the middle and latter part of life is due to avoidable errors in diet . . . and that more mischief in the form of actual disease, of impaired vigor, and of shortened life, accrues to civilized man . . . in England and throughout central Europe from erroneous habits of eating than from the habitual use of alcoholic drink, considerable as I know that evil to be."—SIR HENRY THOMPSON.

"If we will care for men's souls most effectively, we must care for their bodies also."—BISHOP R. S. FOSTER.



WHAT proportion of the cost of living might be saved by better economy of food; how dietary errors compare in harmfulness with the use of alcohol; whether, as some urge, our next great reform is to be in our dietetics; and to

what extent the spread of the gospel and the perfection of its fruit are dependent upon the food-supply, are questions which it is not my present purpose to discuss. I have quoted the foregoing statements, however, because they come with authority, and because, starting from the widely different standpoints of the economist, the physician, and the divine, the conclusions tally perfectly with those of some studies of my own.

Mr. Atkinson cites statistics to show that all but the very few who are especially well-to-do, in this country as in Europe, must expend half or more than half of their earnings for their food; calls attention to our wastefulness, and urges the need of better economy in the purchase and use of food-materials. The error which Sir Henry Thompson most seriously deplores is over-eating. "It is a failure to understand, first, the importance of preserving a near equality between the supply of nutriment to the body and the expenditure produced by the activity of the latter; and, secondly, ignorance of the method of attaining this object in practice, which gives rise to the various forms of disease calculated to embitter and shorten life." Bishop Foster, considering, on the one hand, the destitution that prevails, both at home, and especially in some of the countries where missionary effort is put forth so vigorously, and, on the other, the intimate dependence of man's intellectual and spiritual development upon his physical condition, urges that we may hope for the best culture of the Christian graces in the hearts of men

only in proportion as adequate nourishment of their bodies is provided for.

I have been led to the conclusions that, in this country, many people, not only the well-to-do, but those in moderate circumstances also, use a needless quantity of food; that part of this excess, however, is simply thrown away, so that the injury to health, great as it may be, is doubtless much less than if all were eaten; that one great fault with our dietaries is an excess of meats and of sweetmeats; that even among those who desire to economize there is great pecuniary loss from the selection of materials in which the actual nutrients are really, though not apparently, dearer than need be; that many whose means are limited make still more serious mistakes in their choice of food, so that they are often inadequately nourished when they might be well fed at less cost; and, what seems the most painful thing of all, that it is generally the very poor who practice the worst economy in the purchase as well as in the use of their food.

The subject concerns the laboring classes in still other ways. Statistics as well as common observation bear emphatic testimony to the better condition of the American as compared with the European workingman in respect to his supply of the necessities and comforts of life. Nowhere is this superiority more striking than in the quality and quantity of his food. And the difference in the dietaries of the two is especially marked in the larger amount of potential energy, of capability to yield muscular strength for work and to fulfill other uses in nutrition, which characterizes the food of the American. That the American workman, in many cases at least, turns out more work per day or per year than his European competitor is a familiar fact. That this superiority is due to more nutritious food as well as to greater intelligence is hardly to be questioned. But the better nourishment of the American wage-worker, as we shall see,

\* See "The Food Question in America and Europe" by Edward Atkinson in this magazine for December, 1886.



is largely due to our virgin soil. With the growth of population and the increasing closeness of home and international competition, his own diet cannot be kept up to its present nutritive standard, nor can that of his poorer neighbor and his foreign brother be brought up nearer to that standard, without better knowledge and application of the laws of food-economy.

Some time since, at the instance of the United States National Museum, and in behalf of its food collection, I was led to undertake a study of the chemistry of foods. This has included with other matter a series of analyses of some of our common food-materials. To give some of the more practical results of this work, especially as viewed in the light of late research upon the more general subject of nutrition, is the purpose of the present articles.\*

A POUND of very lean beef and a quart of milk both contain about the same quantity of actually nutritious materials. But the pound of beef costs more than the quart of milk, and its nutrients are not only different in number and kind, but are, for ordinary use, more valuable than those of the milk. We have here an illustration of a principle, or rather of two principles, of fundamental importance in the economy of nutrition: our food-materials contain nutrients of different kinds and in different proportions, and the nutrients have different functions, different sorts of work to do in the support of our bodies. Add that it is essential for our health that our food shall supply the nutrients in the kinds and proportions our bodies require, and that it is likewise important for our purses that the nutrients be obtained at the minimum cost, and we have the fundamental tenets of our system of food-economy.

The greater part of our definite knowledge of these matters comes from chemical study of food-materials, and from experiments in which animals are supplied with food of various kinds and the effects noted. In these latter, the food, the *egesta*, solid and liquid, and, in many cases, the inhaled and exhaled air are measured, weighed, and analyzed. Hundreds, indeed thousands, of trials have been made with animals of many kinds, and a great number with human beings of both sexes and different ages. The best work has been done during the last two decades, nearly all of it in Europe, and the larger share in Germany. It involves the study of the profoundest problems of chemis-

try, physics, and physiology, the most elaborate apparatus, and the greatest care and patience of the workers. The labor of days and weeks is often required for a single experiment of a series, and the result of many series may often be condensed in a very few words. If one seeks famous names in this field he may find them in Liebig, Pettenkofer, and Voit in Germany; Payen and Claude Bernard in France; Moleschott in Italy; and Frankland, Playfair, Lawes, and Gilbert in England, and many others. If he questions the practical value of the results, let him see how they are being applied in the construction of dietaries for the common people in Germany, and what they indicate as to the errors of our food-economy at home. If he would see how results of recent research in one country may be ignored, because unknown, by the writers of a different language in another, let him examine some of our latest magazine articles and text-books, the names of the authors and publishers of which ought to be a guarantee for better things.

What we wish to consider now, however, is not the extent of the science, but some of its more important teachings in their applications to our daily life. Our task is to learn how our food builds up our bodies, repairs their wastes, yields heat and energy, and how we may select and use our food-materials to the best advantage of health and purse.

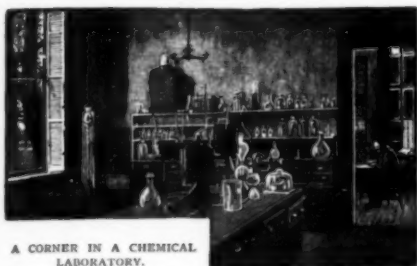
I begin our study together with a wholesome fear of the editor before my eyes, knowing well that back of the courteous hint to make these articles not too abstrusely scientific there was a repressed warning to avoid the tone and language of the college lecture-room as unsuited to the pages of a magazine. But I must crave a little latitude; the results of scientific research cannot be explained without some tedious technicalities and dry details.

#### HOW CHEMICAL ANALYSES ARE MADE.

IF I cannot be interesting, I will be orthodox, and go back to the Catechism, whose second question is "Of what are you made?" and the answer, "The dust of the earth." The fact that underlies this answer, namely, the identity of the elements of our bodies with those of the material objects around us, is one of the many which chemistry explains. This fact, embodied in the solemn language of the primeval curse, "for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return," impressed upon us

\* I am indebted to Professor Baird, Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and Director of the National Museum, for permission to reproduce here several charts prepared to illustrate the food collection; nor can I forbear adding that it was through the generosity

of Messrs. Thurber, Whyland and Co., of New York, in defraying a considerable portion of the pecuniary expense of the analyses hereafter referred to that the latter were made possible.



A CORNER IN A CHEMICAL LABORATORY.

with our earliest religious teachings, clothed in fantastic imagery by poets, and understood so vaguely in the science, and dwelt upon so mysteriously in the philosophy of the past, is divested of much of its mystery by the matter-of-fact investigation of the present. The chemistry of to-day tells us of what elements and compounds our bodies consist. It gives us at least a glimpse of the ways in which they are framed together by the wonderful processes of life, and how they go through the round of growth and fruition, and are by decay resolved again into the forms from which they came. And the research of the past few years has shown us that even this decay is a vital process carried out by living creatures, whose mission is to take off the effete matter and fit it for use again.

A friend of mine tells of an editor of a prominent journal—and a Boston editor at that—who was much surprised to learn that it is possible to tell by use of the balance, the combustion furnace, the filter, and other appliances of the chemical laboratory, just what elements and compounds and what proportions of each make up the air or a mineral, or how much nitrogen there is in muscle or protein in wheat flour. But to the chemist these are the most commonplace, though not always the simplest, things. Indeed, our everyday handling of food materials often involves processes, though crude ones, of analysis.

We let milk stand; the globules of fat rise in cream, still mingled, however, with water, protein, carbohydrates, and mineral salts. To separate the other ingredients from the fat, the cream is churned. The more perfect this separation, *i. e.*, the more accurate the analysis, the more wholesome will be the butter. Put a little rennet into the skimmed milk, and the casein, called in chemical language an albuminoid or protein compound, will be curdled and may be freed from the bulk of the water, sugar, and other ingredients by the cheese-press. To separate milk-sugar, a carbohydrate, from the whey is a simple matter. One may see it done by Swiss shepherds in their rude Alpine huts. But farmers find it more profitable to

put it in the pig-pen, the occupants of which are endowed with the happy faculty of transforming sugar, starch, and other carbohydrates of their food into the fat of pork.

The New England boy who on cold winter mornings goes to the barn to feed the cattle, and solaces himself by taking grain from the wheat bin and chewing it into what he calls "wheat-gum," makes, unknowingly, a rough sort of analysis of the wheat. With the crushing of the grain and the action of saliva in his mouth, the starch, sugar, and other carbohydrates are separated. Some of the fat, *i. e.*, oil, is also removed, and finds its way with the carbohydrates into the stomach. The tenacious gluten, which contains the albuminoids or protein and constitutes what he calls the gum, is left. When, in the natural order of events, the cows are cared for and the gum is swallowed, its albuminoids enter upon a round of transformation in the boy's body, in the course of which they are changed to other forms of protein, such as albumen of blood or myosin of muscle; or are converted into fat, or are consumed with the oil and sugar and starch to yield heat to keep his body warm and give him muscular strength for his work or play.

I am using such technical terms as protein and carbohydrates and speaking of chemical processes with which daily usage makes us chemists familiar and which the reader will find referred to so often in these articles that I wish him to become familiar with them also. Indeed, these things are so much a part of ourselves, so intimately connected with our every breath and motion and feeling, with our life and health and strength, that labor spent in learning about them cannot be lost. It will help toward understanding the facts if we note how some of them are found out. To this end I will introduce the reader into a laboratory, being aided in so doing by the illustrations of the chemical laboratory of Wesleyan Univer-



MAKING OXYGEN.

sity. They show the rooms in which some of the studies whose results are to be described beyond were made, and part of the apparatus actually employed.

At one of the desks a student may be seen preparing oxygen. In a little flask he places some chlorate of potash—the material which we use as a medicine for sore throat. This he heats by the flame of a peculiar lamp underneath the flask. The oxygen is given off as gas and passes through a glass tube which is bent downward so as to open under the mouth of a glass jar, which latter has been filled with water and inverted over water in a basin. The oxygen bubbles up into the jar, while the water at the same time runs out, and thus the jar is filled with the gas. It looks like ordinary air, but when the experimenter sets fire to a stick of wood, blows out the flame, thrusts the glowing end in the oxygen, it bursts instantly into a brilliant flame. A piece of phosphorus, kindled and placed in the oxygen, burns with a flame of blinding brightness. And a steel wire burns in this gas even more brilliantly than wood burns in ordinary air. Thus the student learns as he could not from textbook or lectures, that oxygen, which makes up nearly two-thirds of the weight of our bodies, and one-fifth of the weight of air, is the great supporter of combustion.

But our special purpose here is to note how chemical analyses are made. Let us take as an example a grain of wheat. It contains water, which we may dry out by heating; organic matter, which may be burned by combining with the oxygen of the air; and mineral matters, which remain behind as ashes. The organic matter contains fatty or oily substances, starch and other carbohydrates, and protein compounds.

The object of the analysis is to separate these ingredients from one another and find what proportion of each is contained in the wheat. To make the analysis, we first grind the grain to flour. To find the proportion of water, we weigh off a small quantity very accurately in a chemical balance and put it in a little glass flask, the weight of which is known, and heat it for a number of hours, until the water is

driven out. When it is perfectly dry it is weighed again. The loss in weight represents the quantity of water in the flour. This heating is conducted in a drying oven which is kept hot by a gas flame inside the support on which the oven rests. In order to prevent the action of the oxygen of the air upon the flour while it is being dried, we keep a current of hydrogen gas continually passing through it. The apparatus for generating the hydrogen and forcing it through the flasks is shown in the



VIEW IN AN ANALYTICAL  
LABORATORY. MAKING  
FAT EXTRACTS  
AND DRYING FOOD  
SUBSTANCES.

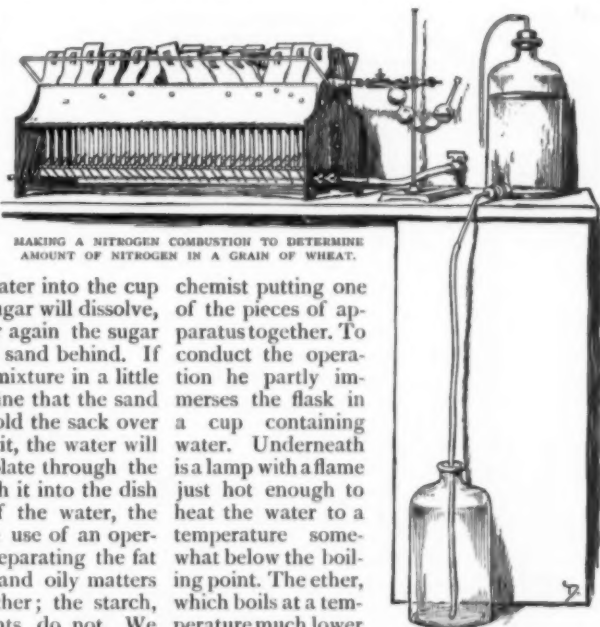
picture. In the large bottles above is sulphuric acid. This runs down the pipes into the tall narrow glass vessels on the floor. These latter contain zinc. When the acid comes in contact with the zinc, hydrogen gas is developed, and passes up by tubes through the top of the drying oven into the flasks. Such devices as these are necessary if we are to make large numbers of analyses with the greatest accuracy and speed. Like a steam-engine, they seem a little complicated, but the engineer understands his engine, and to the chemist his apparatus seems perfectly simple.

We have next to find out how much oily matter the wheat contains. For this purpose we must have some means of getting the oil out, and weighing it. The operation is by no means a difficult one. Suppose we have a mixture of sugar and sand and wish to find out how much sugar it contains. Sugar dissolves in water, sand does not. If we pour water into the cup containing the mixture, the sugar will dissolve, and if we pour off the water again the sugar will go with it and leave the sand behind. If instead of a cup we put the mixture in a little cloth sack, with meshes so fine that the sand will not pass through, and hold the sack over a dish and pour water into it, the water will dissolve the sugar and percolate through the cloth, carrying the sugar with it into the dish below. If then we boil off the water, the sugar will remain. We make use of an operation analogous to this in separating the fat from our wheat. The fatty and oily matters of the wheat dissolve in ether; the starch, gluten, and other ingredients do not. We therefore use ether in place of water for the solvent. Instead of the bag we place the flour in a little glass cylinder (I) having its lower end covered with filter paper. This small tube is put inside a larger one (O) whose lower end is drawn out into a neck like that of a funnel. This neck is then passed through the stopper of a little flask (F). If now we pour ether into the inner tube, it will dissolve the fat, percolate through the filter paper, and fall into the flask below. By passing successive portions of ether through the flour, we shall, after a time, dissolve out all the fat. But this would require a great deal of time and ether, both of which are expensive. Suppose we had some means by which



APPARATUS FOR  
FAT EXTRACTION.

the ether, after bringing its freight of fat into the flask, could be driven out, leaving the fat behind, caused to return into the inner tube, dissolve another portion of fat and bring it into the flask, and be made to repeat the round again and again. Suppose, furthermore, this operation should be made to go on automatically, and that it could be carried on in several of these pieces of apparatus at once, while the analyst devoted himself to other work. Our analyses would thus be greatly facilitated. Precisely this is done in the apparatus at the left of the drying oven in the large picture, which shows the



MAKING A NITROGEN COMBUSTION TO DETERMINE  
AMOUNT OF NITROGEN IN A GRAIN OF WHEAT.

chemist putting one of the pieces of apparatus together. To conduct the operation he partly immerses the flask in a cup containing water. Underneath is a lamp with a flame just hot enough to heat the water to a temperature somewhat below the boiling point. The ether, which boils at a temperature much lower than water, changes to vapor and passes upward between the inner and outer tubes into a long pipe which winds upward through the tank above like the worm of a still. The tank is kept filled with cold water; the ether vapor is condensed to liquid, falls back upon the flour in the inner tube, dissolves out another portion of fat, carries it into the flask below, and is then once more evaporated, leaving the fat in the flask; and so the same portion of ether keeps on its round, passing up in the form of vapor, coming back as liquid, and bringing fat with it into the flask. When the fat is all extracted the operator takes the apparatus apart, boils off the ether once more, and weighs the flask with the fat. Knowing how much the empty flask weighs, he has simply to subtract its weight from that of the flask with the fat in it; the difference is the weight of the fat.

The ways of finding the amount of nitrogen in food materials are of especial interest to us, because we use the nitrogen as a measure of the amount of protein, the most important of the nutritive ingredients. One of the most common of these ways, the "soda-lime method," as it is called in the laboratory, is illustrated in pictures herewith. The flour is heated with a mixture of soda and lime in a combustion-tube. The small diagram shows the tube ready for the heating or "combustion," as it is termed. Connected with the long combustion-tube which holds the flour and

soda-lime is a bulb-tube containing a little acid. When the combustion-tube is heated in the furnace, as shown in the larger picture, the nitrogen of the flour is changed to ammonia, which is caught in the acid in the bulb-tube. When this is done we have only to find the amount of ammonia and calculate from it the amount of nitrogen. The picture of a chemist sitting by the window shows this latter operation. He has poured the contents of the bulb-tube into a dish called a beaker, added a few drops of litmus, which colors the liquid red, and is carefully drawing another liquid containing ammonia from an upright tube, called a burette, into the beaker. When just enough to neutralize the acid has been drawn into the beaker the color suddenly changes from red to purple. The burette is marked so that he knows just how much of the ammonia is required to neutralize the acid not neutralized by the ammonia from the wheat, and thus the quantity of the latter, and with it the quantity of nitrogen in the wheat, are known.

By such operations as these we are enabled to make analyses of different food materials, of the tissues and fluids of the body, and of other substances as well.

#### THE CHEMICAL ELEMENTS AND COMPOUNDS OF THE BODY.

BEFORE entering upon our study of foods it will be well to consider with some detail the composition of the human body. For a brief statement of the elements nothing can serve us better than the accompanying reproduction of some of the case-labels of the food collection in the United States National Museum at Washington. The figures are as computed by Messrs. E. A. Welch and R. H. Pomeroy, students in this laboratory, who have been at more pains than any one else, so far as I am aware, to use data collated from all available sources. No one has ever made a complete chemical analysis of a human body, but anatomists have made numerous weighings of the different organs, and chemists have analyzed their constituents. From the figures thus obtained it is possible to make an approximate estimate of the composition of the body of an average man, as is here done.

The diagram on the opposite page will help to a clearer idea of the relative proportions of the elements in the body. In the latter the proportions are expressed in percentages, while in the National Museum labels the estimated weights are stated in pounds.

These thirteen elements are combined with one another in the body, forming a great variety of compounds. Chemists have discovered



DETERMINING THE AMOUNT OF AMMONIA WHICH CAME FROM THE NITROGEN OF THE WHEAT.

more than a hundred different compounds in the bodies of man and other animals. Instead of attempting to enumerate all of them here, it will be more to our purpose to consider some of the principal ones. In doing so we may take advantage of the fact that the compounds in the body and those in the food are very similar, and discuss them together.

An ox eats grass and meal and transforms the compounds they contain into meat. We eat meat and wheat and change them into the materials of our bodies. Some of the compounds in the food are destroyed, others are only slightly changed in these transformations.

Water, which consists of the two elements hydrogen and oxygen, is a most important constituent of all animal and vegetable tissues. It makes up about seven-eighths of the whole weight of milk and of the flesh of oysters, one-fourth that of potatoes and very lean meat (muscle), one-third of bread, a little over half of well-fattened beef or mutton, and one-eighth of the weight of flour and meal. The body of an average man would, by the above calculation, contain about sixty-one per cent. or three-fifths water.

Of the materials of our bodies and of our foods the larger part is combustible, as was the case with the grain of wheat; that is to say, it will be burned if put in the fire. A small residue will, however, remain as ashes. This incombustible portion includes the so-called mineral matters. These latter consist of the metals potassium, sodium, magnesium, calcium, and iron, combined with other elements, as oxygen,



## CHART I.—CHEMICAL COMPOSITION OF THE HUMAN BODY.

## ELEMENTS.

The chemical compounds of which our bodies are made up are shown by chemical analysis to consist, mainly, of thirteen elements.

Five of these elements are, when uncombined (*i. e.*, each by itself and not united to any other element), gases. They are named:

1. Oxygen, 2. Hydrogen, 3. Nitrogen, 4. Chlorine, 5. Fluorine.

The other eight are solid substances. Of these, three are non-metals:

6. Carbon, 7. Phosphorus, 8. Sulphur.

The remaining five are metals:

9. Iron, 10. Calcium, 11. Magnesium, 12. Potassium, 13. Sodium.

Besides the above thirteen elements, minute quantities of a few others, as silicon, manganese, and copper, are found in the body.

## CARBON—A SOLID.

The body of a man weighing 148 pounds would contain about 31 pounds of carbon.

The diamond is nearly pure carbon. Graphite (the so-called "black lead" of lead-pencils), anthracite coal, coke, lamp-black, and charcoal are impure forms of carbon.

Carbon exists in combination with other elements in the body, of which it makes about one-fifth the whole weight, and in food. Carbon burns, *i. e.*, combines with oxygen. In this combustion, heat and force are generated and carbonic acid gas formed. The carbon taken into the body in food combines with the oxygen of the inhaled air, yielding heat to keep the body warm and force, muscular strength, for work. The carbonic acid is given out by the lungs and skin. Carbon thus serves as fuel for the body and is the most important fuel element.

## PHOSPHORUS—A SOLID.

About 1 pound and 6 ounces of phosphorus would be found in the body of a man weighing 148 pounds.

Phosphorus is a non-metal, light, very inflammable, and so soft that it is easily cut with a knife. Since it burns so readily in air, it is here kept under water.

United with oxygen, phosphorus forms what is known as phosphoric acid. This, with lime, makes phosphate of lime. Most of the phosphorus of the body occurs in this form in the bones and teeth, though it is also found in the flesh and blood, and especially in the brain and nerves.

LABELS FROM CASE OF SPECIMENS, ILLUSTRATING COMPOSITION OF HUMAN BODY, IN FOOD COLLECTION OF NATIONAL MUSEUM.

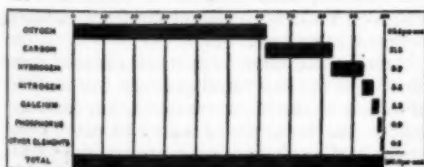


DIAGRAM I.

ESTIMATED PROPORTIONS OF CHEMICAL ELEMENTS.

phosphorus, sulphur, and chlorine. Thus, in bone we have phosphate of lime or calcium phosphate, which consists of calcium, phosphorus, and oxygen; in muscle, potassium phosphate and potassium chloride, the latter a compound of potassium and chlorine, and so on. The mineral matters make about thirty per cent. of the weight of bone, one per cent. of the flesh and blood of animals, and from one-half of one to two per cent. of our ordinary vegetable food materials. The mineral matters constitute about six per cent. of the whole weight of the body of an average man.

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The composition of the bodies of different persons varies greatly with age, size, fitness, etc. The amounts of the several elements in the body of an average healthy man, five feet eight inches high, weighing 156 pounds with, and 148 pounds without, clothing, may be roughly estimated to be, in pounds and hundredths of a pound, somewhat as follows:

## WEIGHTS OF CHEMICAL ELEMENTS IN THE BODY OF A MAN WEIGHING 148 POUNDS.

Oxygen	65.4 pounds
Carbon	31.3 "
Hydrogen	4.6 "
Nitrogen	4.6 "
Calcium	2.8 "
Phosphorus	1.4 "
Potassium	.34 "
Sulphur	.94 "
Chlorine	.18 "
Sodium	.18 "
Magnesium	.04 "
Iron	.08 "
Fluorine	.09 "

Total ..... 148.00 pounds

## HYDROGEN—A GAS.

The body of a man weighing 148 pounds is estimated to contain about 14½ pounds of hydrogen, which, if set free, would fill about 2600 cubic feet.

Hydrogen, when uncombined, is a gas. It is the lightest substance known. Combined with oxygen it forms water, of which it constitutes one-ninth of the whole weight. Hydrogen occurs in combination with other elements in the body and in food.

Hydrogen, like carbon, unites with oxygen of the inhaled air in the body, thus serving as fuel. The water produced is given off in the respiration through the lungs, and as perspiration through the skin.

## CALCIUM—A METAL.

The body of an average man weighing 148 pounds has been estimated to contain some 3 pounds of calcium.

Calcium is a metal somewhat similar in appearance to magnesium or zinc. It is very difficult to obtain free from other elements. United with oxygen it forms lime. This, with phosphoric acid, makes phosphate of lime, the basis of the bones and teeth, in which nearly all the calcium of the body is found. With carbonic acid, it forms carbonate of lime, the chief ingredient of marble and limestone.

The combustible portion of the body and of the food that nourishes it consists of so-called organic compounds. Since these are the most important substances we shall have to do with in our study of foods and nutrition, we ought to have a tolerably clear understanding of the nature of at least the principal ones.

If from a piece of meat we remove the bone, gristle, and fat as completely as practicable, and subject the remaining "lean" (muscle) to chemical analysis, we shall find about one-fourth, or, to speak more accurately, from twenty-two to thirty per cent., of it to consist of organic compounds, the rest being water with a very little mineral matter. Even if all the visible fat is removed, part of this organic matter will consist of fat in microscopic particles. The fatter the animal from which the meat comes, the more of these minute particles of fat and the less water will there be in the muscle, a fact, by the way, which has the most interesting bearing upon the composition of our own bodies, as we shall see later

on. If, however, we assume that the fat and the mineral matter are both out of the way, some very remarkable compounds will remain. The bulk will consist of substances very similar to the albumen or "white" of eggs, and hence called albuminoid—albumen-like—compounds. They are sometimes called proteids, but the name albuminoids is perhaps preferable. Albuminoids in different forms make the basis of blood and muscle. Fresh blood contains blood-albumen and other albuminoids; coagulated blood contains fibrine. Muscle contains muscle-albumen, and other albuminoids called syntonin and myosin. The last is the chief constituent, except water, of muscle. Many persons are surprised to learn that myosin, instead of being the tenacious substance of which muscle is commonly supposed to consist, is in living muscle probably liquid or semi-liquid. How the contractile power of the muscle of an athlete can be exerted by liquid or semi-liquid matter is one of the unsolved problems of chemical physiology.

Albuminoids occur in great variety in plants as well as in animals, but they all consist of the four elements carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen, with perhaps a little sulphur or phosphorus.

Along with muscle, the meat contains what we call gristle, the substance that bothers us so much when we try to carve with a dull knife. This name, however, is applied to several substances, as tendon and cartilage, which, with skin and bone, etc., are called connective tissues. These tissues consist mainly of compounds like the collagen of tendon and the ossein of bone. They are very similar to gelatin (glue) and are changed to gelatin on heating with water. They are hence termed gelatinoids. The gelatinoids are thus the principal ingredients of connective tissue, as albuminoids are the principal ingredients of muscle and blood. The gelatinoids consist of the same elements as the albuminoids; these two classes differ from the other organic compounds in that they contain nitrogen, which most of the others do not.

In speaking of the ingredients of foods, it is customary to give to both albuminoids and gelatinoids the generic name of protein. Protein compounds are the most important of all the ingredients of foods.

There is still another class of nitrogenous substances in meat which, though so small in quantity as to be often left out of account, are nevertheless extremely interesting. These are known in the chemical laboratory as creatin, creatinin, carnin, etc., and are designated collectively as "extractives," because they are extracted from flesh by water, as in the case with beef tea and Liebig's Meat Extract.

Chemists find certain analogies between these extractives from flesh and thein and caffeine, the active principles of tea and coffee, which they likewise resemble in their stimulating effect. The African traveler Rohlfs tells how invigorating he found a little meat extract spread on a piece of dry bread. The familiar fact that dogs that are quiet and subdued with vegetable food grow fierce on meat is most probably explained as the effect of these same substances. Some people, oftenest those of a fine nervous organization, I presume, find in meat a stimulating effect approaching that of wine. The extractives are similar to alcohol in that they do not form tissue, flesh, or fat. They have, apparently, no effect as fuel. In brief, they are stimulants rather than nutrients.

The extractives give the taste to fresh meat. They impart their savory smell and taste to soups, give roast beef its appetizing odor, and steak its toothsome taste. Our craving for meat is largely due to our fondness for these extractives, as the tastelessness of meat from which they have been removed in making soups bears witness. Indeed, I mistrust that the excessive use of meat, from which the average gourmand—and many of us are veritable gourmands in this respect—suffers so much harm to health, is traceable to the redolence and relish of creatin and other extractives. Though the extractives are different from true protein compounds, they contain nitrogen, and we may follow a common usage and class them as protein.

The body of an average man will contain about eleven per cent. of albuminoids, a little over six of gelatinoids, and about one of extractives, making in all not far from eighteen per cent. of protein.

Among the most important organic compounds of the body and of foods are the fats, of which chemists recognize many different kinds. In the body of man and many other animals, the principal ones are stearin, palmitin, and olein. Stearin, which is obtained in large quantities from beef tallow, is much used for candles, because it does not melt readily. Olein, on the other hand, is an oil at ordinary temperature, and is a chief ingredient of olive oil. A large part of the fat of the human body consists of olein. The fats just named consist of the three elements carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen.

The brain, nerves, and spinal cord contain substances called protagon, lecithin, cerebrin, etc., which, though commonly classed as fats, contain nitrogen and phosphorus, and are therefore known as nitrogenized and phosphorized fats. They have an especial interest because they are believed to be somehow connected with mental activity.

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The fats make up about sixteen per cent. of the weight of an average man.

The other compounds in the body are so small in amount that we might pass them by. One class, however, the carbohydrates, demand a moment's notice, because they make up a large part of our food. These include sugar, starch, dextrin, and like substances. The principal ones in the body are glycogen, or liver-sugar, and inosite, or muscle-sugar. They consist of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, the same elements as occur in the fats, though not in the same proportions. They constitute only a fraction of one per cent. of the weight of a healthy human body.

To recapitulate, the estimated weights of these compounds in the body of an average man weighing 148 pounds, or, with clothing, 156 pounds, may be stated as in the figures below. The percentage composition is set forth more graphically in Diagram II.

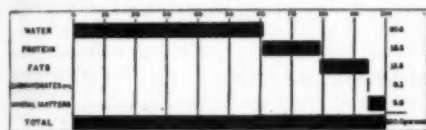


DIAGRAM II.—ESTIMATED PROPORTION OF CHEMICAL COMPOUNDS IN THE HUMAN BODY.

Compounds in the Body of a Man weighing 148 Pounds.

Water .....	90.0 pounds
Protein .....	26.6 "
Fats .....	23.0 "
Carbohydrates .....	0.1 "
Mineral matters .....	8.3 "

Total ..... 148.0 pounds.

Of course I do not mean that this is an exact statement of the amounts of the compounds in the body of any given man or of an ideal man. These figures, like those above cited for the elements, are simply an attempt to show in a general way in about what proportions the materials probably occur in the body of an ordinary man of average size and weight. The bodies of different people vary widely in composition. The flesh of lean persons has more water, and that of fat persons more fat, in proportion to the whole weight. A lean man may gain in weight without corresponding gain of muscle or other protein compounds. The store of fat in his body increases. Part of this fat accumulates in adipose tissue next to the skin and in other masses such as we see in meats. Part is disseminated in small particles through the muscles, bones, and other tissues.

In studying the tissues of animals we find a considerable proportion of these particles of

fat to be so small as to be visible only by aid of a powerful microscope. A piece of muscle in which no fat can be seen with the naked eye may yield a considerable quantity of fat when treated with ether in the apparatus for fat-extraction. The muscles, bones, and other tissues contain large proportions of water. As the fat accumulates in them, part of the water goes out to make way for it. When, on the other hand, fat is removed from the living tissues, more or less of the water is restored.\*

Accordingly a gain of weight of the body may mean a gain, not only of a corresponding weight of fat, but of enough more fat to make up for the water that is lost. To "get stout" is really to grow fat faster than the scales tell us, and to grow lean is to grow watery.

Of course gain of weight of the body may be due to increase of other materials than fat, as in the case of growing animals. So, too, there may be increase of protein with loss of fat, as in the muscle of an athlete when in a course of training.

#### PROPORTIONS OF NUTRITIVE INGREDIENTS IN FOOD MATERIALS.

HAVING learned what our bodies consist of, we have next to study the composition of the food by which they are nourished. Viewed from the standpoint of their uses in the nutrition of man, our food materials may be regarded as consisting of edible material and refuse, and the edible material as made up of water and nutrients. The accompanying adaptation of charts prepared for the food collection of the National Museum summarize what is most necessary to say here about the constituents of food.

We have next to notice the amounts of these ingredients in different food materials. The details will perhaps be best explained by an example.

#### CONSTITUENTS OF SPECIMEN OF SIRLOIN OF BEEF.

	In flesh, edible portion.	In meat as bought, including refuse.
	Per cent.	Per cent.
Refuse, bones, etc. ....	None.	25
Water .....	60	45
Protein .....	20	15
Fat .....	19	14 1/2
Mineral matters .....	1	0 1/2
Total .....	100	100

As stated above, some fat sirloin of beef was found to consist of about one-fourth refuse

made in this laboratory but still awaiting publication. It rests upon the assumption that the changes in composition of the tissues of the human body are similar

\* This statement is based not only upon observations recorded in memoirs and text-books of physiological chemistry, but also upon a somewhat extended series

## CHART II.—INGREDIENTS OF FOOD MATERIALS.

## NUTRIENTS AND NON-NUTRIENTS.

Our ordinary food materials, such as meat, fish, eggs, potatoes, and wheat, etc., consist of:

REFUSE—as the bones of meat and fish, shells of eggs, skin of potatoes, and bran of wheat.

EDIBLE PORTION—as the flesh of meat and fish, white and yolk of eggs, wheat flour.

The edible substance consists of:

WATER,

NUTRITIVE INGREDIENTS OR NUTRIENTS.

The principal kinds of nutrients are:

1. PROTEIN,
2. FATS,
3. CARBOHYDRATES,
4. MINERAL MATTERS.

The water, refuse, and salt of salted meat and fish are called non-nutrients, because they have little or no nutritive value. The water contained in foods and beverages has the same composition and properties as other water; it is, of course, indispensable for nourishment, but is not a nutrient in the sense in which it is here used. In comparing the values of different food materials for nourishment, we may leave the refuse and water out of account and consider only the nutrients.

## CLASSES OF NUTRIENTS.

The following are familiar examples of compounds of each of the four principal classes of Nutrients:

**PROTEIN** { *a* ALBUMINOIDS: *E. g.*, Albumen (white) of eggs; casein (curd) of milk; myosin, the basis of muscle (lean meat); gluten of wheat, etc.  
*b* GELATINOIDS: *E. g.*, Collagen of tendons; ossein of bones, which yield gelatin or glue.

Meats and fish contain very small quantities of another class of compounds called "extractives" (the chief ingredients of beef tea and meat extracts), which contain nitrogen, and hence are commonly classed with protein.

**FATS** { *E. g.*, Fat of meat; fat (butter) of milk; olive oil; oil of corn, wheat, etc.

**CARBOHYDRATES** { *E. g.*, Sugar, starch, cellulose (woody fiber).

**MINERAL MATTERS** { *E. g.*, Calcium phosphate, or phosphate of lime; sodium chloride (common salt).

It is to be especially noted that the protein compounds contain nitrogen, while the fats and carbohydrates have none. The average composition of these compounds is about as follows:

	<i>Protein.</i>	<i>Fats.</i>	<i>Carbohydrate.</i>
Carbon .....	53 per cent.	76.5 per cent.	44 per cent.
Hydrogen ...	7 "	12.0 "	6 "
Oxygen .....	24 "	11.5 "	50 "
Nitrogen ....	16 "	None	None
	100 "	100.0 "	100 "

bone, etc., and three-fourths edible flesh. The edible portion was analyzed and found to contain, approximately, sixty per cent. of water and forty per cent. of nutrients. Of the nutrients the protein constituted, in round numbers, twenty, the fats nineteen, and the mineral matters one per cent.

Such numerical statements, however, are not entirely satisfactory, especially when a number are to be studied at once. Diagram III. (pages 70 and 71), in which the proportions of the ingredients are indicated by shaded bands, will doubtless be more acceptable.

Until within the past dozen years very little attention has been given in this country to the chemistry of animal and vegetable products, and most of the work actually done has had reference to their agricultural values. With the exception of analyses of cereals and dairy products we have very few American

studies of materials used as food for man, aside from those referred to above as executed in behalf of the National Museum, and a series of investigations of the chemistry of food-fishes made for the United States Fish Commission. Much more work in this direction, including the more purely scientific study of the constitution of the materials, is, therefore, most pressingly needed. At the same time the analyses at hand, which have been used in compiling the figures of the diagram, will suffice to give a general and, I think, tolerably correct idea of the average composition of the materials. In some cases where American analyses are lacking, particularly of vegetable foods, I have used European analyses, of which a large number are on record.

I ought to say that different specimens of the same kind of food material may vary

to those found to take place in the bodies of other animals. It is by no means urged that the quantities of water and fat which thus mutually replace each other are exactly the same. A striking illustration of

the mutual replacement of water and fat may be seen in the case of the lean and the fat mackerel in Part II. of the double-page diagram of composition of food materials beyond.



widely in composition and that the analyses here given represent averages. Examples of these variations are shown in the cases of oysters and of mackerel in Part II. of the table. In these, however, the differences are unusually wide, although very considerable variations are found in other materials, especially in meats.

The diagram tells its story plainly, and I need now call attention to but few points. It is interesting to note, in Part I., the differences in the amounts of refuse and edible portion in the different kinds of meats, fish, etc., as they are ordinarily found in the markets. Thus in some of the specimens of beef, as the round steak, the bone and other inedible materials amount to only ten per cent. of the whole, whereas in the flounder the refuse amounts to two-thirds, and the edible portion to only one-third, of the whole. The bone, though counted here as refuse, yields, when properly boiled, a considerable quantity of nutritive matter, chiefly in the form of gelatine and fats. Fish, as we buy them in the markets, have on the average a larger proportion of refuse and less edible material than meats. Dairy products and most vegetable foods have very little refuse.

In examining the edible portion of the materials, as shown in Part II., it is interesting to note the wide variations in the proportions of water and of nutritive substances. In general the animal foods contain the most water and the vegetable foods the most nutrients, though potatoes and turnips are exceptions, the former being three-fourths and the latter nine-tenths water. Butter, on the other hand, though one of the animal foods, has on the average about nine per cent. of water. The milk from which it is made is not far from seven-eighths water. As stated above, meats have more water in proportion as they have less fats, and *vice versa*, the fatter the meat the less amount of water in it. Thus, very lean beef (the muscle of a lean animal from which the fat has been trimmed off) may have seventy-eight per cent. of water and only twenty-two per cent. of nutrients. The rather fat sirloin of the diagram has sixty, and the very fat pork only about ten per cent. of water. The flesh of fish is in general more watery than ordinary meats, that of salmon being five-eighths water; codfish, over four-fifths; and flounder, over six-sevenths. Flour and meal have but little water, and sugar almost none.

In examining the proportions of individual nutrients, protein, fats, and carbohydrates, the most striking fact is the difference between the meats and fish, on the one hand, and the vegetable foods on the other. The vegetable foods are rich in carbohydrates, starch, sugar,

etc., while the meats have not enough to be worth mentioning. On the other hand the meats abound in protein and fats, of which the vegetable foods usually have but little. Beans and oatmeal, however, are rich in protein, while fat pork has very little.

The comparative composition of oysters and milk is worth noting. Both contain about the same total amounts of nutrients, but the proportions are quite different, the oysters having the more protein, and the milk the more fat. Roughly speaking, we may say that there is not a very great deal of difference between the nutritive values of a quart of oysters and a quart of milk. Considering the cost, however, the oysters are far the more expensive food.

I have noticed that people in looking over such tables as this sometimes get at first a wrong impression. Thus rice contains about seven-eighths, and potatoes only one-fourth nutritive material. The first inference is that the rice is much more nutritious than potatoes. In one sense this is true; that is to say, a pound of rice contains more than twice as much nutrients as a pound of potatoes. But if we take enough of the potatoes to furnish as much nutritive material as the pound of rice, the composition and the nutritive values of the two will be just about the same. In cooking the rice we mix water with it, and may thus make a material not very different in composition from potatoes. By drying the potatoes they could be made very similar in composition and food value to rice. Taken as we find them, a pound of rice and three and a half pounds of potatoes would contain nearly equal weights of each class of nutrients and would have about the same nutritive value.

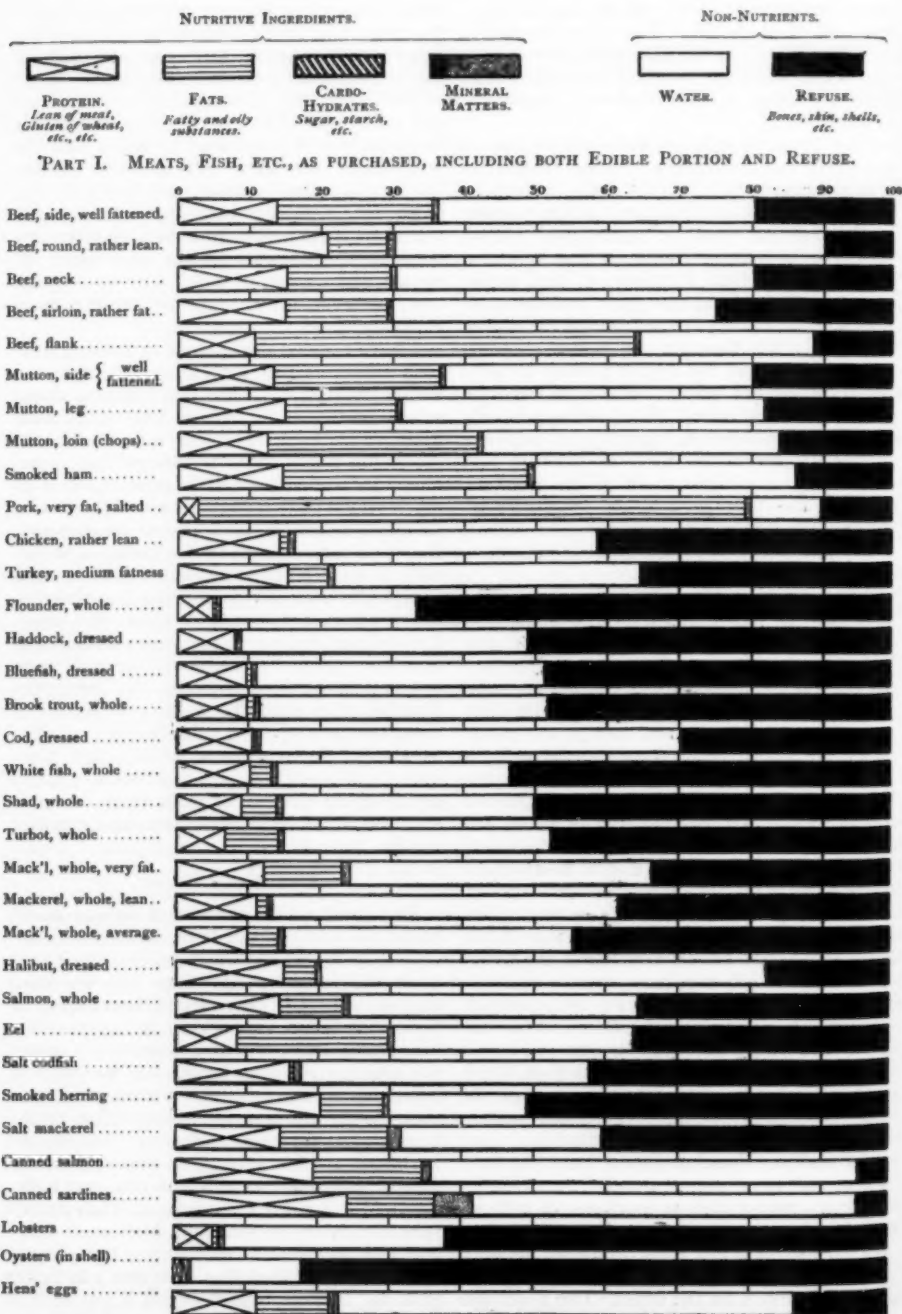
#### FLOUR AND BREAD.

THE composition of wheat flour and wheat bread are worth notice here. The chief difference is in the water, which makes about one-ninth the weight of the flour and one-third that of the bread. Of course different kinds of flour and bread vary widely in composition. The composition of wheat flour here stated is the average of a large number of analyses of American specimens, and doubtless represents very closely the average composition of the flour which people ordinarily buy. The figures for bread are the average of four analyses of loaves purchased at different times at bakeries in Middletown, Connecticut. They agreed very closely in composition with each other and with an excellent specimen of home-made bread. I infer, therefore, that this was better than the average baker's bread, a supposition confirmed by published analyses of the latter,



## DIAGRAM III. NUTRITIVE INGREDIENTS, WATER, AND

PERCENTAGES OF THE DIFFERENT CONSTITUENTS

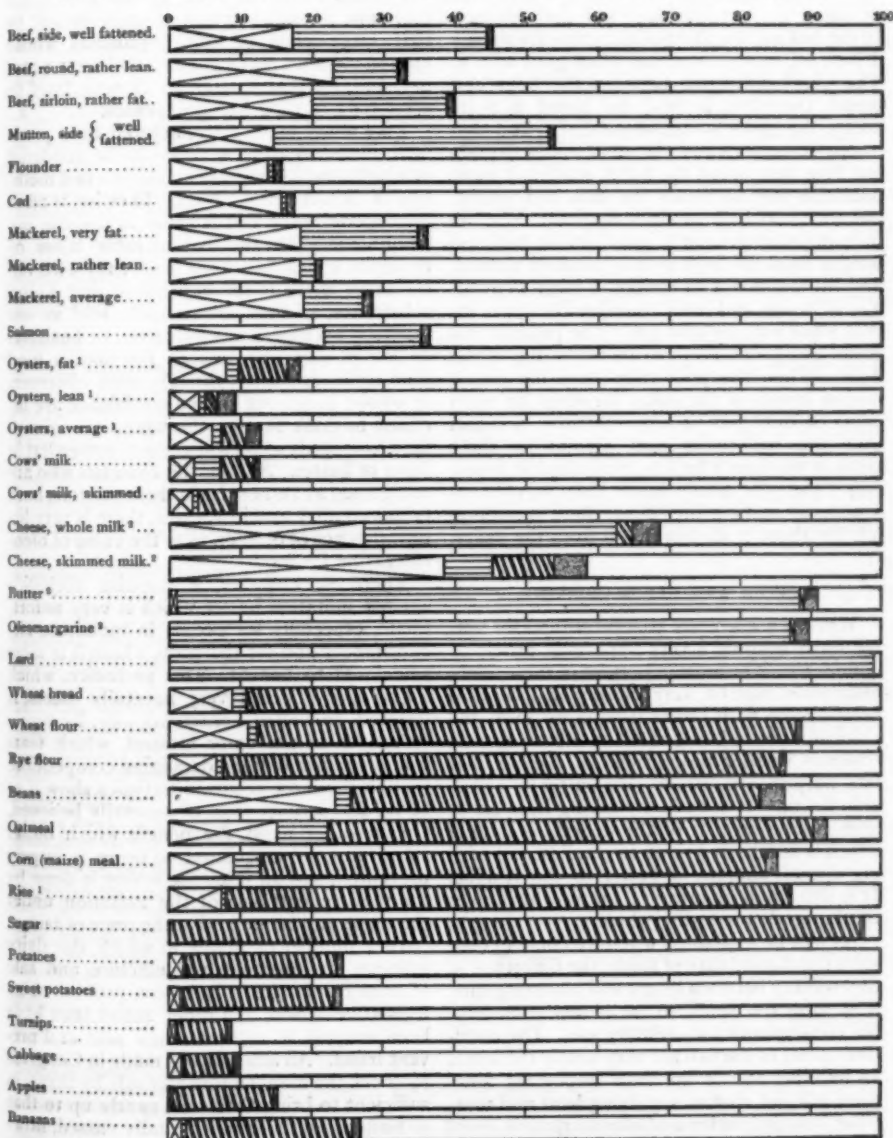


Where the ingredients amount to less than one-half of one per cent. they are omitted from this table.

INDICATED BY SHADED DEVICES.

EXPLANATIONS.—Of the different classes of nutritive ingredients or nutrients of food the protein compounds ("muscle-formers") are the most important in the sense that they alone form the basis of the blood, muscles, tendons, and other nitrogenous tissues of the body. Protein, fats, and carbohydrates of food are all transformed into the fat of the body and all serve as fuel to yield heat and energy (strength) for muscular work. As fuel, one part by weight of fats is estimated to be equivalent to over two parts of protein or carbohydrates. A proper diet will include all the nutrients in proportions fitted to the needs of the user.

## PART II. MEATS, FISH, ETC., EDIBLE PORTION; DAIRY PRODUCTS; VEGETABLE FOODS.

<sup>1</sup> In respect to quantity of nutrients.<sup>2</sup> Mineral matters include salt.

which often show a much larger percentage of water, sometimes forty per cent. or more. In using the word "better" I do not refer to flavor, color, or texture, but to the proportion of nutrients and water. In making bread, a very little butter or lard and yeast and a good deal of water, by itself or in milk, are added to the flour. In the fermentation of the dough in rising, minor transformations take place in the carbohydrates, the chief being the change of sugar to carbonic acid gas and alcohol. In the baking, the alcohol and gases are mostly driven off, and part of the water goes with it. The chief difference between the flour and bread, therefore, is that the bread is more bulky, the gases having expanded it, and that it contains more water. In other words, in making flour into bread the baker renders it more palatable and increases the bulk and weight, but adds very little nutritive material. For him to manipulate it so as to get the most bulk and weight from the least flour is perfectly natural, and his loaf is apt to contain a large percentage of water and have considerable space inside filled with air and gas. The price of the bread per pound is apt to be twice that of the flour. When the poor man buys his pound loaf of bread of the baker for seven or eight cents he thus gets no more nutritive material than the well-to-do man obtains for three cents in the flour which he has baked at home. But if the poor man's family have no conveniences for making the bread, there is nothing left for them to do but buy it from the baker.

#### BUTTER AND OLEOMARGARINE.

WITHIN a few years past substitutes for butter have become a very important article of commerce. The most important of these, oleomargarine, agrees very closely in chemical composition with butter from cows' milk, the chief difference being that the oleomargarine contains smaller proportions of the peculiar fats, butyric, etc., which give butter its agreeable flavor. It is made by taking beef fat or lard, extracting part of the stearin, a material which is familiarly known in candles, and adding a small amount of butter to the residue. It is this small quantity of butter which gives the butter-flavor to the whole.

As will be explained when we come to consider the digestibility of foods, the difference in digestibility between butter and oleomargarine is at most too small to be of any considerable consequence for ordinary use. The nutritive values of the two are very nearly the same. In fulfilling one of the most important functions of food, that of supplying heat and muscular energy, butter and oleomargarine excel in efficiency all, or nearly all, of our other

common food materials; at least such is the outcome of the best experimental testimony. In appearance and flavor the common kinds of oleomargarine resemble butter so closely that it is difficult even for an expert to distinguish between them.

These butter substitutes are manufactured at very low cost, so that they can be sold at retail at about half the price of butter. They are, therefore, food products of large economic importance and of great benefit to that large class of our population whose limited incomes make good dairy butter a luxury, and, for that matter, to all who need to economize in their living expenses.

Like many other manufactured food products, oleomargarine is liable to be rendered unwholesome by improper materials and methods of manufacture. Butter, likewise, is often improperly made and is liable to become unwholesome. In the considerable mass of evidence which has come under my own observation there is no indication that butter substitutes, as they are actually sold in our markets, average less wholesome or healthful or are in any way less fit for human food than ordinary butter, though some observers in whose judgment I have confidence are inclined to think that on the whole the advantage as regards wholesomeness is somewhat in favor of butter. Among the chemists who are recognized as authorities in these matters, both in this country and in Europe, there is very little difference of opinion as to the value of oleomargarine for food.

There is, however, a popular prejudice against imitation butter which is very unfortunate, especially for people in moderate circumstances and for the poor, whom it is most calculated to benefit. This prejudice, which a new food material very naturally meets, is fostered, and often conscientiously, by representatives of the dairy interest, which fears from imitation butter a damaging competition, though the most accurate statistics show it to be far less serious than is generally believed. On the other hand, the benefit which butter substitutes are calculated to bring is largely prevented, and an immense wrong is done by the very general sale of the imitation under the guise and name and at the price of butter.

In a number of States in which the dairy interests are large, the manufacture and sale of butter substitutes has been prohibited by legislative action. In other States laws have been enacted to regulate their sale and prevent fraud. An attempt was made in Congress to check the manufacture and sale by taxation sufficient to bring their cost nearly up to that of butter. In the law as actually passed, however, the tax was very much reduced, so that

while it may help toward preventing improper sale of butter substitutes and, by obliging sellers to pay high license fees, may considerably interfere with their general use, it will not be as effective in excluding them from the markets as was desired.

This is a case where mechanical invention aided by science is enabled to furnish a cheap, wholesome, and nutritious food for the people. Legislation to provide for official inspection of this, as of other food products, and to insure that it shall be sold for what it is and not for what it is not, is very desirable. Every reasonable measure to prevent fraud, here as elsewhere, ought to be welcomed. But the attempt to curtail or suppress the production of a cheap and useful food material by law, lest the profits which a class, the producers of butter, have enjoyed from the manufacture of a costlier article may be diminished, is opposed to the interests of a large body of people, to the spirit of our institutions, and to the plainest dictates of justice.\*

In discussing the composition of our foods we must consider not only the quantities of nutritive ingredients which they contain, but also the part each one of these classes of nutrients has to perform in the nourishment of the body, and the proportions which are appropriate for the diet of different persons.

The protein compounds, sometimes called "muscle-formers," are the only ones which contain nitrogen. According to the best experimental evidence they alone form the basis of blood, muscle, tendon, and other nitrogenous tissues of the body. As these tissues are worn out by constant use they are repaired by the protein of the food. The protein, fats, and carbohydrates are all transformed into fat. They all seem to share, therefore, in the formation of the fat of the body. They all likewise serve as fuel to maintain the heat of the body and to yield muscular energy for its work. Late experiments indicate that in those serving as fuel, one part by weight of fats is equivalent to a little over two parts of either protein or of carbohydrates. The mineral matters make up a large part of the bones and teeth, small proportions are contained in the other tissues, and they are necessary for nutrition in various other ways.

It is a fundamental principle of food economy that the diet should contain nutritive material adapted to the wants of the consumer.

A great deal of experimenting and observation have been devoted to the determination of the quantities of protein, fats, and carbohydrates needed for the daily nourishment of individuals of different age and sex, at work or at rest, and subject to the varied conditions of life. In Germany, where the subject has been most thoroughly studied, it has come to be commonly accepted that about 4.2 ounces of protein, 2 ounces of fats, and 17.6 ounces of carbohydrates will make a fair daily ration for a laboring man of average weight and doing moderate work. Of course he can get on with less of one if he has more of the others. But there is a minimum below which he cannot go without injury, and his amount of protein should not fall much below the 4.2 ounces per day, though protein, as we shall see later on, is by far the costliest of the nutrients. In animal foods, furthermore, it is usually associated with the so-called extractives, which have a peculiarly agreeable flavor. In accordance with one of those universal processes of natural selection which science is gradually helping us to understand, the food of the poor is apt to contain too little protein and that of the rich too much.

The flesh of codfish contains, aside from water, little else than protein, butter is almost wholly fat, and sugar and starch are carbohydrates. The lean meats are similar to codfish; fat pork resembles butter, and the chief nutrient of potatoes and rice is starch. Each of these materials is unfit by itself for nourishment. Milk, on the other hand, abounds in all the nutrients and is more nearly a "perfect food," for those with whom it agrees, than any other animal food material. While meats and fish are rich in protein, and most meats and some fish abound in fats, the vegetable foods generally lack protein and fats but have an excess of carbohydrates, of which the meats and fish have none. Beans and pease, however, have a good deal of protein.

We have here a very simple chemical explanation of a usage which, under the promptings of experience or instinct, mankind has almost everywhere come to adopt,—that of supplementing wheat and corn and rice and potatoes with meats and fish, or, when these are lacking, by beans, pease, or other vegetables rich in protein. There is a sound reason in the Hindu's practice of eating pulse with rice, in the Irishman's use of skimmed milk with his potatoes, in the Scotchman's

\*The following is from the late report of the Dairy Commissioner of Connecticut, which comes to hand just as this is being written:

"As a protection to consumers the national law is a failure, and the present tax is too small to benefit our dairies to any appreciable extent; a ten cent tax

might more nearly have accomplished what the national law was intended to accomplish, but as matters now stand the national law is simply a source of revenue to the national government, and practically levies a tax on poor people who can ill afford to bear it."

partiality for oatmeal, haddock, and herring, and in the frugal New England diet of cod-fish and potatoes and pork and beans.

Reserving further consideration of these subjects for future articles, I may briefly recapitulate some of the main points already considered.

*First.* Our bodies and our foods consist of essentially the same kinds of materials.

*Second.* The actually nutritive ingredients of our food may be divided into four classes: protein, fats, carbohydrates, and mineral matters. Leaving water out of account, lean meat, white of egg, casein (curd) of milk, and gluten of wheat consist mainly of protein compounds. Butter and lard are mostly fats. Sugar and starch are carbohydrates.

*Third.* The nutrients of animal foods consist

mainly of protein and fats. Those of the vegetable foods are largely carbohydrates. The fatter kinds of meat and some species of fish, as salmon, shad, and mackerel, contain considerable quantities of fat. The lean kinds of meat and such fish as cod and haddock contain very little fat. Beans, pease, oatmeal, and some other vegetable foods contain considerable quantities of protein.

*Fourth.* The different nutrients have different offices to perform in the nutrition of the body. The demands of different people for nourishment vary with age, sex, occupation, and other conditions of life. Health and pecuniary economy alike require that the diet should contain nutrients proportioned to the wants of the user.

*W. O. Atwater.*

## IF.

**I**F he had known that when her proud fair face  
Turned from him calm and slow  
Beneath its cold indifference had place  
A passionate, deep woe.

If he had known that when her hand lay still,  
Pulseless so near his own,  
It was because pain's bitter, bitter chill  
Changed her to very stone.

If he had known that she had borne so much  
For sake of the sweet past,  
That mere despair said, "This cold look and touch  
Must be the cruel last."

If he had known her eyes so cold and bright,  
Watching the sunset's red,  
Held back within their deeps of purple light  
A storm of tears unshed.

If he had known the keenly barbed jest  
With such hard lightness thrown  
Cut through the hot proud heart within her breast  
Before it pierced his own.

If she had known that when her calm glance swept  
Him as she passed him by  
His blood was fire, his pulses madly leapt  
Beneath her careless eye.

If she had known that when he touched her hand  
And felt it still and cold  
There closed round his wrung heart the iron band  
Of misery untold.

If she had known that when her laughter rang  
In scorn of sweet past days  
His very soul shook with a deadly pang  
Before her light dispraise.

If she had known that every poisoned dart—  
If she had understood  
That each sunk to the depths of his man's heart  
And drew the burning blood.

If she had known that when in the wide west  
The sun sank gold and red  
He whispered bitterly, "Tis like the rest;  
The warmth and light have fled."

If she had known the longing and the pain,  
If she had only guessed,—  
One look — one word — and she perhaps had lain  
Silent upon his breast.

If she had known how oft when their eyes met  
And his so fiercely shone,  
But for man's shame and pride they had been wet—  
Ah! if she had but known!

If they had known the wastes lost love must cross,—  
The wastes of unlit lands,—  
If they had known what seas of salt tears toss  
Between the barren strands.

If they had known how lost love prays for death  
And makes low, ceaseless moan,  
Yet never fails his sad, sweet, wearying breath—  
Ah! if they had but known.

*Frances Hodgson Burnett.*



## A SONG OF FLEETING LOVE.

LOVE has wings as light as a bird,  
Guileless he looks, as a dove, of wrong;  
Whatever his song, be it brief or long,  
It still has this for an overword:  
*Love has wings!*

Though to-day the truant may stay,  
Though he woos and sues and sings,  
Only sorrow to maids he brings;  
Pout him and flout him, laugh him away:  
*Love has wings!*

Hold your pulses calm, unstirred —  
Calm and cool as a woodland pool,  
Let not his song your heart befool;  
List, through it all, for the overword:  
*Love has wings.*

*Alice Williams Brotherton.*

## PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF LOUIS BLANC.

WITH NOTES CONCERNING ALSACE AND LORRAINE.



IN Louis Blanc France not only lost the last surviving great leader of the time of the Second Republic, but also the ablest expounder of the "History of Ten Years" of Louis Philippe's government; the best recent inquirer into the doings and the real aims of the personages of the Great Revolution; and at the same time a man who during all his life had striven to better the lot of the laboring masses. The product of his youth, "The Organization of Labor," may be subjected to a legitimate criticism; the generosity of his aspirations does not admit of any doubt.

I first made his acquaintance during a temporary sojourn in London, in September, 1849. I still see him before me, with most lively recollection, as in his apartment, in Piccadilly, near Hyde Park, he stood with folded arms before the chimney. A very small but well built and even neatly proportioned man; of almost Napoleonic cast of features, such as may be found among not a few Corsicans; quite beardless, which in those later revolutionary days was a rare thing. The glance of his black, somewhat protruding eyes, lustrous, and verging upon a dazzling changefulness; the thick dark-brown hair long and falling down straight; the color of the face rather brownish. In spite of the smallness of his stature — for he was not higher than Thiers — an impressive appearance, only diminished in walking by the slightly bent leg. He was clad, rather conspicuously, in a light blue dress-coat with gilt buttons, and a waistcoat with broad flaps, the so-called Robespierre vest. The garb was a reminiscence of the first Revolution.

In his intercourse with Englishmen Louis

Blanc displayed all his social qualities to great advantage. He was among the very few Frenchmen who spoke and wrote in English, and who liked to learn from a nation which possesses a noble and powerful literature exercising influence all over the world — even as its political power is felt, sometimes for good, sometimes for evil, throughout the inhabited globe. Louis Blanc was in friendly relations with a number of prominent English authors and politicians of the most different party views. I will only name John Stuart Mill, the late Lord Bulwer Lytton, Thackeray, Hepworth Dixon, Thomas Hughes, and Lord Houghton. English affairs he treated, upon the whole, in his letters as a publicist, with great independence, and with an evident desire to be just in every direction.

In society, the smallness of his stature, combined with the youthfulness of his visage and his habit of shaving the whole face, several times led to very exhilarating scenes. Even many years after his arrival in England, he was repeatedly mistaken for a youngster. A relative writing to me from Germany just reminds me of the following laughable, but highly inconvenient, incident: "Do you remember the dinner at your house, when we all waited so long, and in vain, for Louis Blanc? Your Irish housemaid had sent the 'boy' away, saying that you were engaged!" Another dinner had to be arranged, in order to give my German relative a chance of meeting Louis Blanc. When Louis Blanc's publisher died, and he temporarily found himself rather in financial straits, lectures were arranged for him, at my suggestion, in our St. John's Wood Athenæum. "Mysterious Personages and Agencies before the French Revolution" was their title. Quite a crowd of literary and political celebrities were expected. By an over-

sight, Louis Blanc, on this his first appearance as a lecturer in the English language, himself almost became a mysterious personage to the distinguished audience, the desk being so high that his head would scarcely have been visible! Fortunately, in the nick of time, a footstool was provided, on which he stood all the while when speaking. The somewhat constrained attitude imposed upon him thereby perhaps accounts to some extent for the rather formal and academic manner of his delivery. In the French Assembly, too, he had to make use of a stool.

His eloquence had altogether something of the pulpit. One might almost fancy that his earliest training (a relative had intended him to become a priest) had left some mark upon him. There was something exceedingly measured in his talk as soon as he began to enter upon a serious discussion.

His full-sounding utterance, clearly distinct in every syllable, reminded the hearer a little of the southern French amplitude of vocalization. It was matched by the clearness and elegant firmness of his large and open handwriting. "Ah!" he would say to hasty admirers, "that is just my misfortune. Don't you see, it is because my manuscripts are so beautifully written that they are given to the worst compositors. That is how the many misprints occur, which so vex me!"

In general intercourse he was the very type of amiability and politeness. Of the most dignified and exquisite bearing before strangers, he was fond of unbending before friends, often showing a hilarity which broke into harmless loud laughter. But never did he intentionally give pain to any one in conversation by his remarks.

As towards the English, so he also felt greatly attracted towards Germans; but he never mastered, or even attempted to study, our tongue. During the Schleswig-Holstein war he gave a public and very useful proof of pro-German sympathy, although he thereby offended not a few English friends. The most influential section of the public opinion, and the majority of the statesmen of England, were on the Danish side. The Palmerston ministry sought to form an alliance with Napoleon III. for an armed attack against Germany. It was of the utmost importance to oppose these designs both in London and Paris. For years, the writer of these "Recollections" had been at the head of a propagandistic National and Democratic Association of Germans in England ("Society for German Freedom and Union") which had made the Schleswig-Holstein question its specialty. Confidential memoranda, written by the two chief leaders of the Schleswig Parliament, but

which they dared not even sign for fear of Danish persecution, had repeatedly been transmitted by me to Lord John Russell, the foreign secretary, by way of authentication. In Lord John Russell's organ, the (then Liberal) "Globe," I often took occasion to explain, above my signature, the grievances and aspirations of the Schleswig-Holstein people, as previously expressed in its three years' unsuccessful war of independence (1848-51). Now, Louis Blanc, who during the new national war (1863-64) almost daily came to see me for purposes of information, generously expounded the same views in his letters to the Paris "Le Temps" which afterwards were collected in a number of volumes entitled "Lettres sur l'Angleterre." We Germans really owed him gratitude for that.

During all the long years of intimacy with Louis Blanc in England, our political relations always remained undisturbed by the slightest cloud. As a token of his never-changing sentiments, I have before me many volumes of his different works with friendly inscriptions. Once, when I and my wife were for several days as guests in his house at Brighton, I was informed from abroad that in one of Louis Blanc's letters to "Le Temps" there was a passage unjustly bearing upon German rights in the Rhinelands. It was painful to refer to such a matter at that particular moment. Upon consideration I yet thought it to be best — nay, even a duty — to do so. He was quite unhappy when I addressed the question to him point-blank. He at once fetched all the numbers of "Le Temps" which he had collected, and declared he was utterly unable to conceive the reproach.

For safety's sake, with a view to possible contingencies in the future, I, however, entered upon a full discussion of the ideas then held on that subject by most Frenchmen, and formerly, no doubt, also by him. In the course of the conversation he suddenly observed that "in case of a difference, a question as to the frontier might, after all, be solved by a popular vote." I replied that "Germany could never so far forget her dignity as a nation, or her historical rights drawn from community of blood and speech, and ancient possession, as to allow a vote to be taken on the question as to whether that portion of her people who dwell on the left side of one of her rivers should continue to form part of the Fatherland!" Louis Blanc easily understood the point, and thus the matter was disposed of.

Few know how deeply even French Democracy had been tainted with the ideas of further conquest in the direction of the Rhine. One day a Frenchman of my acquaintance, who semi-officially represented President Jua-

rez and the Mexican Republic in London during the time of the war against the Napoleonic invasion, and with whom I had been on most friendly terms, unexpectedly broke forth in my own house, before German friends, in this way:

"If once we have the Republic in France, we shall march on the Rhine, even if we were to get all Germany on our back!" (*même si nous aurions toute l'Allemagne sur le dos.*)

"Mind!" I replied to him, "if once you have her on your back, you will not get her off again easily!"

During the struggles of the Prussian House of Commons against the budgetless and arbitrary government of Herr von Bismarck, Louis Blanc, in "*Le Temps*," supported the German Progressist and popular parties. Ferdinand Lassalle, the so-called German "revolutionary agitator" who took sides against the Prussian House of Commons, thus practically sustaining Bismarck, confidentially asked Louis Blanc, one day, for a public letter of sympathy with his socialist agitation. It was to be a sort of certificate or pass for Lassalle among our working-classes. At that time Lassalle generally was looked upon as an extreme Republican aiming at a great social overthrow. For my part, I from the beginning considered him a mere ambitious Catilinarian. I thought, nay, I knew, that he, in secret collusion with the government, endeavored to traverse the aspirations of the liberal middle class, so that a despotic kingcraft in the pseudo-socialist "Grand Almoner" style might be established, which would hide its true character, like the Second Napoleonic Empire, under democratic phraseology. I expressed this view to Louis Blanc when he asked my advice as to what he should do in reply to Lassalle's wish.

"Why, he practically acts as an agent of Bismarck," I said. "I should not wonder if he played the part of a Persigny, aiming at office."

"Impossible!" Louis Blanc replied. "Do you mean this seriously?" "Very seriously," I answered. In fact, I had given similar warning in public by a fly-sheet against Lassalle, under the title, "*A Friendly Word to Germany's Workmen, Burghers, and Peasants*." It took some time, however,—indeed, a conversation of several hours,—before Louis Blanc could be made to understand all the bearings of the case. His own former intercourse with the captive of Ham still played him an occasional mental trick in questions of mixed political and social import. Afterwards he said he was grateful for having been prevented from falling into the trap laid for him.

The secret dealings of Lassalle with Bismarck were, in later years, revealed by the

German Chancellor himself, in a speech in the Reichstag. My own informations had long ago pointed that way.

Quite recently a letter has come to light, written by Lassalle to the well-known conservative and orthodox Professor Huber, whose semi-socialist views had been made use of by Prince Bismarck. In this letter, written during the full flush of his alleged "revolutionary" agitation, he begins by saying that he had been a Republican from his youth, but that he would be proud now to bear the banner of a "Socialist Royalty."

During the rising in Russian Poland, when I was in connection with the diplomatic representative in London of the Secret National Government at Warsaw, Louis Blanc warmly espoused the Polish cause. It was Mazzini who had first introduced Mr. Czwierczakiewicz to me. Through him I learnt beforehand the very date on which the intended rising was to begin; and the information turned out quite correct. German advanced Liberals and Republicans strongly favored the Polish cause. Being called to Scotland to address public meetings there at Glasgow, Stirling, and Hawick, I succeeded in bringing about petitions to the English Parliament in support of that cause. Louis Blanc, as may be seen from his "*Lettres sur l'Angleterre*," took these meetings as a text for his own writings.

Some years afterwards, a review in the London "*Athenæum*" endeavored to make out that Louis Blanc had been favorable to a French war on the Rhine, which might lead to a change of frontiers in connection with the Polish question. I at once wrote to him as to how matters stood. He replied:

"BRIGHTON, 20 Grand Parade, 31 Juillet, 1867.

"MON CHER AMI: Je vous envoie les deux premiers volumes de mes '*Lettres sur l'Angleterre*.' Je n'ai malheureusement pas en ce moment, les 3e et 5e volumes. J'ai écrit à mon éditeur de Paris de m'en faire tenir quelques exemplaires. J'en mettrai un de côté pour vous, d'autant plus que vous y trouverez trois lettres qui vous concernent.

"Je n'ai jamais conseillé à Napoléon d'annexer les Provinces rhénanes; mais j'ai très-décidément exprimé le désir que la France n'abandonnât pas la Pologne, dût-elle pour cela, et à défaut de tout autre moyen, faire la guerre au roi de Prusse, complice de l'empereur de Russie dans l'égorgement des Polonais.

"La phrase citée dans l'*Athenæum* est exactement citée; mais le sens en est déterminé par la conclusion de la lettre d'où elle est tirée, conclusion que voici. Je copie la traduction anglaise, n'ayant pas l'original sous les yeux:

"FEB. 22, 1863.

"What shall we desire? What shall we hope? It rests, perhaps, with the liberal party in Prussia to turn aside the genius of conquest while serving the interests of justice with a courage worthy of the cause. The Prussian liberals can do much for Poland—they can do everything, perhaps; and therefore, at this moment, their responsibility in the eyes of the world is immense. By the military convention, the object of such general

and vehement protests, it is not only Russian Poland that is stricken, but Prussian Poland is outraged. The support of the Polish deputies in the Berlin Parliament cannot therefore be wanting to the German deputies, if the latter will understand that the true interests of their country are indissolubly bound up in this instance with the triumph of justice. Should the energy of their attitude and the potency of their efforts facilitate a result that will respond to the sympathies of the friends of freedom, without exciting their fears, they will render an inestimable service to Europe, for which England above all others will entertain an eternal gratitude. May Heaven inspire them! The question at issue is to secure for the principle of liberty, and for it alone, the glory of having falsified the prediction falsely ascribed to Kosciusko: *Finis Polonia.*

"Salut cordial.

"LOUIS BLANC."

"I have never advised Napoleon to annex the Rhineland; but I have very strongly expressed the wish that France should not forsake Poland, even if, for that purpose, and in the absence of any other means, she had to make war against the King of Prussia, the accomplice of the Emperor of Russia in the slaughtering of the Poles." This sentence of Louis Blanc, directed as it was against the disgraceful convention concluded between the Prussian King and the Czar, seemed to me to contain a dangerous theory for all that. Would it have been the right thing for Germany to declare war against France on account of the annexation of Garibaldi's birthplace? If not, what right had Napoleon III., of all rulers, to make war upon the "King of Prussia"—which, after all, could only be done on German territory on the Rhine—for the alleged sake of Poland, but in reality for the purpose of a fresh annexation, similar to that of Savoy and Nice, which was the result of a so-called deliverance of Italy "from the Alps to the Adriatic"? Again, would not a successful war of that kind have riveted the Bonapartist yoke upon France even more firmly?

I discussed these matters repeatedly, and very earnestly, with Louis Blanc. I told him that, in spite of the deep estrangement between Prussia and Southern Germany on account of the war of 1866, all our countrymen would stand shoulder to shoulder as soon as a French army were to move upon our Rhineland. I said that I would be the first, in such a case, to call out for the laying aside of party divisions for the purpose of common defense; and that, moreover, I was convinced of victory being on our side. This latter view, especially, was one which Frenchmen of all political descriptions could with difficulty be brought to accept then.

"For the sake of your own country, for the sake of our common cause of freedom and civilization, I pray you to exert yourself with all your power to dispel the illusions in which so many of your countrymen still indulge!" I

over and over again said to Louis Blanc, to Ledru-Rollin, to Savoye, to Dupont, to Lefèvre, to Fonvielle, to Valentin, and others. And Louis Blanc was brought gradually to comprehend the full extent of the danger of a war with the "Prussians," as the French, in their infatuation, would then and long afterwards say.

In the American war, Louis Blanc advocated the cause of the Union; at first, somewhat cautiously, afterwards with growing energy. His caution may partly have arisen in the beginning from a certain desire not to hurt too strongly the deplorable prejudices by which the majority of the governing classes in England were influenced; the *Trent* affair, in which we pleaded for America the right of self-preservation, even though its government would no doubt make diplomatic amends to England. Louis Blanc at first gave the reasons for and against, with great deliberateness in the "Temps," and without committing himself. In every English house we had then to fight for the cause of the Republic. A second motive for Louis Blanc's caution, in the beginning, was the delay of an emancipation decree.

"Why not proclaim emancipation at once," he said, "and thus strike a mortal blow at the South?"

Like most of his countrymen, he was not aware of the complex state of political parties in the North. He had not, until then, devoted much study to American affairs. Being fully agreed with him as to the foul blot of slavery, I still could understand, even if I greatly regretted, the dilatory procedure of President Lincoln's government.\* A spur was, however, required, now and then, to arouse the sometimes flagging enthusiasm of our friend, whose utterances were closely watched by Englishmen. After a while, he rapidly went ahead, doing right good service to a cause upon which the hopes of the best thinkers of Europe centered.

I vividly remember the day when the terrible news of the assassination of President Lincoln reached London. The address of sympathy which I had forthwith proposed, and signed, in common with Freiligrath, Kinkel, and other Germans of London, was scarcely dispatched to the American embassy when Louis Blanc came to see me. His face bore the evidence of great mental distress. He seemed to think that the cause of the Republic itself was once more in danger. On hearing of our manifestation, he immediately drew up a letter of his own, expressing sympathy

\* On this point we hope Mr. Blind will read Nicolay and Hay's "Abraham Lincoln: A History."—THE EDITOR.



with the loss experienced by the American nation.

The political serfage under which his country groaned meanwhile bore heavily upon his national and civic pride. When some signs of a revival of the opposition spirit at last exhibited themselves, he wrote to a French friend, M. Ferragus, who had visited him in his home, in Melina Place, St. John's Wood:

"If only you knew what humiliations we have had to swallow as Frenchmen during that long banishment which, if it should continue five years longer, will have lasted exactly a quarter of a century! How sad to hear on foreign soil wherever you present yourself: 'We pity you; but as to France, how could we pity her? She has at last found the man that was wanted for her repose and for our own. The French people are a people of children, and, what is worse, of dangerous children. It is well that the means of setting fire to the house has been taken from them. France is not made for freedom; and she feels this so well herself that she has perished by accommodating herself to servitude. Freedom is only fit for us Englishmen, who are men.' What torture is comparable to that which such insolent, cruel language inflicts upon a Frenchman living among those who hold it! Now, for twenty years, we have had to drink the cup of such insults to the very dregs."

In the course of the same letter, Louis Blanc says that he always had declared that "France, in spite of appearances, was always the great and mature nation, the manly nation which, at another epoch, had been the admiration of the world; that to believe her to be dead was to calumniate her slumber; and that she would awake prouder, nobler, more powerful than ever." In the meanwhile, "exile was for the proscribed a moral agony, the sufferings of which baffle description."

Events unfortunately did not justify his forecast. Instead of working out her internal revival by the strength of the popular forces, France allowed herself to be led on the war-track, when she only gained her Republican freedom at the expense of necessary defeat.

He opposed with all his power, so far as in him lay, Napoleon's war venture of 1870. His acquaintance with Germans in London had enabled him to perceive the tremendous risks which France ran. Not many weeks before the declaration of war, he, with his brother Charles, and a Progressist member of the Prussian House of Deputies, and Mr. and Mrs. Hepworth Dixon, and a number of other friends, were at dinner in our house. We spoke of the question of a people's education and its bearing upon political affairs.

"I shall never forget," said Charles Blanc,

"how Durny [Napoleon's Minister of Public Instruction] one day led me into a side-room of his office, showing me the 'Map of Ignorance' of our country. The departments in which most people can read and write were in white color; those less advanced, in gray stripes; those most backward, in black. What a shock it gave me! So many departments were black—or nearly so. You in Prussia are in that respect far ahead of us."

"In Germany!" I answered.

"Indeed, I thought it was a specially Prussian institution, this compulsory law of education."

"No; it is the same all over our Fatherland!" I replied.

He seemed to take mentally a note of it. The dinner passed off most pleasantly, until we spoke of ancient and modern Greece—a theme I thought peculiarly pleasant to him as an enthusiastic admirer of and writer on Hellenic art and antiquities. Unfortunately, the question of the mixed race—descent of the present Greeks—was broached. Thereupon Charles Blanc all at once flew into a perfect passion, though everybody present was a warm well-wisher of the "greater future" of the Greece of our days. Neither for the past nor for the present would Charles Blanc, in spite of the fullest classic and later historical testimony, admit any alloy in the blood of the Greeks: not a Pelasgian, not a Thracian, not a Phenician, not a Slavonian admixture—nothing but pure "Hellenic" descent.

The conversation grew warm, on his part at least, beyond English custom. One of the ladies was so startled by his energy that she became ill, and had to leave the room. It was as if Charles Blanc—whom his brother in vain endeavored to restrain—were fighting some imaginary foe of his own country. The contrast to his usual amiability was incomprehensible. A nervous electrical storm seemed to have got possession of him.

A few days before the declaration of war by Napoleon III. against "Prussia," we were at dinner in Louis Blanc's house. A number of Frenchmen, Englishmen, Americans, were present, as well as the late Belgian Consul, M. Delepierre, who in spite of his French name had a very good "Nether-German" or Flemish heart. He was an able and well-known writer on Flemish literature. The question of war or peace was now uppermost in all men's minds and conversation. Suddenly Charles Blanc, while deprecating war, said he did not mean thereby to give up the right of France to the Rhenish Provinces which we have possessed before ("*que nous avons eues*").

"How long?" I asked.

He would not enter on the question. I had



often found that the best educated Frenchmen were really ignorant of history in that respect, and that they sometimes did not even know how purely German the population of those provinces was in speech.\* All the politeness and amiability of Charles Blanc had returned. He acknowledged that he had been wrong. On his saying that France had possessed the Rhinelands before, the Belgian consul had significantly put in the remark:

"And how about the connection of Alsace and Lorraine with Germany in former times?"

In this way, there was sheet lightning, indicating coming things, even on occasions of pleasant social intercourse.

Louis Blanc, in the meanwhile, strove ceaselessly, in his letters to the French press, to warn his country against the declaration of war. At last they would not even hear him any longer in the Liberal opposition press. "These are the manuscripts of letters returned to me, unpublished!" he said one day, pointing out his rejected labor, in great grief.

It may not be amiss to bring to recollection that when Napoleon III. asked for the war-credits, Gambetta, Jules Ferry, Jules Simon, Magnin, Dorian, Steenackers, as well as Thiers—all men who came to power after Sedan—all voted for the war-credits, in spite of previous opposition speeches. Jules Favre, after 1866,—that is to say, after a disruption in the national body of Germany,—had considered France entitled to an "indemnification," in the way of a cession of Germany territory! So did Victor Hugo! At first, Thiers merely objected to the war of 1870 because he thought "France was not sufficiently prepared." Thiers cast his vote against declaration of war, first, last, and ever.

After the war was in full course, Louis Blanc, it is true, finally voted against the Treaty of Peace, which involved the cession of territory. This, however, could only signify a personal protest. He knew too well that the sword of France was broken.

When the war was over, we again met repeatedly in London and Brighton, where we were together for several weeks in most friendly and intimate intercourse.

He had a great deal to tell then as to the Commune insurrection. That rising, in Prince Bismarck's view, had a "legitimate kernel," overlaid by madness and horror.

A further element in the insurrection of the Commune was the desire to save France from a new Royalist reaction, as planned by the Assembly at Bordeaux. Louis Blanc endeavored to bring about a compromise and an amnesty; feeling repelled, as he did, on the one

hand, by the wild vagaries of the Commune, and out of sympathy, on the other, with the reactionists of the Assembly, in which he yet had to continue as a member. "If men like you leave us," Grévy very justly said to him, "the reactionists will get free scope!" But the wildest attacks were made upon Louis Blanc from both sides. Ultras of the Commune bespattered his character in the most hideous manner. He bore it all quietly.

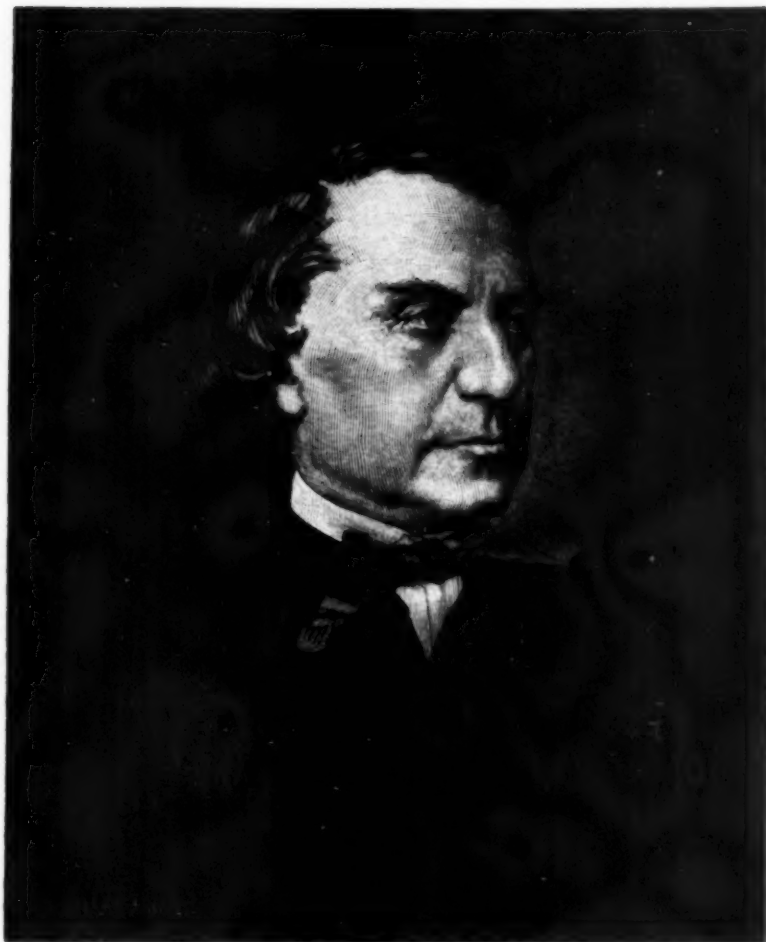
In the conflagration of Paris, which marked the last stage of the reign of the Commune, Louis Blanc lost a great many movables and valuable things, provisionally stored up, during the siege, at a railway station. His most painful loss was that of the manuscript of a new work he intended to bring out: "The Salons of the Eighteenth Century." I believe it was founded on the lectures he had formerly given in England on the same subject. The manuscript perished in the flames. Seeing France defeated after a war against which he had in vain protested, and democracy deeply rent by internal divisions, he scarcely alluded to his own personal losses. The calumnies heaped upon him he repaid by working, at the expense of his health, in common with Victor Hugo, Clémenceau, and Camille Pelletan, for an unconditional amnesty of the exiles and prisoners of the Commune.

Under Marshal MacMahon's government I once was in a position to make an early communication to him, from an excellent source, by way of warning the Republican party against a lawless surprise. Of this communication, I believe, he made good use among the advanced Left of the Chamber of Deputies, of which he was the head. On his part, when referring to Gambetta, he expressed himself before me in words of great mistrust towards that highly ambitious leader. He looked upon him as a danger to the Commonwealth. So far back as 1872, Louis Blanc showed me the proof, in writing, of a move he had made among the advanced Left against Gambetta's policy. The paper in question bore the signatures of a number of Louis Blanc's intimate political associates. My own views in regard to Gambetta's aspirations towards "personal government" fully coincided with, if they did not even go much beyond, his own. It was after I had broached this subject, that Louis Blanc, at Brighton, suddenly took from the breast-pocket of his coat the paper in question, giving it to me for confidential perusal. Both Louis Blanc and Gambetta having gone now, I can openly bear testimony to a fact which is calculated to shed light on contemporary history.

\* For a dispassionate and interesting account of the early history of Alsace and Lorraine, see "The French

Conquest of Lorraine and Alsace," by Henry M. Baird, in this magazine for February, 1871.

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LOUIS BLANC. (FROM A PORTRAIT BY A. GILBEN.)

Louis Blanc felt keenly the manner in which he was neglected when his old friend Grévy became President of the Republic. He was placed under the ban of the Opportunists who now are prepared to crowd flowers upon his tomb. Being fond of England he wished to be sent to London as ambassador. When Challengel Lacour was gazetted to that post, Louis Blanc turned his face to the wall to die. He ceased to struggle against terrible infirmities. The painful illness and death of his brother Charles was a blow from which he never recovered. Death, as Victor Hugo said, was, in the case of Louis Blanc, a deliverance.

Charles Blanc had died early in 1882. The two brothers were known to be bound up by a fraternal love of extraordinary warmth. It is said that when Louis Blanc, before the Revolution of 1848, was the object of a murderous attack, Charles, living far away in another part of France, exclaimed almost at the same hour that some dreadful accident must have happened to his brother—which indeed turned out to be true. Whatever the explanation of this occurrence may be, Dumas made use of the oft-repeated story in his "Corsican Brothers"; the Blancs being, as before stated, of Corsican descent from the mother's side.

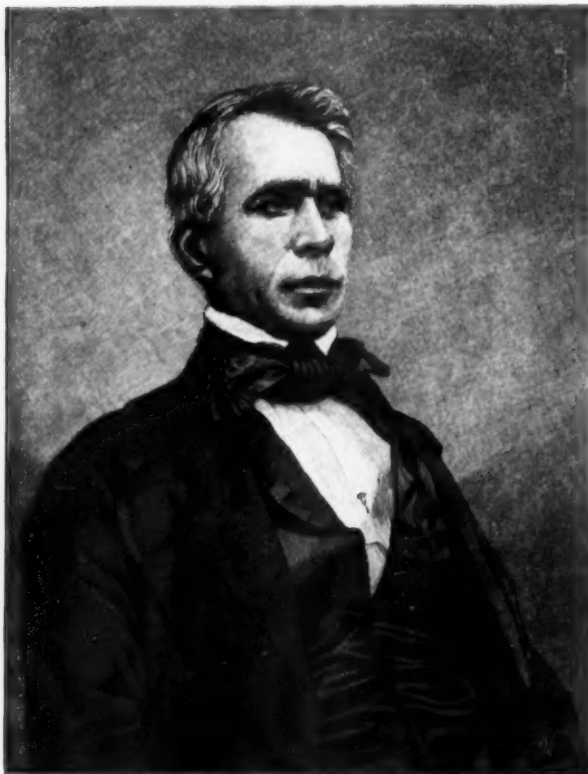
*Karl Blind.*

[BEGUN IN THE NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN: A HISTORY.\*

BY JOHN G. NICOLAY AND JOHN HAY, PRIVATE SECRETARIES TO THE PRESIDENT.

### THE BORDER CONFLICT.



WILSON SHANNON. (AFTER AN ENGRAVING BY T. DONEY.)

#### KANSAS IN CIVIL WAR.



OUT of the antagonistic and contending factions mentioned in the last two chapters, the bogus legislature and its Border-Ruffian adherents on the one hand, and the framers and supporters of the Topeka Constitution on the other, grew the civil war in Kansas. The bogus legislature numbered thirty-six members. These had only received, all told, 619 legal *bond fide* Kansas votes; but, what answered their purposes just as well, 4408 Missourians had cast their ballots for

them, making their total constituency (if by discarding the idea of a State line we use the word in a somewhat strained sense) 5427. This was at the March election, 1855. Of the remaining 2286 actual Kansas voters disclosed by Reeder's census, only 791 cast their ballots. That summer's emigration, however, being mainly from the free States, greatly changed the relative strength of the two parties. At the election of October 1st, 1855, in which the free-State men took no part, Whitfield, for delegate, received 2721 votes, Border Ruffians included. At the election for members of the Topeka Constitutional Convention, a week later, from which the pro-slavery men abstained, the free-State men cast 2710 votes, while Reeder, their nominee for delegate, received 2849. For general service, therefore, requiring no special effort, the numerical strength of the factions was about equal; while on extraordinary occasions the two thousand Border-Ruffian reserve lying a little farther back from the State line could at any time easily turn the scale. The free-State men had only their convictions, their intelligence, their courage, and the moral support of the North; the conspiracy had its secret combination, the territorial officials, the legislature, the bogus laws, the courts, the militia officers, the President, and the army. This was a formidable array of advantages; slavery was playing with loaded dice.

With such a radical opposition of sentiment, both factions were on the alert to seize every available vantage ground. The bogus laws having been enacted, and the free-State men having, at the Big Springs Convention, resolved

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on the failure of peaceable remedies to resist them to a "bloody issue," the conspiracy was not slow to cover itself and its projects with the sacred mantle of authority. Opportunely for them, about this time Governor Shannon, appointed to succeed Reeder, arrived in the territory. Coming by way of the Missouri River towns, he fell first among Border-Ruffian companionship and influences; and perhaps having his inclinations already molded by his Washington instructions, his early impressions were decidedly adverse to the free-State cause. His reception speech at Westport, in which he maintained the legality of the legislature, and his determination to enforce their laws, delighted his pro-slavery auditors. To enlist further his zeal in their behalf, a few weeks later they formally organized a "law-and-order party" by a large public meeting held at Leavenworth. All the territorial dignitaries were present; Governor Shannon presided; John Calhoun, the Surveyor-General, made the principal speech, a denunciation of the "abolitionists" supporting the Topeka movement; Chief-Justice Leconte dignified the occasion with approving remarks. With public opinion propitiated in advance, and the governor of the territory thus publicly committed to their party, the conspirators felt themselves ready to enter upon the active campaign to crush out opposition, for which they had made such elaborate preparations.

Faithful to their legislative declaration they knew but one issue, slavery. All dissent, all non-compliance, all hesitation, all mere silence even, were in their stronghold towns, like Leavenworth, branded as "abolitionism," declared to be hostility to the public welfare, and punished with proscription, personal violence, expulsion, and frequently death. Of the lynchings, the mobs, and the murders, it would be impossible, except in a very extended work, to note the frequent and atrocious details. The present chapters can only touch upon the more salient movements of the civil war in Kansas, which happily were not sanguinary; if, however, the individual and more isolated cases of bloodshed could be described, they would show a startling aggregate of barbarity and loss of life for opinion's sake. Some of these revolting crimes, though comparatively few in number, were committed, generally in a spirit of lawless retaliation, by free-State men.

Among other instrumentalities for executing the bogus laws, the bogus legislature had appointed one Samuel J. Jones sheriff of Douglas county, Kansas Territory, although that individual was at the time of his appoint-

ment, and long afterwards, United States postmaster of the town of Westport, Missouri. Why this Missouri citizen and Federal official should in addition be clothed with a foreign territorial shrievalty of a county lying forty or fifty miles from his home is a mystery which was never explained outside a Missouri Blue Lodge. A partial solution is afforded in the fact that Jones was apparently a born persecutor, overflowing with zeal for slavery. Whether chosen by accident or design, his fitness to become the active agent of the conspiracy gives his name and acts a lamentable prominence in Kansas history.

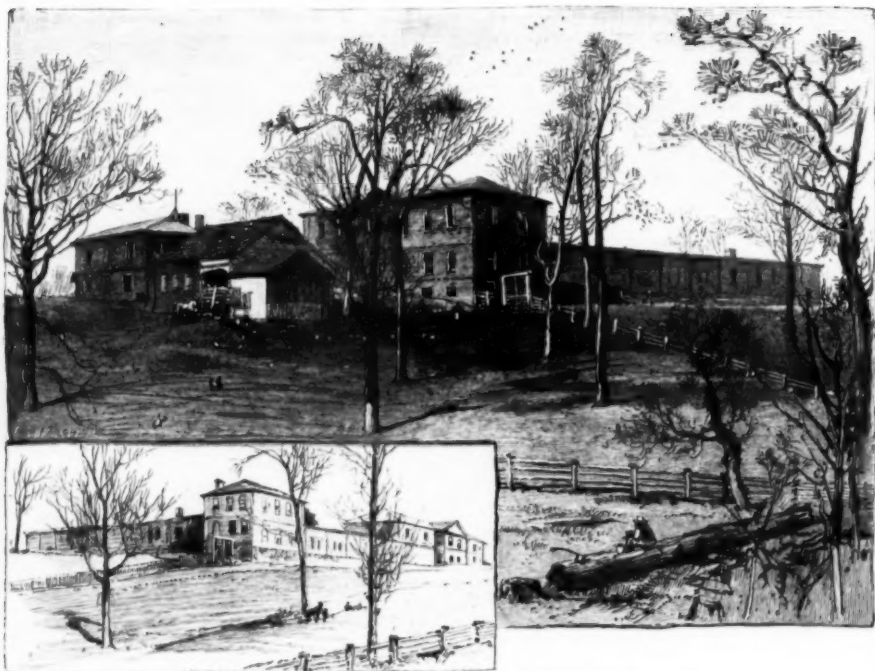
A few days after the "law-and-order" meeting in Leavenworth, there occurred a murder in a small settlement thirteen miles west of the town of Lawrence. The murderer, a pro-slavery man, first fled to Missouri, but returned to Shawnee Mission and sought the official protection of Sheriff Jones; no warrant, no examination, no commitment followed, and the criminal remained at large. Out of this incident, the officious sheriff managed most ingeniously to create an embroilment with the town of Lawrence. Buckley, who was alleged to have been accessory to the crime, obtained a peace-warrant against Branson, a neighbor of the victim. With this peace-warrant in his pocket, but without showing or reading it to his prisoner, Sheriff Jones and a posse of twenty-five Border Ruffians proceeded to Branson's house at midnight and arrested him. Alarm being given, Branson's free-State neighbors, already exasperated at the murder, rose under the sudden instinct of self-protection and rescued Branson from the sheriff and his posse that same night, though without other violence than harsh words.\*

Burning with the thirst of personal revenge, Sheriff Jones now charged upon the town of Lawrence, because that was the stronghold of the free-State men of the territory, the violation of law involved in this rescue, though Lawrence immediately and earnestly disavowed the act. But for Sheriff Jones and his superiors the pretext was all-sufficient. A Border-Ruffian foray against the town was hastily organized. The murder occurred November 21st, the rescue November 26th. November 27th, upon the brief report of Sheriff Jones, demanding a force of three thousand men "to carry out the laws," Governor Shannon issued his order to the two major-generals of the skeleton militia, "to collect together as large a force as you can in your division, and repair without delay to Leecompton, and report yourself to S. J. Jones, sheriff of Douglas county."<sup>4</sup> The Kansas militia was a myth; but the Bor-

Same order to Strickler, same date. Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. II., p. 53.

\* Phillips, "Conquest of Kansas," p. 152, *et. seq.*

<sup>4</sup> Shannon, order to Richardson, Nov. 27th, 1855.



UNITED STATES ARSENAL, LIBERTY. (REDRAWN FROM PHOTOGRAPHS IN POSSESSION OF COLONEL NATHANIEL GRANT.)

der Ruffians, with their backwoods rifles and shot-guns, were a ready resource. To these an urgent appeal for help was made; and the leaders of the conspiracy in prompt obedience placarded the frontier with inflammatory hand-bills, and collected and equipped companies, and hurried them forward to the rendezvous without a moment's delay. The United States Arsenal at Liberty, Missouri, was broken into and stripped of its contents to supply cannon, small arms, and ammunition. In two days after notice a company of fifty Missourians made the first camp on Wakarusa Creek, near Franklin, four miles from Lawrence. In three or four days more an irregular army of fifteen hundred men, claiming to be the sheriff's posse, was within striking distance of the town. Three or four hundred of these were nominal residents of the territory;\* all the remainder were citizens of Missouri. They were not only well armed and supplied, but wrought up to the highest pitch of partisan excitement. While the governor's proclamation spoke of serving writs,† the notices of the conspirators sounded the note of the real contest. "Now is the time to show

game, and if we are defeated this time, the territory is lost to the South," said the leaders.‡ There was no doubt of the earnestness of their purpose. Ex-Vice-President Atchison came in person, leading a battalion of two hundred Platte county riflemen.

News of this proceeding came to the people of Lawrence little by little, and finally, becoming alarmed, they began to improvise means of defense. Two abortive imitations of the Missouri Blue Lodges, set on foot during the summer by the free-State men, provoked by the election invasion in March, furnished them a starting-point for military organization. A committee of safety, hurriedly instituted, sent a call for help from Lawrence to other points in the territory "for the purpose of defending it from threatened invasion by armed men now quartered in its vicinity." Several hundred free-State men promptly responded to the summons. The Free-State Hotel served as barracks. Governor Robinson and Colonel Lane were appointed to command. Four or five small redoubts, connected by rifle-pits, were hastily thrown up; and by a clever

\* Shannon, dispatch, Dec. 11th, 1855, to President Pierce. Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. II., p. 63.

† Shannon, proclamation, Nov. 29th, 1855. Ibid., p. 56.

‡ Phillips, p. 168.

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artifice they succeeded in bringing a twelve-pound brass howitzer from its storage at Kansas City. Meantime the committee of safety, earnestly denying any wrongful act or purpose, sent an urgent appeal for protection to the commander of the United States forces at Fort Leavenworth, another to Congress, and a third to President Pierce.

Amid all this warlike preparation to keep the peace, no very strict military discipline

On one point especially the Border Ruffians had a wholesome dread. Yankee ingenuity had invented a new kind of breech-loading gun called "Sharpe's rifle." It was, in fact, the best weapon of its day. The free-State volunteers had some months before obtained a partial supply of them from the East, and their range, rapidity, and effectiveness had been not only duly set forth but highly exaggerated by many marvelous stories throughout the ter-



JAMES H. LANE. (BY PERMISSION OF THE STROWBRIDGE LITHOGRAPHING CO.)

could be immediately enforced. The people of Lawrence without any great difficulty obtained daily information concerning the hostile camps. They, on the other hand, professing no purpose but that of defense and self-protection, were obliged to permit free and constant ingress to their beleaguered town. Sheriff Jones made several visits unmolested on their part, and without any display of writs or demand for the surrender of alleged offenders on his own. One of the rescuers even accosted him, conversed with him, and invited him to dinner. These free visits, however, had the good effect to restrain imprudence and impulsiveness on both sides. They could see with their own eyes that a conflict meant serious results. With the advantage of its defensive position, Lawrence was as strong as the sheriff's mob.

ritory and along the border. The Missouri backwoodsmen manifested an almost incredible interest in this wonderful gun. They might be deaf to the "equalities" proclaimed in the Declaration of Independence or blind to the moral sin of slavery, but they comprehended a rifle which could be fired ten times a minute and kill a man at a thousand yards.

The arrivals from Missouri finally slackened and ceased. The irregular Border-Ruffian squads were hastily incorporated into the skeleton "Kansas militia." The "posse" became some two thousand strong, and the defenders of Lawrence perhaps one thousand.

Meanwhile a sober second thought had come to Governor Shannon. To retrieve somewhat the precipitancy of his militia orders and proclamations, he wrote to Sheriff Jones, De-

ember 2d, to make no arrests or movements unless by his direction. The firm defensive attitude of the people of Lawrence had produced its effect. The leaders of the conspiracy became distrustful of their power to crush the town. One of his militia generals suggested that the governor should require the "outlaws at Lawrence and elsewhere" to surrender the Sharpe's rifles; \* another wrote asking him to call out the Government troops at Fort Leavenworth. The governor, on his part, becoming doubtful of the legality of employing Missouri militia to enforce Kansas laws, was also eager to secure the help of Federal troops. Sheriff Jones began to grow importunate. In the Missouri camp while the leaders became alarmed the men grew insubordinate. "I have reason to believe," wrote one of their prominent men, "that before to-morrow morning the black flag will be hoisted, when nine out of ten will rally around it, and march without orders upon Lawrence. The forces of the Lecompton camp fully understand the plot and will fight under the same banner."<sup>†</sup>

After careful deliberation Colonel Sumner, commanding the United States troops at Fort Leavenworth, declined to interfere without explicit orders from the War Department.<sup>‡</sup> These failing to arrive in time, the governor was obliged to face his own dilemma. He hastened to Lawrence, which now invoked his protection. He directed his militia generals to repress disorder and check any attack on the town. Interviews were held with the free-State commanders, and the situation was fully discussed. A compromise was agreed upon, and a formal treaty written out and signed. The affair was pronounced to be a "misunderstanding"; the Lawrence party disavowed the Branson rescue, denied any previous, present, or prospective organization for resistance, and under sundry provisos agreed to aid in the execution of "the laws" when called upon by "proper authority." Like all compromises, the agreement was half necessity, half trick. Neither party was willing to yield honestly or ready to fight manfully. The free-State men shrank from forcible resistance to even bogus laws. The Missouri cabal, on the other hand, having three of their best men constantly at the governor's side, were compelled to recognize their lack of justification. They did not dare to ignore upon what a ridiculously shadowy pre-



COLONEL E. V. SUMNER.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY KEET & GEMMILL.)

text the Branson peace-warrant had grown into an army of two thousand men, and how, under manipulation of Sheriff Jones, a questionable affidavit of a pro-slavery criminal had been expanded into the *casus belli* of a free-State town. They consented to a compromise "to cover a retreat."

When Governor Shannon announced that the difficulties were settled, the people of Lawrence were suspicious of their leaders, and John Brown manifested his readiness to head a revolt. But his attempted speech was hushed down, and the assurance of Robinson and Lane that they had made no dishonorable concession finally quieted their followers. There were similar murmurs in the pro-slavery camps. The governor was denounced as a traitor, and Sheriff Jones declared that "he would have wiped out Lawrence." Atchison, on the contrary, sustained the bargain, explaining that to attack Lawrence under the circumstances would ruin the Democratic cause. "But," he added with a significant oath, "boys, we will fight some time!" Thirteen of the captains in the Wakarusa camp were called together, and the situation was duly explained. The treaty was accepted, though the governor confessed "there was a silent dissatisfaction"§ at the result. He ordered the forces to disband; prisoners were liberated, and with the opportune aid of a furious rain-storm the Border-Ruffian army gradually melted away. Nevertheless the



SHARPE'S RIFLE.  
(ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF THE KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.)

\* Richardson to Shannon, December 3d, 1855; Phillips, "Conquest of Kansas," p. 185.

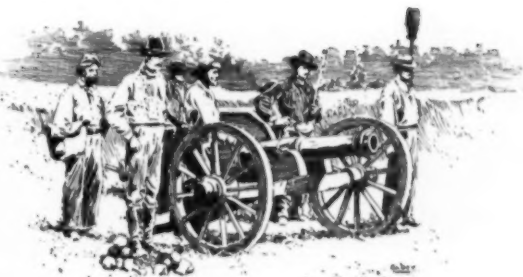
† Anderson to Richardson; Phillips, "Conquest of Kansas," p. 210.

‡ Sumner to Shannon, December 1st, 1855; Phillips, p. 184.

§ Shannon to President Pierce, December 11th, 1855. Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. II., p. 63.

"Wakarusa war" left one bitter sting to rankle in the hearts of the defenders of Lawrence, a free-State man having been killed by a pro-slavery scouting party.

The truce patched up by this Lawrence treaty was of comparatively short duration. The excitement which had reigned in Kansas during the whole summer of 1855, first about the enactments of the bogus legislature, and then in regard to the formation of the Topeka Constitution, was now extended to the American Congress, where it raged for two long months over the election of Speaker Banks. In Kansas during the same period the vote of the free-State men upon the Topeka Constitution and the election for free-State officers under it kept the territory in a ferment. During and after the contest over the speakership at Washington, each State legislature became a forum of Kansas debate. The general public interest in the controversy was shown by discussions carried on by press, pulpit, and in the daily conversation and comment of the people of the Union in every town, hamlet, and neighborhood. No sooner did the spring weather of 1856 permit, than men, money, arms, and supplies were poured into the territory of Kansas from the North. In the Southern States also this propagandism was active, and a number of guerilla leaders with followers recruited in the South, and armed and sustained by Southern contributions and appropriations, found their way to Kansas in response to urgent appeals of the Border chiefs. Buford of Alabama, Titus of Florida, Wilkes of Virginia, Hampton of Kentucky, Treadwell of South Carolina, and others, brought not only enthusiastic leadership, but substantial assistance. Both the factions which had come so near to actual battle in the "Wakarusa war," though nominally disbanded, in reality preserved and continued their military organization,—the free-State men through apprehension of danger, the Border Ruffians because of their purpose to crush out opposition. Strengthened on both sides with men, money, arms, and supplies, the contest was gradually resumed with the opening spring.



A FREE-STATE BATTERY (1856). (REDRAWN FROM A DAGUERRETYPE IN POSSESSION OF THE KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.)

The vague and double-meaning phrases of the Lawrence agreement furnished the earliest causes of a renewal of the quarrel. "Did you not pledge yourselves to assist me as sheriff in the arrest of any person against whom I might have a writ?" asked Sheriff Jones of Robinson and Lane in a curt note. "We may have said that we would assist any proper official in the service of any legal process," they replied, standing upon their interpretation.\* This was, of course, the original controversy—slavery burning to enforce her usurpation, freedom determined to defend her birthright. Sheriff Jones had his pockets always full of writs issued in the spirit of persecution, though often baffled by the sharp wits and ready resources of the free-State people, and sometimes defied outright. Little by little, however, the latter became hemmed and bound in the meshes of the various devices and proceedings which the territorial officials evolved by hook and crook out of the bogus laws. President Pierce, in his special message of January 24th, declared what had been done by the Topeka movement to be "of a revolutionary character" which would "become treasonable insurrection if it reach the length of organized resistance."

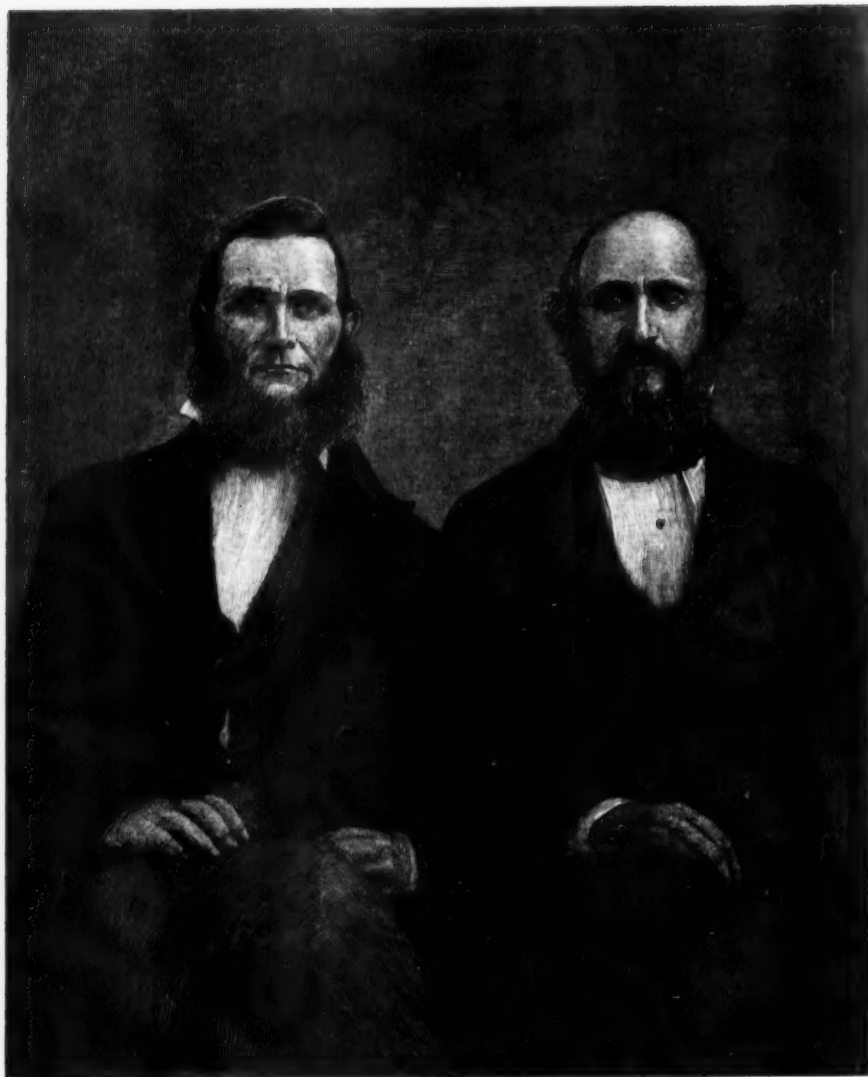
Following this came his proclamation of February 11th, leveled against "combinations formed to resist the execution of the territorial laws." Early in May Chief-Justice Lecompte held a term of his court, during which he delivered to the grand jury his famous instructions on constructive treason. Indictments were found, writs issued, and the principal free-State leaders arrested or forced to flee from the territory. Governor Robinson was

arrested without warrant on the Missouri River, and brought back to be held in military custody till September. Lane went East and recruited additional help for the contest. Meanwhile



CANNON USED IN THE ATTACK ON LAWRENCE. (ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF THE KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.)

\* Holloway, pp. 275, 276.



GOVERNOR CHARLES ROBINSON IN CUSTODY OF CAPTAIN MARTIN, OF THE KICKAPOO RANGERS.\*  
(FROM A DAGUERRETYPE IN POSSESSION OF MRS. ROBINSON.)

\* Governor Robinson being on his way East, the steamboat on which he was traveling stopped at Lexington, Missouri. An unauthorized mob induced the governor, with that gentle persuasiveness in which the Border Ruffians had become adepts, to leave the boat, detaining him at Lexington on the accusation that he was fleeing from an indictment. In a few days an officer came with a requisition from Governor Shannon, and took the prisoner by land to Westport, and afterwards from there to Kansas City and Leavenworth. Here he was placed in the custody of Captain Martin, of the Kickapoo Rangers, who proved a kind jailer, and

materially assisted in protecting him from the dangerous intentions of the mob which at that time held Leavenworth under a reign of terror.

Mrs. Robinson, who has kindly sent us a sketch of the incident, writes: "On the night of the 28th [of May] for greater security General Richardson of the militia slept in the same bed with the prisoner, while Judge Lecompte and Marshal Donaldson slept just outside of the door of the prisoner's room. Captain Martin said, 'I shall give you a pistol to help protect yourself with if worse comes to worst!' In the early morning of the next day, May 29th, a company of

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Sheriff Jones, sitting in his tent at night, in the town of Lawrence, had been wounded by a rifle or pistol ball, in the attempt of some unknown person to assassinate him. The people of Lawrence denounced the deed; but the sheriff hoarded up the score for future revenge. One additional incident served to precipitate the crisis. The House of Representatives at Washington, presided over by Speaker Banks, and under control of the opposition, sent an investigating committee to Kansas, consisting of Wm. A. Howard of Michigan, John Sherman of Ohio, and Mordecai Oliver of Missouri, which, by the examination of numerous witnesses, was probing the Border-Ruffian invasions, the illegality of the bogus legislature, and the enormity of the bogus laws to the very bottom. Ex-Governor Reeder was in attendance on this committee, supplying data, pointing out from personal knowledge sources of information, cross-examining witnesses to elicit the hidden truth. To embarrass this damaging exposure, Judge Lecompte issued a writ against the ex-governor on a frivolous charge of contempt. Claiming but not receiving exemption from the committee, Reeder on his personal responsibility refused to permit the deputy marshal to arrest him. The incident was not violent, nor even dramatic. No posse was summoned, no further effort made, and Reeder, fearing personal violence, soon fled in disguise. But the affair was magnified as a crowning proof that the free-State men were insurrectionists and outlaws.

It must be noted in passing that by this time the territory had by insensible degrees drifted into the condition of civil war. Both parties were zealous, vigilant, and denunciatory. In nearly every settlement suspicion led to apprehension, apprehension to combination for defense, combination to some form of oppression or insult, and so on by easy transitions to arrest and concealment, attack and reprisal, expulsion, theft, house-burning, capture, murder, and massacre. From these, again, sprang barricaded and fortified dwellings, camps and scouting parties, finally culminating in roving guerilla bands, half partisan, half predatory. Their distinctive characters, however, display one broad and unflinching difference. The free-State men clung to their prairie towns and prairie ravines with all the obstinacy and courage of true defenders of their homes and firesides. The pro-slavery

dragoons with one empty saddle came down from the fort, and while the pro-slavery men still slept, the prisoner and his escort were on their way across the prairies to Lecompton in the charge of officers of the United States Army. The governor and other prisoners were kept on the prairie near Lecompton until the 10th of September, 1856, when all were released."—THE AUTHORS.

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parties, unmistakable aliens and invaders, always came from or retired across the Missouri line. Organized and sustained in the beginning by voluntary contributions from that and distant States, they ended by levying forced contributions, by "pressing" horses, food, or arms from any neighborhood they



ANDREW H. REEDER IN DISGUISE. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF THE KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.)

chanced to visit. Their assumed character changed with their changing opportunities or necessities. They were squads of Kansas militia, companies of "peaceful emigrants," or gangs of irresponsible outlaws, to suit the chance, the whim, or the need of the moment.

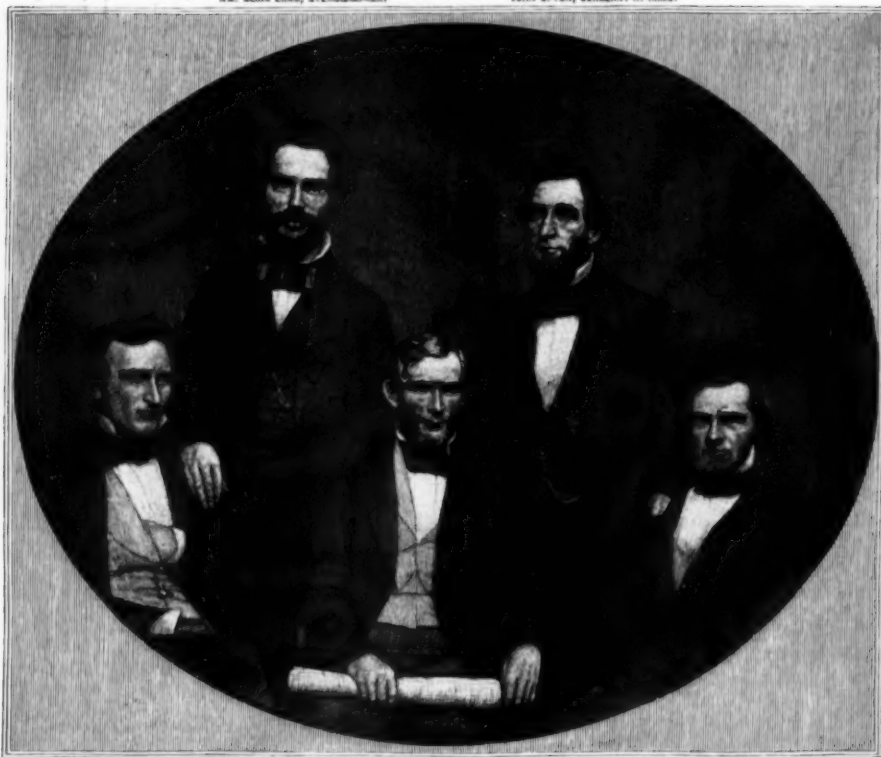
Since the unsatisfactory termination of the "Wakarusa war," certain leaders of the conspiracy had never given up their project of punishing the town of Lawrence. A propitious moment for carrying it out seemed now to have arrived. The free-State officers and leaders were, thanks to Judge Lecompte's doctrine of constructive treason, under indict-

It will interest our readers to know that the former editor-in-chief of THE CENTURY, Dr. J. G. Holland, formed a partnership with Dr. Robinson in 1845, and opened with him a hospital in Springfield, Massachusetts. Circumstances, however, soon led to the discontinuance of this enterprise.—EDITOR CENTURY.



WM. BLAIR LORD, STEPHENGRAPHER.

JOHN UPTON, SERGEANT-AT-ARMS.



WILLIAM A. HOWARD, CHAIRMAN.

WM. BLAIR LORD, STEPHENGRAPHER.

JOHN SHERMAN.

KANSAS INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE. (FROM PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF THE KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.)

ment, arrest, or in flight; the settlers were busy with their spring crops; while the proslavery guerrillas, freshly arrived and full of zeal, were eager for service and distinction. The former campaign against the town had failed for want of justification; therefore they now took pains to provide a pretext which would not shame their assumed character as defenders of law and order. In the shooting of Sheriff Jones in Lawrence, and in the refusal of ex-Governor Reeder to allow the deputy-marshal to arrest him, they discovered grave offenses against the territorial and United States laws. Determined also no longer to trust Governor Shannon, lest he might again make peace, United States Marshal Donaldson issued a proclamation on his own responsibility, on May 11th, 1856, commanding "law-abiding citizens of the territory" "to be and appear at Leocompton, as soon as possible and in numbers sufficient for the execution of the law." \* Moving with

all the promptness and celerity of preconcert, ex-Vice-President Atchison, with his Platte County Rifles and two brass cannon, the Kickapoo Rangers from Leavenworth and Weston, Wilkes, Titus, Buford, and all the rest of the free lances in the territory began to concentrate against Lawrence, giving the marshal in a very few days a "posse" of from five hundred to eight hundred men, † armed for the greater part with United States muskets, some stolen from the Liberty arsenal on their former raid, others distributed to them as Kansas militia by the territorial officers. The governor refused to interfere to protect the threatened town, ‡ though urgently appealed to do so by its citizens, who after somewhat stormy and divided councils resolved on a policy of non-resistance.

They next made application to the marshal, who tauntingly replied that he could not rely on their pledges, and must take the liberty to execute his process in his own time and manner. § The help of Colonel Sumner, command-

\* Memorial, Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. II., p. 74.

† Phillips, "Conquest of Kansas," p. 289-290.

‡ Memorial, Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. II., p. 75.

§ Ibid., p. 77.

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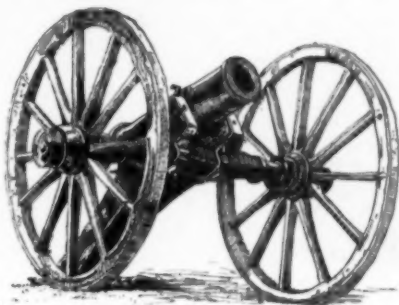


THE FREE-STATE HOTEL, LAWRENCE, KANSAS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF THE KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.)

ing the United States troops, was finally invoked, but his instructions only permitted him to act at the call of the governor or marshal.\* Private parties who had leased the Free-State Hotel vainly besought the various authorities to prevent the destruction of their property. Ten days were consumed in these negotiations; but the spirit of vengeance refused to yield. When the citizens of Lawrence rose on the 21st of May they beheld their town invested by a formidable military force.

During the forenoon the deputy marshal rode leisurely into the town attended by less than a dozen men, being neither molested nor opposed. He summoned half a dozen citizens to join his posse, who followed, obeyed, and assisted him. He as leisurely continued his pretended search and, to give color to his errand, made two arrests. The Free-State Hotel, a stone building in dimensions fifty by seventy feet, three stories high, and handsomely furnished, previously occupied only for lodging-rooms, on that day for the first time opened its table accommodations to the public, and had provided a free dinner in honor of the occasion. The marshal and his posse, including Sheriff Jones, went among other invited guests and enjoyed the proffered hospitality. As he had promised to protect the hotel, the reassured citizens began to laugh at their own fears. To their sorrow they were soon undeceived. The military force, partly rabble, partly organized, had meanwhile moved into the town. To save his official skirts from stain, the deputy marshal now went through the farce of dismissing his entire posse of citizens and Border Ruffians, at which juncture Sheriff Jones made his appearance, claiming

the "posse" as his own. He planted a company before the hotel, and demanded a surrender of the arms belonging to the free-State military companies. Refusal or resistance being out of the question, half a dozen small cannon were solemnly dug up from their buried concealment and, together with a few Sharpe's rifles, formally delivered. Half an hour later, turning a deaf ear to all remonstrance, he gave the proprietors until five o'clock to remove their families and personal property from the Free-State Hotel. Atchison, who had been haranguing the mob, planted his two guns before the building and trained them upon it. The inmates being removed, at the appointed hour a few cannon-balls were fired through the stone walls. This mode of destruction being slow and undramatic, and an attempt to blow it up with gunpowder having proved equally unsat-



CANNON SURRENDERED AT LAWRENCE, MAY 31ST, 1856. (ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF THE KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.)

isfactory, the torch was deliberately applied, and the structure given to the flames.† Other squads had during the same time been sent to the several printing-offices, where they broke the presses, scattered the type, and demolished the furniture. The house of Governor Robinson was also robbed and burned. Very soon the mob was beyond all control, and spreading itself over the town engaged in pillage till the darkness of night arrested it. Meanwhile the chiefs sat on their horses and viewed the work of destruction with open delight.

If we would believe the chief actors, this was the "law-and-order party," executing the mandates of justice. Part and parcel of the affair was the pretense that this exploit of prairie buccaneering had been authorized by Judge Leconte's court, the officials citing in their defense a presentment of his grand jury, declaring the free-State newspapers seditious



RUINS OF THE FREE-STATE HOTEL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN POSSESSION OF THE KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.)

\* Sumner to Shannon, May 12th, 1856. Senate Docs., 3rd Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. V.

† Memorial, Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. II., pp. 73-85.



BREAKING UP A PRO-SLAVERY CAMP.

publications, and the Free-State Hotel a rebellious fortification, and recommending their *abatement* as nuisances.\* The travesty of American government involved in the transaction is too serious for ridicule. In this incident, contrasting the creative and the destructive spirit of the factions, the Emigrant Aid Society of Massachusetts finds its most honorable and triumphant vindication. The whole proceeding was so childish, the miserable plot so transparent, the outrage so gross, as to bring disgust to the better class of Border Ruffians themselves who were witnesses and accessories. The free-State men have recorded the honorable conduct of Colonel Zadock Jackson of Georgia, and Buford of Alabama, as well as of the prosecuting attorney of the county, each of whom denounced the proceedings on the spot.†

#### JEFFERSON DAVIS ON REBELLION.

WHILE the town of Lawrence was yet undergoing burning and pillage, Governor Shannon wrote to Colonel Sumner to say that as the marshal and sheriff had finished making their arrests, and he presumed had by that time dismissed the posse, he required

a company of United States troops to be stationed at Lawrence to secure "the safety of the citizens in both persons and property,"‡ asking also a like company for Leocompton and Topeka. The next day the citizens of Lawrence had the opportunity to smother their indignation when they saw the smoldering embers of the Free-State Hotel and the scattered fragments of their printing-presses patroiled and "protected" by the Federal dragoons whose presence they had so vainly implored a few days before.§ It was high time the governor should move. The sack of Lawrence had unchained the demon of civil war in good earnest. The guerilla bands with their booty spread over the country, and the free-State men rose in a spirit of fierce retaliation. Assassinations, house-burnings, expulsions, and skirmishes broke out with frightful speed in all quarters. The sudden shower of lawlessness fell on the just and the unjust; and, forced at last to deal out

\* Holloway, p. 334.

† Memorial to the President.

‡ Shannon to Sumner, May 21st, 1856. Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. III., p. 38.

§ Sumner to Howard, May 16th, 1856. Ibid., p. 37.

equal protection, the governor (June 4th) issued his proclamation directing military organizations to disperse, "without regard to party, names, or distinctions,"\* and empowering Colonel Sumner to enforce the order.† That careful and discreet officer, who had from the first counseled this policy, at once proceeded to execute the command with his characteristic energy. He disarmed and dispersed the free-State guerillas,—John Brown's among the earliest,—liberated prisoners, drove the Missourians, including delegate Whitfield and General Coffee of the skeleton militia, back across their State line, and stationed five companies along the border to prevent their return. He was so fortunate as to accomplish all this without bloodshed. "I do not think," he wrote, June 23d, "there is an armed body of either party now in the territory, with the exception perhaps of a few freebooters."‡ The colonel found very soon that he was only too efficient and faithful. "My measures have necessarily borne hard against both parties," wrote Sumner to the War Department, "for both have in many instances been more or less wrong. The Missourians were perfectly satisfied so long as the troops were employed exclusively against the free-State party; but when they found that I would be strictly impartial, that lawless mobs could no longer come from Missouri, and that their interference with the affairs of Kansas was brought to an end, then they immediately raised a hue and cry that they were oppressed by the United States troops."§ The complaint had its usual prompt effect at Washington. By orders dated June 27th the colonel was superseded in his command, and Brigadier-General P. F. Smith was sent to Leavenworth. Known to be pro-slavery in his opinions, great advantages were doubtless expected by the conspiracy from this change. But General Smith was an invalid, and incapable of active service; and so far as the official records show, the army officers and troops in Kansas continued to maintain a just impartiality in their dealings with the vexed political quarrel of the day.

The removal of Governor Shannon a few weeks after Colonel Sumner once more made Secretary Woodson, always a willing instrument of the conspiracy, acting governor. It was under this individual's promptings and proclamation, Shannon being absent from the territory, that Colonel Sumner, before the arrival of the orders superseding him, forcibly

dispersed the free-State legislature on the 4th of July, as narrated. For this act the cynical Secretary of War, Jefferson Davis, was not slow to send the colonel an implied censure,|| perhaps to justify his removal from command; but not a word of reproof went from President or Secretary of State to the acting governor.

It has already been stated that for a considerable length of time after the organization of Kansas Territory the Missouri River was its principal highway of approach from the States. To antislavery men who were unwilling to conceal their sentiments, this had from the very first been a route of difficulty and danger. But now that political strife culminated in civil war, the Missourians established a complete practical blockade of the river against Northern men or Northern goods. Recently, however, railroads had been pushed forward across Iowa, and the Northern emigration to Kansas little by little found a new route through that State and Nebraska.

It was about this time that great consternation was created in pro-slavery circles by the report that Lane had arrived at the Iowa border with a "Northern army," exaggerated into fabulous numbers, and intent upon fighting his way to Kansas. Parties headed by Lane and others and aggregating some hundreds had in fact so arrived, and were more or less provided with arms, though they had no open military organization. While spies and patrols were on the lookout for marching companies and regiments, they, concealing their arms, quietly slipped down in detached parties to Lawrence. Thus reinforced and inspired, the free-State men took the aggressive, and by several bold movements broke up a number of pro-slavery camps and gatherings. Greatly exaggerated reports of these affairs were promptly sent to the neighboring Missouri counties, and the Border Ruffians rose almost to a man for a third military invasion of Kansas.

Governor Shannon, not yet notified of his removal, reported to General Smith that Lecompton was threatened with an attack. General Smith, becoming himself alarmed, called together all available force for the protection of the territorial capital, and reported the exigency to the War Department. All the hesitation which had hitherto characterized the instructions of Jefferson Davis, the Secretary of War, in the use of troops otherwise than as an officer's posse, instantly vanished.

\* Shannon Proclamation, June 4th, 1856. Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. III., p. 47.

† Shannon to Sumner, June 4th, 1856. *Ibid.*, p. 45.

‡ Sumner to Cooper, June 23d, 1856. *Ibid.*, p. 50.

§ Sumner to Cooper, Aug. 11th, 1856. Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. III., p. 58.

|| Sumner to Cooper, Aug. 11th, 1856. Endorsement, Aug. 27th, 1856. Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. III., p. 59.

The whole Kansas militia was placed under the orders of General Smith, and requisitions were issued for two regiments from Illinois and two from Kentucky.

"The position of the insurgents," wrote the Secretary, "as shown by your letter and its inclosures, is that of open rebellion against the laws and constitutional authorities, with such manifestation of a purpose to spread devastation over the land as no longer justifies further hesitation or indulgence. To you, as to every soldier, whose habitual feeling is to protect the citizens of his own country, and only to use his arms against a public enemy, it cannot be otherwise than deeply painful to be brought into conflict with any portion of his fellow-countrymen. But patriotism and humanity alike require that rebellion should be promptly crushed, and the perpetration of the crimes which now disturb the peace and security of the good people of the territory of Kansas should be effectually checked. You will therefore energetically employ all the means within your reach to restore the supremacy of the law, always endeavoring to carry out your present purpose to prevent the unnecessary effusion of blood."\*

The cold-blooded Secretary, who could read a description of the sack of Lawrence unmoved, had probably cast his eye upon the Platte county battle-call in the "Weston Argus Extra," which formed one of the general's inclosures.

"So sudden and unexpected has been the attack of the abolitionists that the law-and-order party was unprepared to effectually resist them. To-day the bogus free-State government, we understand, is to assemble at Topeka. The issue is distinctly made up; either the free-State or pro-slavery party is to have Kansas. . . . Citizens of Platte county! the war is upon you, and at your very doors. Arouse yourselves to speedy vengeance and rub out the bloody traitors."†

It was perhaps well that the pro-slavery zeal of General Smith was less ardent than that of Secretary Jefferson Davis, or the American civil war might have begun in Lawrence instead of Charleston. Upon a little fuller information and more mature reflection, the general found that he had no need either of the four regiments from Illinois and Kentucky or Border-Ruffian mobs led by skeleton militia generals, neither of which he had asked for. Both the militia generals and the Missourians were too eager even to wait for an official call. "General" Richardson ordered out his whole division on the strength of the "Argus Extra" and neighborhood reports,‡ and the entire border was already in motion when Acting Governor Woodson issued his proclamation § declaring the territory "to be in a state of open insurrection and rebellion." General Smith found it necessary to direct his first orders against the Border-Ruffian invaders themselves.

\* Jefferson Davis, Secretary of War, to General Smith, Sept. 3d, 1856. Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. III., p. 29.

† August 18th, 1856. Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. III., pp. 76-7.

‡ Richardson to General Smith, August 18th, 1856. Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. III., p. 75.

"It has been rumored for several days," he wrote to his second in command, "that large numbers of persons from the State of Missouri have entered Kansas, at various points, armed, with the intention of attacking the opposite party and driving them from the territory, the latter being also represented to be in considerable force. If it should come to your knowledge that either side is moving upon the other with the view to attack, it will become your duty to observe their movements and prevent such hostile collisions."¶

Lieutenant-Colonel Cooke, upon whom this active field work devolved, because of the general's ill health, concentrated his little command between Lawrence and Lecompton, where he could to some extent exert a salutary check upon the main bodies of both parties, and where he soon had occasion to send a remonstrance to the acting governor that his "militia" was ransacking and burning houses.¶ To the acting governor's mind, such a remonstrance was not a proper way to suppress rebellion. He therefore sent Colonel Cooke a requisition to invest the town of Topeka, disarm the insurrectionists, hold them as prisoners, level their fortifications, and intercept aggressive invaders on "Lane's trail";\*\* all of which demands the officer prudently and politely declined, replying that he was there to assist in serving judicial process, and not to make war on the town of Topeka.††

If, as had been alleged, General Smith was at first inclined to regard the pro-slavery side with favor, their arrogance and excesses soon removed his prejudices, and he wrote an unsparing report of the situation to the War Department.

"In explanation of the position of affairs, lately and now, I may remark that there are more than two opposing parties in the territory. The citizens of the territory who formed the majority in the organization of the territorial government, and in the elections for its legislature and inferior officers, form one party. The persons who organized a State government, and attempted to put it in operation against the authority of that established by Congress, form another. A party, at the head of which is a former Senator from Missouri, and which is composed in a great part of citizens from that State, who have come into this territory armed, under the excitement produced by reports exaggerated in all cases, and in many absolutely false, form the third. There is a fourth, composed of idle men congregated from various parts, who assume to arrest, punish, exile, and even kill all those whom they assume to be bad citizens; that is, those who will not join them or contribute to their maintenance. Every one of these has in its own peculiar way (except some few of the first party) thrown aside all regard to law, and even honesty, and the territory under their sway is ravaged from one end to the other. . . . Until the day before yesterday I was deficient in force

§ August 25th, 1856. Ibid., p. 80.

¶ Deas, A. A. G., to Lieutenant-Colonel Cooke, August 28th, 1856. Ibid., p. 85.

¶ Cooke to Deas, August 31st, 1856. Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. III., p. 89.

\*\* Woodson to Cooke, Sept. 1st, 1856. Ibid., p. 90.

†† Cooke to Woodson, Sept. 2d, 1856. Ibid., p. 91.

\* Smith  
3d Sess.  
† Sec.  
Gen. S.  
3d Sess.



to operate against all these at once; and the acting governor of the territory did not seem to me to take a right view of affairs. If Mr. Atchison and his party had had the direction of affairs, they could not have ordered them more to suit his purpose."\*

All such truth and exposure of the conspiracy, however, was unpalatable at Washington; and Secretary Jefferson Davis, while approving the conduct of Colonel Cooke and expressing confidence in the general, nevertheless curtly indorsed upon his report:

"The only distinction of parties which in a military point of view it is necessary to note is that which distinguishes those who respect and maintain the laws and organized government from those who combine for revolutionary resistance to the constitutional authorities and laws of the land. The armed combination of the latter class come within the denunciation of the President's proclamation and are proper subjects upon which to employ the military force."†

Such was the state of affairs when the third governor of Kansas, newly appointed by President Pierce, arrived in the territory. The Kansas pro-slavery cabal had upon the dismissal of Shannon fondly hoped that one of their own clique, either Secretary Woodson or Surveyor General John Calhoun, would be made executive, and had set on foot active efforts in that direction. In principle and purpose they enjoyed the abundant sympathy of the Pierce administration; but as the presidential election of 1856 was at hand, the success of the Democratic party could not at the moment be endangered by so open and defiant an act of partisanship. It was still essential to placate the wounded antislavery sensibilities of Pennsylvania and other Northern States, and to this end John W. Geary of the Keystone State was nominated by the President and unanimously confirmed by the Senate. He was a man of character and decision, had gone to the Mexican War as a volunteer captain, and had been made a colonel and intrusted with an important command for merit. Afterwards he had served as postmaster, as alcalde, and as mayor of the city of San Francisco in the turbulent gold excitements of 1848-9, and was again made a funding commissioner by the California legislature.‡ Both by nature and experience, therefore, he seemed well fitted to subdue the civil commotions of Kansas.

But the pro-slavery leaders of the territory were very far from relishing or desiring qualifications of this character. In one of their appeals calling upon the Missourians for "assistance in men, provisions, and munitions, that we may drive out the 'Army of the North,'"

they had given the President and the public a piece of their mind about this appointment.

"We have asked the appointment of a successor," said they, "who was acquainted with our condition," with "the capacity to appreciate and the boldness and integrity requisite faithfully to discharge his duty regardless of the possible effect it might have upon the election of some petty politician in a distant State. In his stead we have one appointed who is ignorant of our condition, a stranger to our people; who, we have too much cause to fear, will, if no worse, prove no more efficient to protect us than his predecessors. . . . We cannot await the convenience in coming of our newly appointed governor. We cannot hazard a second edition of imbecility or corruption!"§

Animated by such a spirit, they now bent all their energies upon concentrating a sufficient force in Kansas to crush the free-State men before the new governor could interfere. Acting Governor Woodson had by proclamation declared the territory in a state of "open insurrection and rebellion,"|| and the officers of the skeleton militia were hurriedly enrolling the Missourians, giving them arms, and planting them in convenient camps for a final and decisive campaign.

It was on September 9th, 1856, that Governor Geary and his party landed at Leavenworth. Even on his approach he had already been compelled to note and verify the evidences of civil war. He had met, fleeing from the territory, Governor Shannon, who drew for him a direful picture of the official inheritance to which he had come.¶ While this interview took place, during the landing of the boat at Glasgow, a company of sixty Missouri Border Ruffians was embarking, with wagons, arms, and cannon, and with the open declaration that they were bound for Kansas to hunt and kill "abolitionists."\*\* Similar belligerent preparations were in progress at all the river towns they touched. At Kansas City the vigilance committee of the blockade boarded and searched the boat for concealed "abolitionists." Finally arrived at Leavenworth, the governor saw a repetition of the same scenes,—parades and military control in the streets, fugitives within the inclosure of the fort, and hundreds of minor evidences of lawlessness and a reign of terror.

Governor Geary went at once to the fort, where he spent the day in consultation with General Smith. That same evening he wrote to Secretary of State Marcy a report of the day's impressions which was anything but reassuring—Leavenworth in the hands of armed men committing outrages under the

\* Smith to Cooper, Sept. 10th, 1856. Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. III., p. 80.

† Sec. War, endorsement, Sept. 23d, on letter of Gen. Smith to A. G., Sept. 10th, 1856. Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. III., p. 83.

‡ "Washington Union," August 1st, 1856.

§ Gihon, p. 130.

|| Woodson, Proclamation, August 25th, 1856. Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. III., p. 80.

¶ Gihon, p. 104.

\*\* Gihon, pp. 104-5.

shadow of authority; theft and murder in the streets and on the highways; farms plundered and deserted; agitation, excitement, and utter insecurity everywhere, and the number of troops insufficient to compel peace and order. All this was not the worst, however. Deep in the background stood the sinister apparition of the Atchison cabal.

"I find," wrote he, "that I have not simply to contend against bands of armed ruffians and brigands whose sole aim and end is assassination and robbery — infatuated adherents and advocates of conflicting political sentiments and local institutions — and evil-disposed persons actuated by a desire to obtain elevated positions; but worst of all, against the influence of men who have been placed in authority and have employed all the destructive agents around them to promote their own personal interests at the sacrifice of every just, honorable, and lawful consideration. . . . Such is the condition of Kansas faintly pictured. . . . In making the foregoing statements I have endeavored to give the truth and nothing but the truth. I deem it important that you should be apprised of the actual state of the case; and whatever may be the effect of such revelations, they will be given from time to time without extenuation."\*

Discouraging as he found his new task of administration, Governor Geary grappled with it in a spirit of justice and decision. The day following his interview with General Smith found him at LeCompton, the nominal capital of the territory, where the other territorial officials, Woodson, Calhoun, Donaldson, Sheriff Jones, LeCompte, Cato, and others, constituted the ever-vigilant working force of the Atchison cabal, precisely as had been so truthfully represented to him by General Smith, and as he had so graphically described in his yesterday's letter to Marcy. Paying little heed to their profusely offered advice, he adhered to his determination to judge for himself, and at once issued an inaugural address, declaring that in his official action he would do justice at all hazards, that he desired to know no party and no section, and imploring the people to bury their past strifes, and devote themselves to peace, industry, and the material development of the territory.† As an evidence of his earnestness he simultaneously issued two proclamations,‡ one disbanding the volunteer or Missouri militia lately called into service by Acting Governor Woodson, and the other commanding the immediate enrollment of the true citizen militia of Kansas Territory, this step being taken by the advice of General Smith.§

He soon found that he could not govern

Kansas with paper proclamations alone. His sudden arrival at this particular juncture was evidently an unexpected *contretemps*. While he was preaching and printing his sage admonitions about peace and prosperity at LeCompton, and laboring to change the implements of civil war into plowshares and pruning-hooks, the Missouri raid against Lawrence, officially called into the field by Woodson's proclamation, was about to deal out destruction to that town. A thousand Border Ruffians (at least two eye-witnesses say twenty-five hundred), led by their recognized Missouri chiefs, were at that moment camped within striking distance of the hated "New Boston." Their published address, which declared that "these traitors, assassins, and robbers must now be punished, must now be taught a lesson they will remember," that "Lane's army and its allies must be expelled from the territory," left no doubt of their errand.

This news reached the governor about midnight of his second day in LeCompton. One of the brigadiers of the skeleton militia was apparently in command, and not yet having caught the cue of the governor's intentions, reported the force for orders, "in the field, ready for duty, and impatient to act."|| At about the same hour he received a message from the agent he had sent to Lawrence to distribute copies of his inaugural, that the people of that town were arming and preparing to receive and repel this contemplated attack of the Missourians. The governor was dumfounded at the information. His promises and policy, upon which the ink was not yet dry, were already in jeopardy. Instead of bringing peace his advent was about to open war.

In this contingency the governor took his measures with true military promptness. He immediately dispatched to the Missouri camp Secretary Woodson with copies of his inaugural, and the adjutant-general of the territory with orders to disband and muster out of service the Missouri volunteers,¶ while he himself, at the head of three hundred dragoons and a light battery, moved rapidly to Lawrence, a distance of twelve miles. Entering that town at sunrise, he found a few hundred men hastily organized for defense in the improvised intrenchments and barricades about the place, ready enough to sell their lives, but vastly more willing to intrust their protection to the governor's authority and the Federal

\* Geary to Marcy, Sept. 9th, 1856. Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. II., p. 88.

† Geary, Inaugural Address, Sept. 11th, 1856. Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. III., p. 116.

‡ Geary, Proclamation, Sept. 11th, 1856. Ibid., Vol. II., pp. 93-4.

§ Geary to Marcy, Sept. 12th, 1856. Ibid., p. 95.

|| General Heiskell to Geary, Sept. 11th and 12th, 1856. Gihon, pp. 136-7.

¶ Geary to Marcy, Sept. 16th, 1856. Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. II., p. 107.

troops.\* They listened to his speech and readily promised to obey his requirements.

Since the Missourians had officially reported themselves to him as subject to his orders, the governor supposed that his injunctions, conveyed to them in writing and print, and borne by the Secretary and the adjutant-general of the territory, would suffice to send them back at once to their own borders, and he returned to LeCompton to take up his thorny duties of administration. But though forewarned by ex-Governor Shannon and by General Smith, the governor did not yet realize the temper and purpose of either the cabal conspirators or the Border-Ruffian rank and file. He had just dispatched a military force in another direction to intercept and disarm a raid about to be made by a detachment of Lane's men, when news came to him that the Missourians were still moving upon Lawrence in increased force, that his officers had not yet delivered their orders, and that skirmishing had begun between the outposts.

Menaced thus with dishonor on one side and contempt on the other, he gathered all his available Federal troops, and hurrying forward posted them between Lawrence and the invaders. Then he went to the Missouri camp, where the true condition of affairs began to dawn upon him. All the Border-Ruffian chiefs were there, headed by Atchison in person, who was evidently the controlling force, though a member of the legislature of the State of Missouri, named Reid, exercised nominal command.† He found his orders unheeded and on every hand mutterings of impatience and threats of defiance. These invading aliens had not the least disposition



JOHN W. GEARY (1866).  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DRAPER & HUSTED.)

to receive commands as Kansas militia; they invoked that name only as a cloak to shield them from the legal penalties due their real character as organized banditti.

The governor called the chiefs together and made them an earnest harangue. He explained to them his conciliatory policy, read his instructions from Washington, affirmed his determination to keep peace, and appealed personally to Atchison to aid him in enforcing law and preserving order. That wily chief, seeing that refusal would put him in the attitude of a law-breaker, feigned a ready compliance, and he and Reid, his factotum commander, made eloquent speeches "calculated to produce submission to the legal demands made upon

them."‡ Some of the lesser captains, however, were mutinous, and treated the governor to choice bits of Border-Ruffian rhetoric. Law and violence vibrated in uncertain balance, when Colonel Cooke, commanding the Federal troops, took the floor and cut the knot of discussion in a summary way. "I felt called upon to say some words myself," he writes naively, "appealing to these militia officers as an old resident of Kansas and friend to the Missourians to submit to the patriotic demand that they should retire,

\* Colonel Cooke to Porter, A. A. G., Sept. 13th, 1856. Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. III., p. 113.

† Wilder, p. 108; Gihon, p. 152.

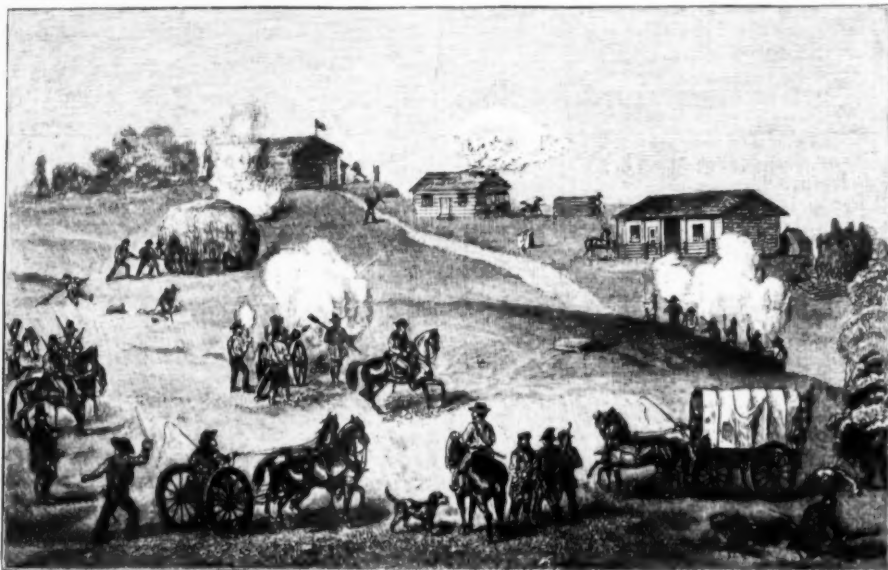
‡ Colonel Cooke to Porter, Sept. 16th, 1856. Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. III., p. 121.



HOUSE OCCUPIED BY GOVERNOR GEARY.

assuring them of my perfect confidence in the inflexible justice of the governor, and that it would become my painful duty to sustain him at the cannon's mouth." \* This argument was decisive. The valiant border chiefs felt willing enough to lead their awkward squads against the slight barricades of Lawrence, but quailed at the unlooked-for prospect of encountering the carbines and sabers of half a regiment of regular dragoons and the grape-shot of a well-drilled light battery. They accepted the inevitable; and swallowing their rage and still nursing their revenge, they consented perforce to retire and be "honorably" mustered out. But for this narrow contingency Lawrence would have been sacked by

of a "muster out," rather than the fine, imprisonment, or halter which the full execution of their design would render them liable to, another detachment of Federal dragoons was enforcing the bogus laws upon a company of free-State men who had just had a skirmish with another detachment of this same invading army of Border Ruffians, at a place called Hickory Point. The encounter itself had all the usual characteristics of the dozens of similar affairs which occurred during this prolonged period of border warfare—a neighborhood feud; neighborhood violence; the appearance of organized bands for retaliation; the taking of forage, animals, and property; the fortifying of two or three log-houses by a pro-slavery



DRAWN BY WILLIAM BREYMAN.

LITHOGRAPHED BY J. H. BUFFORD.

BATTLE OF HICKORY POINT. (IN POSSESSION OF THE KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.)

the direct agency of the territorial cabal a second time.

Nothing could more forcibly demonstrate the unequal character of the contest between the slave-State and the free-State men in Kansas, even in these manoeuvres and conflicts of civil war, than the companion exploit to this third Lawrence raid. The day before Governor Geary, seconded by the "cannon" argument of Colonel Cooke, was convincing the reluctant Missourians that it was better to accept, as a reward for their unfinished expedition, the pay, rations, and honorable discharge

company then on its way to join in the Lawrence attack, and finally the appearance of a more numerous free-State party to dislodge them. The besieging column, some three hundred and fifty in number, had brought up a brass four-pounder, lately captured from the pro-slavery men, and with this and their rifles kept up a long-range fire for about six hours, when the garrison of Border Ruffians capitulated on condition of being allowed "honorably" to evacuate their stronghold and retire. The casualties were one man killed and several wounded.†

\* Cooke to Porter, Sept. 16th, 1856. Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. III., p. 122.

† Examination, Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. II., pp. 156-169.

The rejoicing of the free-State men over this not too brilliant victory was short-lived. Returning home in separate squads, they were successively intercepted by the Federal dragoons acting as a posse to the Deputy United States Marshal,\* who arrested them on civil writs obtained in haste by an active member of the territorial cabal, and to the number of eighty-nine † were taken prisoners to Lecompton. So far the affair had been of such frequent occurrence as to have become commonplace — a frontier "free fight," as they themselves described and regarded it. But now it took on a truly remarkable aspect. Sterling G. Cato, one of the pro-slavery territorial judges, had been found by Governor Geary in the Missouri camp drilling and doing duty as a soldier, ‡ ready and doubtless more than willing to take part in the projected sack of Lawrence. This Federal judge, as open a law-breaker as these Hickory Point prisoners (the two affairs really forming part of one and the same enterprise), now seated himself on his judicial bench and committed the whole party for trial on charge of murder in the first degree; § and at the October term of his court proceeded to try and condemn to penalties prescribed by the bogus laws some eighteen or twenty of these prisoners, for offenses in which in equity and good morals



GENERAL F. ST. GEORGE COOKE (1861).  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY WHITENURST.)

\* Captain Wood to Colonel Cooke, Sept. 16th, 1856. Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. III., pp. 123-126.

† Geary to Marcy, October 1st, 1856. Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. II., p. 156.

‡ Gihon, p. 158.

§ Record of examination, Senate Docs., 3d Sess. 34th Cong. Vol. II., p. 169.

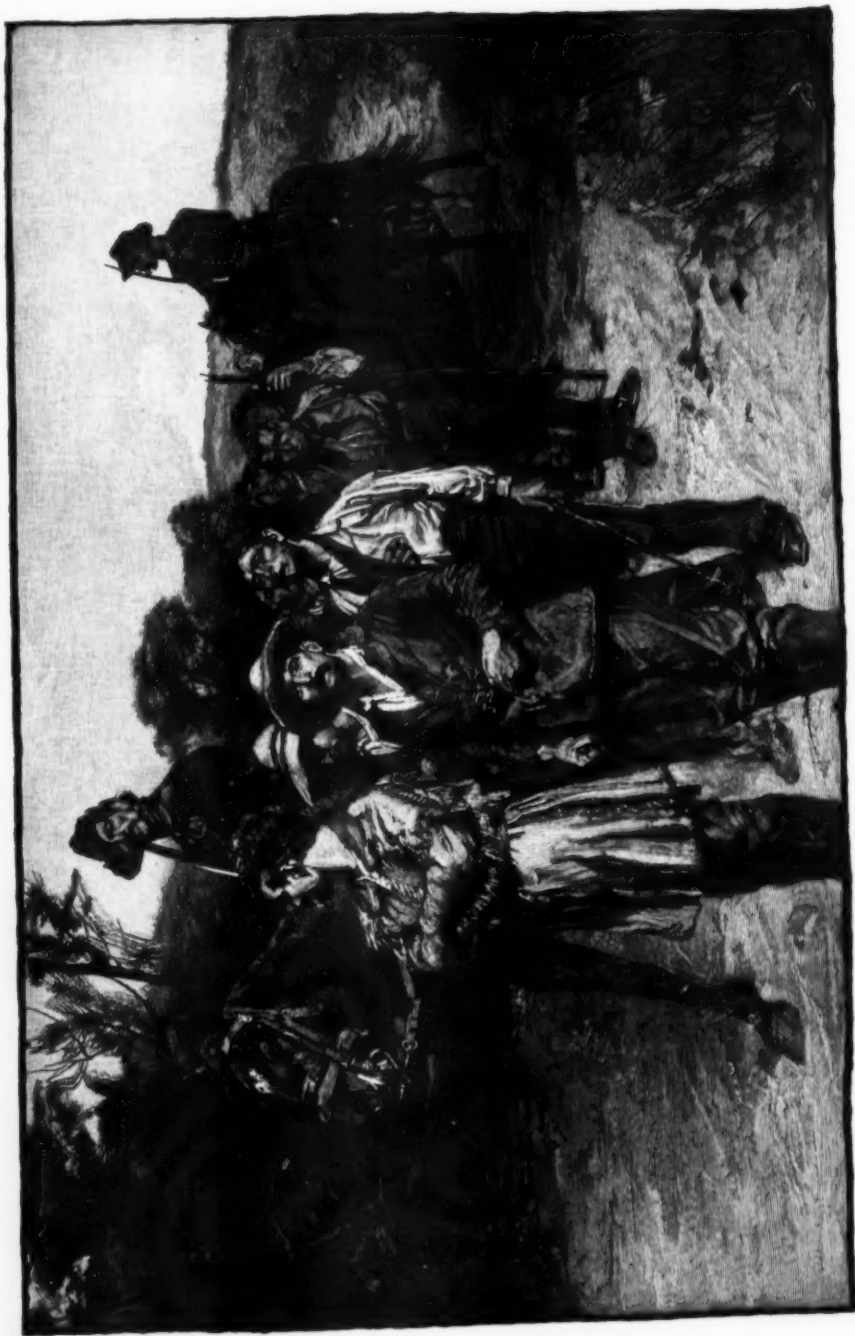


DRAWN BY WILLIAM BREYMAN.

IN LECOMPTON PRISON. (IN POSSESSION OF THE KANSAS HISTORICAL SOCIETY.)

LITHOGRAPHED BY J. H. BUFFORD.





FREE-STATE PRISONERS ON THEIR WAY TO LECOMPTON.

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he was personally *particeps criminis* — some of the convicts being held in confinement until the following March, when they were pardoned by the governor.\* *Inter arma silent leges*, say the publicists; but in this particular instance the license of guerilla war, the fraudulent statutes of the territory, and the laws of Congress were combined and perverted with a satanic ingenuity in furtherance of this wretched conspiracy.

The vigorous proceedings of Governor Geary, the forced retirement of the Missourians on the one hand, and the arrest and conviction of the free-State partisans on the other, had the effect to bring the guerilla war to an abrupt termination. The retribution had fallen very unequally upon the two parties to the conflict,† but this was due to the legal traps and pitfalls prepared with such artful design by the Atchison conspiracy, and not to the personal indifference or ill-will of the governor. He strove sincerely to restore impartial administration; he completed the disbandment of the territorial militia, reënlisting into the Federal service one pro-slavery and one free-State company for police duty. By the end of September he was enabled to write to Washington that "peace now reigns in Kansas." Encouraged by this success in allaying guerilla strife, he next endeavored to break up the existing political persecution and intrigues.

It was not long, however, before Governor Geary became conscious, to his great surprise and mortification, that he had been nominated and sent to Kansas as a partisan manoeuvre, and not to institute administrative reforms; that his instructions, written during the presidential campaign, to tranquillize Kansas by

his "energy, impartiality, and discretion,"‡ really meant that after Mr. Buchanan was elected he should satisfy the Atchison cabal.

In less than six months after he had come to the territory, clothed with the executive authority, speaking the President's voice, and representing the unlimited military power of the republic, he, the third Democratic governor of Kansas, was, like his predecessors, in secret and ignoble flight from the province he had so trustfully come to rule, contemned and execrated by his party associates, abandoned and disgraced by the Administration which had appointed him, and without protection to guard him from the assault of highwayman or assassin. Humiliating as was this local conspiracy to plant servitude in Kansas, a more aggressive political movement to nationalize slavery in all the Union was about to eclipse it.

#### THE CONVENTIONS OF 1856.

IN the State of Illinois, the spring of the year 1856 saw an almost spontaneous impulse toward the formation of a new party. As already described, it was a transition period in politics. The disorganization of the Whig party was materially increased and hastened by the failure, two years before, to make Lincoln a Senator. On the other hand, the election of Trumbull served quite as effectively to consolidate the Democratic rebellion against Douglas in his blind determination to make the support of his Nebraska bill a test of party orthodoxy. Many of the Northern counties formed "Republican" organizations in the two previous years; but the name was entirely local, while the opposition, not yet united, but fighting in factions against the Nebraska bill, only

\* Gihon, pp. 142-3. Geary, Executive Minutes, Senate Docs., 1st Sess. 35th Cong. Vol. VI., p. 195.

† The Kansas territorial legislature, in the year 1859, by which time local passion had greatly subsided, by law empowered a non-partisan board of three commissioners to collect sworn testimony concerning the ravages of the civil war in Kansas, with a view of obtaining indemnity from the General Government for the individual sufferers. These commissioners, after a careful examination, made an official report, from which may be gleaned an interesting summary in numbers and values of the harvest of crime and destruction which the Kansas contest produced, and which report can be relied upon, since eye-witnesses and participants of both parties freely contributed their testimony at the invitation of the commissioners.

The commissioners fixed the period of the war as beginning about November 1st, 1855, and continuing until about December 1st, 1856. They estimated that the entire loss and destruction of property, including the cost of fitting out the various expeditions, amounted to an aggregate of not less than \$2,000,000. Fully one-half of this loss, they thought, was directly sustained by actual settlers of Kansas. They received petitions and took testimony in 463 cases. They reported 417 cases as

‡ Marcy to Geary, August 26th, 1856. Gihon, p. 272.

entitled to indemnity. The detailed figures and values of property destroyed are presented as follows:

"Amount of crops destroyed, \$37,349.61; number of buildings burned and destroyed, 78; horses taken or destroyed, 368; cattle taken or destroyed, 533. Amount of property owned by pro-slavery men, \$77,198.99; property owned by free-State men, \$335,779.04; property taken or destroyed by pro-slavery men, \$318,718.63; property taken or destroyed by free-State men, \$94,529.40."

About the loss of life the commissioners say, "Although not within our province, we may be excused for stating that, from the most reliable information that we have been able to gather, by the secret warfare of the guerilla system, and in well-known encounters, the number of lives sacrificed in Kansas during the period mentioned probably exceeded rather than fell short of two hundred. . . . That the excitement in the Eastern and Southern States, in 1856, was instigated and kept up by garbled and exaggerated accounts of Kansas affairs, published in the Eastern and Southern newspapers, is true, most true; but the half of what was done by either party was never chronicled!" — House Reports, 2d Sess. 36th Cong. Vol. III., Part 1, pp. 90 and 93.

acknowledged political affinity under the general term of the "Anti-Nebraska" party.

In the absence of any existing party machinery, some fifteen editors of anti-Nebraska newspapers met for conference at Decatur on the 22d of February and issued a call for a delegate State convention of the "Anti-Nebraska party," to meet at Bloomington on the 29th of May. Prominent leaders, as a rule, hesitated to commit themselves by their presence at Decatur. Not so with Mr. Lincoln. He could not attend the deliberations as an editor; but he doubtless lent his suggestion and advice, for we find him among the distinguished guests and speakers at the banquet which followed the business session, and toasts to his candidacy as "the next United States Senator" show that his leadership had suffered no abatement. The assembled editors purposely set the Bloomington convention for a somewhat late day in the campaign, and before the time arrived, the political situation in the State was already much more clearly defined.

One factor which greatly baffled the calculations and forecast of politicians was the existence of the Know-Nothing or American party. It was apparent to all that this order or affiliation had during the past two years spread into Illinois, as into other States. But as its machinery and action were secret, and as no general election had occurred since 1854 to exhibit its numerical strength, its possible scope and influence could only be vaguely estimated. Still it was clearly present as a positive force. Its national council had in February at Philadelphia nominated Fillmore and Donelson as a presidential ticket; but the preponderating Southern membership forced an indorsement of the Kansas-Nebraska act into its platform, which destroyed the unity and power of the party, driving the Northern delegates to a bolt. Nevertheless many Northern voters, indifferent to the slavery issue, still sought to maintain its organization; and thus in Illinois the State Council met early in May, ratified the nomination of Fillmore for President, and nominated candidates for governor and other State offices.\*

The Democratic party, or rather so much of that party as did not openly repudiate the policy and principle of the Kansas-Nebraska act, made early preparations for a vigorous campaign. The great loss in prestige and numbers he had already sustained admonished Douglas that his political fortunes hung in a doubtful balance. But he was a bold and aggressive leader, to whom controversy and party warfare were rather an inspiration than a discouragement. Under his guidance, the Democratic State con-

vention nominated for governor of Illinois William A. Richardson, late a member of the House of Representatives, in which body as chairman of the Committee on Territories he had been the leader to whom the success of the Nebraska bill was specially intrusted, and where his somewhat unscrupulous parliamentary management had contributed materially to the final passage of that measure.

Thus the attitude of opposing factions and the unorganized unfolding of public opinion, rather than any mere promptings or combinations of leaders, developed the cause of the anti-Nebraska men of Illinois. Out of this condition sprang directly one important element of future success. Richardson's candidacy, long foreshadowed, was seen to require an opposing nominee of unusual popularity. He was found in the person of Colonel William H. Bissell, late a Democratic representative in Congress, where he had denounced disunion in 1850, and opposed the Nebraska bill in 1854. He had led a regiment to the Mexican war, and fought gallantly at the battle of Buena Vista. His military laurels easily carried him into Congress; but the exposures of the Mexican campaign also burdened him with a disease which paralyzed his lower limbs, and compelled retirement from active politics after his second term. He was now, however, once more recovering; and having already exhibited civic talents of a high order, the popular voice made light of his physical infirmity, and his friends declared their readiness to match the brains of Bissell against the legs of his opponents.

One piece of his history rendered him specially acceptable to young and spirited Western voters. His service in Congress began amid exciting debates over the Compromise measures of 1850, when the Southern fire-eaters were already rampant and reckless. Seddon of Virginia, in his eagerness to depreciate the North and glorify the South, affirmed in a speech that at the battle of Buena Vista, "at that most critical juncture when all seemed lost save honor," amid the discomfort and rout of "the brave but unfortunate troops of the North through a mistaken order," "the noble regiment of Mississippians" had snatched victory from the jaws of death.† Replying some days later to Seddon's innuendo, Bissell, competent by his presence on the battlefield to bear witness, retorted that when the 2d Indiana gave way, it was McKee's 2d Kentucky, Hardin's 1st Illinois, and Bissell's 2d Illinois which had retrieved the fortunes of the hour, and that the vaunted Mississippi regiment was not within a mile and a half of the scene of action. Properly this was an issue of veracity between Seddon and Bissell, of

\* "History of Illinois," Davidson and Stuvé, p. 648.

† January 23d, 1850; "Globe," app. 78.

easy solution. But Jefferson Davis, who commanded the Mississippi regiment in question, began an interchange of notes with Bissell which from the first smelt of gunpowder. Were his reported remarks correct? asked Davis in substance. Bissell answered, repeating the language of his speech and defining the spot and the time to which it applied, adding, "I deem it due, in justice alike to myself and the Mississippi regiment, to say that I made no charge against that regiment." Davis persisting, then asked, in substance, whether he meant to deny General Lane's official report that "the regiment of Mississippians came to the rescue at the proper time to save the fortunes of the day." Bissell rejoined, "My remarks had reference to a different time and place from those referred to by General Lane."

At this point both parties might with great propriety have ended the correspondence. Sufficient inquiry had been met by generous explanation. But Davis, apparently determined to push Bissell to the wall, now sent his challenge. This time, however, he met his match in courage. Bissell named an officer of the army as his second, instructing him to suggest as weapons "muskets, loaded with ball and buckshot." The terms of combat do not appear to have been formally proposed between the friends who met to arrange matters, but they were evidently understood; for the affair was hushed up, with the simple addition to Bissell's first reply that he was willing to award the Mississippi regiment "the credit due to their gallant and distinguished services in that battle."

The Bloomington convention came together according to call on the 29th of May. By this time the active and observant politicians of the State had become convinced that the anti-Nebraska struggle was not a mere temporary and insignificant "abolition" excitement, but a deep and abiding political issue, involving in the fate of slavery the fate of the nation. Minor and past differences were therefore generously postponed or waived in favor of a hearty coalition on the single dominant question. A most notable gathering of the clans was the result. About one-fourth of the counties sent regularly chosen delegations; the rest were volunteers. In spirit and enthusiasm, therefore, it was rather a mass-meeting than a convention; but every man present was in some sort a leader in his own locality. The assemblage was much more representative than similar bodies gathered by the ordinary caucus machinery. It was an earnest and determined council of five or six hundred cool, sagacious, independent thinkers, called together by a great public exigency, led and directed by the first minds of the State.

Not only did it show a brilliant array of eminent names, but a remarkable contrast of former antagonisms: Whigs, Democrats, Free-soilers, Know-nothings, Abolitionists; Judd, Yates, Peck, Swett, Trumbull, Davis, Lovejoy, Browning, Coddington, Williams, and many more. Chief among these, as adviser and actor, was Abraham Lincoln.

Rarely has a deliberative body met under circumstances more exciting than did this one. The Congressional debates at Washington and the civil war in Kansas were each at a culmination of passion and incident. Within ten days Sumner had been struck down in the Senate, and the town of Lawrence sacked by the guerilla posse of Atchison and Sheriff Jones. Ex-Governor Reeder, of that suffering territory, addressed the citizens of Bloomington and the earliest-arriving delegates on the evening of the 28th, bringing the very atmosphere of the Kansas conflict into the convention itself.

The convention met and conducted its work with earnestness and dignity. Bissell, already designated by unmistakable popular indications, was nominated for governor by acclamation. The candidate for lieutenant-governor was named in like manner. So little did the convention think or care about the mere distribution of political honors on the one hand, and so much, on the other, did it regard and provide for the success of the cause, that it did not even ballot for the remaining candidates on the State ticket, but deputed to a committee the task of selecting and arranging them, and adopted its report as a whole and by acclamation. The more difficult task of drafting a platform was performed by another committee, with such prudence that it too received a unanimous acceptance. It boldly adopted the Republican name, formulated the Republican creed, and the convention further appointed delegates to the coming Republican national convention.

There were stirring speeches by eloquent leaders, eagerly listened to and vociferously applauded; but scarcely a man stirred from his seat in the crowded hall until Mr. Lincoln had been heard. Every one felt the fitness of his making the closing argument and exhortation, and right nobly did he honor their demand. A silence full of emotion filled the assembly as for a moment before beginning his tall form stood in commanding attitude on the rostrum, the impressiveness of his theme and the significance of the occasion reflected in his thoughtful and earnest features. The spell of the hour was visibly upon him; and holding his audience in rapt attention, he closed in a brilliant peroration with an appeal to the people to join the Republican standard, to



"Come as the winds come, when forests are reared;  
Come as the waves come, when navies are stranded."

The influence was irresistible; the audience rose and acknowledged the speaker's power with cheer upon cheer. Unfortunately the speech was never reported; but its effect lives vividly in the memory of all who heard it, and it crowned his right to popular leadership in his own State, which thereafter was never disputed.

The organization of the Republican party for the nation at large proceeded very much in the same manner as that for the State of Illinois. Pursuant to separate preliminary correspondence and calls from State committees, a general meeting of prominent Republicans or anti-Nebraska politicians from all parts of the North, and even from a few border slave States, came together at Pittsburgh on Washington's birthday, February 22d. Ohio, New York, and Pennsylvania sent the largest contingents; but around this great central nucleus were gathered small but earnest delegations, aggregating between three and four hundred zealous leaders, representing twenty-eight States and territories. It was merely an informal mass convention; but many of the delegates were men of national character, each of whose names was itself a sufficient credential. Above all, the members caught the inspiration of wisdom from their opportunity; they were cautious, moderate, conciliatory, and unambitious to act beyond the requirements of the hour. They contented themselves with the usual parliamentary routine; appointed a committee on national organization; issued a call for a delegate convention; and adopted and put forth a stirring address to the country. Their resolutions were brief, and formulated but four demands: the repeal of all laws which allow the introduction of slavery into territories once consecrated to freedom; resistance by constitutional means to slavery in any United States territory; the immediate admission of Kansas as a free State, and the overthrow of the present national Administration.

In response to the official call embodied in the Pittsburgh address, the first national convention of the Republican party met at Philadelphia on the 17th of June, 1856. The character and dignity of the Pittsburgh proceedings assured the new party of immediate prestige and acceptance; with so favorable a sponsorship it sprang full-armed into the political conflict. That conflict which opened the year with the long congressional contest over the speakership, and which found its only solution in the choice of Banks by a plurality vote, had been fed by fierce congressional debates, by presidential messages and proclama-

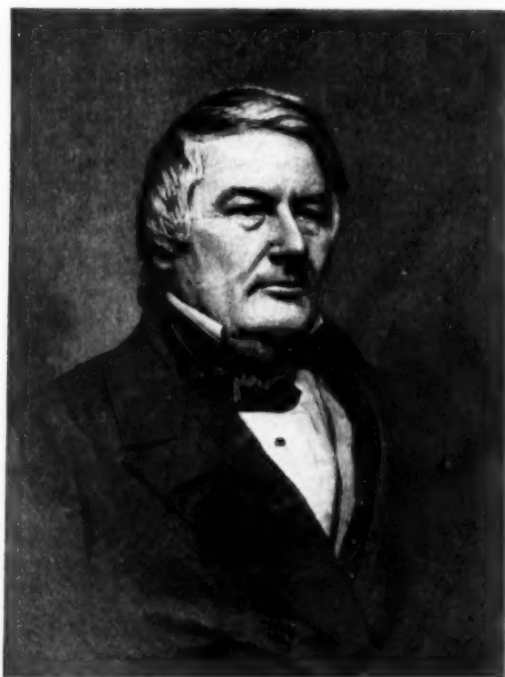
tions, by national conventions, by the Sumner assault, by the Kansas war; the body politic throbbed with activity and excitement in every fiber. Every free State and several border States and territories were represented in the Philadelphia convention; its regular and irregular delegates counted nearly a full thousand of eager local leaders, full of the zeal of new proselytes.

The party was too young and its prospect of immediate success altogether too slender to develop any serious rivalry for a presidential nomination. Because its strength lay evidently among the former adherents of the now dissolved and abandoned Whig party, Seward naturally took highest rank in leadership; after him stood Chase as the representative of the independent Democrats, who, bringing fewer voters, had nevertheless contributed the main share of the courageous pioneer work. It is, however, a just tribute to their sagacity that they were willing to wait for the maturer strength and riper opportunities of the new organization. Mr. Justice McLean of the Supreme Bench, an eminent jurist, a faithful Whig, whose character happily combined both the energy and the conservatism of the great West, also had a large following; but as might have been expected, the convention found a more typical leader, young in years, daring in character, brilliant in exploit; and after one informal ballot it nominated John C. Frémont of California. The credit of the selection and its successful management has been popularly awarded to Francis P. Blair, senior, somewhat famous as the talented and powerful newspaper lieutenant of President Jackson; but it was rather an intuitive popular choice, which at the moment seemed so indisputably appropriate as to preclude necessity for artful intrigue.

There was a dash of romance in the personal history of Frémont which gave his nomination a high popular relish. Of French descent, born in Savannah, Georgia, orphaned at an early age, he acquired a scientific education largely by his own unaided efforts in private study; a sea voyage as teacher of mathematics, and employment in a railroad survey through the then wilderness of the Tennessee Mountains, developed the taste and the qualifications that made him useful as an assistant in Nicollet's scientific exploration of the great plateau where the Mississippi River finds its sources, and secured his appointment as second lieutenant of topographical engineers. These labors brought him to Washington, where the same Gallic restlessness and recklessness which had rendered the restraint of schools insupportable brought about an attachment, elopement, and

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MILLARD FILLMORE. (FROM A DAGUERRETYPE.)

marriage with the daughter of Senator Benton of Missouri.

Reconciliation followed in good time; and the unexplored great West being Benton's peculiar hobby, through his influence Frémont was sent with an exploring party to the Rocky Mountains. Under his command similar expeditions were repeated again and again to that yet mysterious wonderland; and never were the wildest fictions read with more avidity than his official reports of daily adventure and danger and discovery, of scaling unclimbed mountains, wrecking his canoes on the rapids of unvisited rivers, parleying or battling with hostile Indians, or facing starvation while hemmed in by trackless snows. One of these journeys had led him to the Pacific coast when our war with Mexico let loose the spirit of revolution in the then Mexican province of California. With the abandon of a petrel in a storm, Frémont joined his little company of explorers to the insurrectionary faction, organized the revolt, improvised and took command of a mounted regiment, overturned the tottering local Mexican authority and put her remnant of officials to flight, setting up instead a temporary government under a declaration of independence.

With others he skillfully assisted in turning this movement into a conquest of the country for the United States; and when through the famous gold discoveries California was soon afterwards organized and admitted as a new State of the Union, Frémont became for a brief period one of her first United States Senators.

So salient a record could not well be without strong contrasts, and of these unsparing criticism took advantage. High romance was changed to merciless ridicule by thousands of sharp newspaper quills in the savage dissections to which presidential candidates are subjected. Hostile journals delineated Frémont as a shallow, vainglorious, "woolly-horse," "mule-eating," "free-love," "nigger-embracing" black Republican; an extravagant, insubordinate, reckless adventurer; a financial spendthrift and political mountebank. As the reading public is not always skillful in winnowing truth from libel when artfully mixed in print, even the grossest calumnies were not without their effect in contributing to his defeat. To the sanguine zeal of the new Republican party, however, Frémont was for the hour a heroic and ideal leader; for upon the vital point at issue, his antislavery votes and

clear declarations satisfied every doubt and inspired unlimited confidence.

However picturesquely Frémont for the moment loomed up as the standard-bearer of the Republican party, future historical interest centers upon the second act of the Philadelphia convention. It shows us how strangely to human wisdom vibrate the delicately balanced scales of fate; or rather how inscrutable

being scattered among thirteen other names.\* The dominating thought of the convention being the assertion of principle, and not the promotion of men, there was no further contest;† and though Mr. Dayton had not received a majority support, his nomination was nevertheless at once made unanimous. Those who are familiar with the eccentricities of nominating conventions when in this listless and drift-



JOHN C. FRÉMONT. (FROM A STEEL PLATE IN POSSESSION OF MRS. FRÉMONT.)

and yet how unerring are the far-reaching processes of divine providence. The principal candidate having been selected without contention or delay, the convention proceeded to a nomination for Vice-President. On the first informal ballot William L. Dayton of New Jersey received 259 votes and Abraham Lincoln of Illinois 110; the remaining votes

being scattered among thirteen other names.\* The dominating thought of the convention being the assertion of principle, and not the promotion of men, there was no further contest;† and though Mr. Dayton had not received a majority support, his nomination was nevertheless at once made unanimous. Those who are familiar with the eccentricities of nominating conventions when in this listless and drift-

\* For David Wilmot of Pennsylvania, 43; Preston King of New York, 9; Charles Sumner of Massachusetts, 36; Thomas H. Ford of Ohio, 7; Cassius M. Clay of Kentucky, 3; Jacob Collamer of Vermont, 15; William F. Johnston of Pennsylvania, 2; Nathaniel P. Banks of Massachusetts, 46; Henry Wilson of Massachusetts, 7; William Pennington of New Jersey, 1; — Carey of New Jersey, 3; S. C. Pomeroy of Kansas, 8; J. R. Gid-

dings of Ohio, 2. The vote in detail for Lincoln was: Maine, 1; New Hampshire, 8; Massachusetts, 7; Rhode Island, 2; New York, 3; Pennsylvania, 11; Ohio, 2; Indiana, 26; Illinois, 33; Michigan, 5; California, 12.

† Mr. T. S. Van Dyke, son of one of the delegates to Philadelphia, kindly writes us: "Nothing that Mr. Lincoln has ever written is more characteristic than the following note from him to my father just after the

humanity had the Rebellion, even then being vaguely devised by Southern Hotspurs, burst upon the nation in the winter of 1856, with the nation's sword of commander-in-chief in the hand of the impulsive Frémont, and Lincoln, inheriting the patient wariness and cool blood of three generations of pioneers and Indian-fighters, wielding only the powerless gavel of Vice-President? But the hour of destiny had not yet struck.

The platform devised by the Philadelphia convention was unusually bold in its affirmations, and most happy in its phraseology. Not only did it "deny the authority of Congress, or of a territorial legislature, of any individual or association of individuals, to give legal existence to slavery in any territory of the United States;" it further "Resolved, that the Constitution confers upon Congress sovereign power over the territories of the United States for their government, and that in the exercise of this power it is both the right and the duty of Congress to prohibit in the territories those twin relics of barbarism,—polygamy and slavery." At Buchanan, recently nominated by the Democratic National Convention in Cincinnati, it aimed a barbed shaft: "Resolved, that the highwayman's plea that 'might makes right,' embodied in the Ostend circular, was in every respect unworthy of American diplomacy, and would bring shame and dishonor upon any government or people that gave it their sanction." It demanded the maintenance of the principles of the Declaration of Independence, of the Federal Constitution, of the rights of the States, and the union of the States. It favored a Pacific railroad, congressional appropriations for national rivers and harbors; it affirmed liberty of conscience and equality of rights; it arraigned the policy of the Administration; demanded the immediate admission of Kansas as a State, and invited "the affiliation and coöperation of men of all parties, however differing from them in other respects, in support of the principles declared."

The nominees and platform of the Philadelphia convention were accepted by the opposition voters of the free States with an alacrity and an enthusiasm beyond the calculation of even the most sanguine; and in November a vote was recorded in their support which, though then unsuccessful, laid the secure foundation of an early victory, and permanently established a great party destined to carry the country through trials and vicissitudes equal in

convention—not for publication, but merely as a private expression of his feelings to an old acquaintance:

"SPRINGFIELD, ILL., June 27, 1856.

"HON. JOHN VAN DYKE.

"MY DEAR SIR: Allow me to thank you for your kind notice of me in the Philadelphia convention.



WILLIAM L. DAYTON.  
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MOSES E. ERTZ.)

magnitude and results to any which the world had hitherto witnessed.

In the present year none of the presidential honors were reserved for the State of Illinois. While Lincoln thus narrowly missed a nomination for the second place on the Republican ticket, his fellow-citizen and competitor, Douglas, failed equally to obtain the nomination he so much coveted as the candidate of the Democratic party. The Democratic national convention had met at Cincinnati on the 2d day of June, 1856. If Douglas flattered himself that such eminent services as he had rendered the South would now find their reward, his disappointment must have been severe. A frequent phenomenon of human nature again occurred. While the benefits he had conferred were lightly estimated or totally forgotten, former injuries inflicted in his name were keenly remembered and resented. But three prominent candidates, Buchanan, Pierce, and Douglas, were urged upon the convention. The indiscreet crusade of Douglas's friends against "old fogies" in 1852 had defeated Buchanan and nominated Pierce; now, by the turn of political fortune, Buchanan's friends were able to wipe out the double score by defeating both Pierce and Douglas. The bulk of the Southern delegates seem to have been guided by the mere instinct of present utility; they voted to renominate Pierce,

"When you meet Judge Dayton present my respects, and tell him I think him a far better man than I for the position he is in, and that I shall support both him and Colonel Frémont most cordially. Present my best respects to Mrs. V., and believe me, Yours truly,

"A. LINCOLN."

because of his subservient Kansas policy, forgetting that Douglas had not only begun it, but was their strongest future ally to continue it. When after a day of fruitless balloting they changed their votes to Douglas, Buchanan, the so-called "old fogey," just returned from the English mission, and therefore not handicapped by present personal jealousies and heart-burnings, had secured the firm adhesion of a decided majority, mainly from the North.\* The "two-thirds rule" was not yet fulfilled, but at this juncture the friends of Pierce and Douglas yielded to the inevitable, and withdrew their favorites in the interest of "harmony." On the seventeenth ballot, therefore, and the fifth day of the convention, James Buchanan of Pennsylvania became the unanimous nominee of the Democratic party for President, and John C. Breckinridge of Kentucky for Vice-President.

The famous "Cincinnati platform" holds a conspicuous place in party literature for length, for vigor of language, for variety of topics, for boldness of declaration; and yet, strange to say, its chief merit and utility lay in the skillful concealment of its central thought and purpose. About one-fourth of its great length is devoted to what to the eye looks like a somewhat elaborate exposition of the doctrines of the party on the slavery question. Eliminate the verbiage and there only remains an indorsement of "the principles contained in the organic laws establishing the Territory of Kansas and Nebraska" (non-interference by Congress with slavery in State and territory, or in the District of Columbia); and the practical application of "the principles" is thus further defined:

"Resolved, that we recognize the right of the people of all the territories, including Kansas and Nebraska, acting through the legally and fairly expressed will of a majority of actual residents, and whenever the number of their inhabitants justifies it, to form a Constitution with or without domestic slavery, and be admitted into the Union upon terms of perfect equality with the other States."

We have already seen how deliberately the spirit and letter of "the principle" was violated by the Democratic national administration of President Pierce, and by nearly all the Democratic Senators and Representatives in Congress; and we shall see how the more explicit resolution was again even more flagrantly

violated by the Democratic national administration and party under President Buchanan.

For the present, however, these well-rounded phrases were especially convenient; first, to prevent any schism in the Cincinnati convention itself, and, secondly, to furnish points for campaign speeches; politicians not having any pressing desire, nor voters the requisite critical skill, to demonstrate how they left untouched the whole brood of pertinent queries which the discussion had already raised, and which at the very next national convention were destined to disrupt and defeat the Democratic party. For this occasion the studied ambiguity of the Cincinnati platform made possible a last coöperation of North and South, in the face of carefully concealed mental reservations, to secure a presidential victory.

It is not the province of this work to describe the incidents of the national canvass, but only to record its results. At the election of November, 1856, Buchanan was chosen President. The popular vote in the nation at large stood: Buchanan, 1,838,169; Frémont, 1,341,264; Fillmore, 874,534. By States Buchanan received the votes of fourteen slave States and five free States, a total of 174 electors; Frémont the vote of eleven free States, a total of 114 electors; and Fillmore the vote of one slave State, a total of eight electors.†

Our recital has carried us forward beyond the regular order of chronological events; we must therefore turn back and once more take up the thread of local political history in the State of Illinois. Among the other work of the Bloomington convention was the nomination of a full ticket of Presidential electors, at the head of which was placed Abraham Lincoln. While this was a gratifying mark of honor, it was also a somewhat onerous post of duty, involving a laborious campaign of speech-making in support of the Republican presidential ticket. This duty Mr. Lincoln performed with faithful zeal, making about fifty speeches before election. Among the addresses which he thus delivered in the different counties, it is interesting to read a fragment of a speech he made at Galena, Illinois, discussing the charge of "sectionalism," the identical pretext upon which the South inaugurated its rebellion against his administration four years afterward:

\* On the sixteenth ballot Buchanan received 168 votes, of which 121 were from the free States and 47 from the slave States; Douglas received 122 votes, of which 49 were from the free States and 73 from the slave States; Cass received 6 votes, all from the free States; Pierce had been finally dropped on the previous ballot.—"Proceedings of Cincinnati Convention," p. 45.

† The vote more in detail was: For Buchanan, slave States, Alabama, 9; Arkansas, 4; Delaware, 3; Flor-

ida, 3; Georgia, 10; Kentucky, 12; Louisiana, 6; Mississippi, 7; Missouri, 9; North Carolina, 10; South Carolina, 8; Tennessee, 12; Texas, 4; Virginia, 15; Free States, California, 4; Illinois, 11; Indiana, 13; New Jersey, 7; Pennsylvania, 27. Total, 174.

For Frémont, free States, Connecticut, 6; Iowa, 4; Maine, 8; Massachusetts, 13; Michigan, 6; New Hampshire, 5; New York, 35; Ohio, 23; Rhode Island, 4; Vermont, 5; Wisconsin, 5. Total, 114.

For Fillmore, slave State, Maryland, 8.

"You further charge us with being disunionists. If you mean that it is our aim to dissolve the Union, I for myself answer that it is untrue; for those who act with me I answer that it is untrue. Have you heard us assert that as our aim? Do you really believe that such is our aim? Do you find it in our platform, our speeches, our conventions, or anywhere? If not, withdraw the charge.

"But you may say that though it is not our aim, it will be the result, if we succeed, and that we are therefore disunionists in fact. This is a grave charge you make against us, and we certainly have a right to demand that you specify in what way we are to dissolve the Union. How are we to effect this?

"The only specification offered is volunteered by Mr. Fillmore in his Albany speech. His charge is that if we elect a President and Vice-President both from the free States it will dissolve the Union. This is open folly. The Constitution provides that the President and Vice-President of the United States shall be of different States; but says nothing as to the latitude and longitude of those States. In 1828 Andrew Jackson of Tennessee and John C. Calhoun of South Carolina were elected President and Vice-President, both from slave States; but no one thought of dissolving the Union then on that account. In 1840 Harrison of Ohio and Tyler of Virginia were elected. In 1841 Harrison died and John Tyler succeeded to the presidency, and William R. King of Alabama was elected acting Vice-President in the Senate; but no one supposed that the Union was in danger. In fact, at the very time Mr. Fillmore uttered this idle charge, the state of things in the United States disproved it. Mr. Pierce of New Hampshire and Mr. Bright of Indiana, both from free States, are President and Vice-President, and the Union stands and will stand. You do not pretend that it ought to dissolve the Union, and the facts show that it won't; therefore the charge may be dismissed without further consideration.

"No other specification is made, and the only one that could be made is, that the restoration of the restriction of 1820 making the United States territory free territory would dissolve the Union. Gentlemen, it will require a decided majority to pass such an act. We, the majority, being able constitutionally to do all that we purpose, would have no desire to dissolve the Union. Do you say that such restriction of slavery would be unconstitutional, and that some of the States would not submit to its enforcement? I grant you that an unconstitutional act is not a law; but I do not ask and will not take your construction of the Constitution. The Supreme Court of the United States is the tribunal to decide such a question, and we will submit to its decisions; and if you do also, there will be an end of the matter. Will you? If not, who are the disunionists, you or we? We, the majority, would not strive to dissolve the Union; and if any attempt is made it must be by you, who so loudly stigmatize us as disunionists.

But the Union, in any event, will not be dissolved. We don't want to dissolve it, and if you attempt it we won't let you. With the purse and sword, the army and navy and treasury in our hands and at our command, you could not do it. This government would be very weak indeed if a majority with a disciplined army and navy and a well-filled treasury could not preserve itself, when attacked by an unarmed, undisciplined, unorganized minority. All this talk about the dissolution of the Union is humbug, nothing but folly. We do not want to dissolve the Union; you shall not."

With three presidential tickets in the field — with the Democrats seeking the election of

Buchanan and Breckinridge, the Americans, or Know-Nothings, asking votes for Fillmore and Donelson, and the Republicans making proselytes for Fremont and Dayton — the political campaign of 1856 was one of unabated activity and excitement. In the State of Illinois the contest resulted in a drawn battle. The American party held together with tolerable firmness in its vote for President, but was largely disintegrated in its vote on the ticket for State officers. The consequence was that Illinois gave a plurality of 9164 for Buchanan, the Democratic candidate for President, while at the same time it gave a plurality of 4729 for Bissell, the Republican candidate for governor.†

Half victory as it was, it furnished the Illinois Republicans a substantial hope of the full triumph which they achieved four years later. About a month after this election, at a Republican banquet given in Chicago on the 10th of December, 1856, Abraham Lincoln spoke as follows, partly in criticism of the last annual message of President Pierce, but more especially as an unsleeping leader and prophet sounding a new battle-call and pointing out the rising star of promise:

"We have another annual presidential message. Like a rejected lover making merry at the wedding of his rival, the President felicitates himself hugely over the late presidential election. He considers the result a signal triumph of good principles and good men, and a very pointed rebuke of bad ones. He says the people did it. He forgets that the 'people,' as he complacently calls only those who voted for Buchanan, are in a minority of the whole people by about four hundred thousand votes — one full tenth of all the votes. Remembering this, he might perceive that the 'rebuke' may not be quite as durable as he seems to think — that the majority may not choose to remain permanently rebuked by that minority.

"The President thinks the great body of us Fremonters, being ardently attached to liberty, in the abstract, were duped by a few wicked and designing men. There is a slight difference of opinion on this. We think he, being ardently attached to the hope of a second term, in the concrete, was duped by men who had liberty every way. He is the cat's-paw. By much dragging of chestnuts from the fire for others to eat, his claws are burnt off to the gristle, and he is thrown aside as unfit for further use. As the fool said of *King Lear*, when his daughters had turned him out-of-doors, 'He's a shelled peascod.' [That's a sheal'd peascod.]

"So far as the President charges us 'with a desire to change the domestic institutions of existing States,' and of 'doing everything in our power to deprive the Constitution and the laws of moral authority,' for the whole party on belief, and for myself on knowledge, I pronounce the charge an unmixed and unmitigated falsehood.

"Our government rests in public opinion. Whoever can change public opinion can change the government practically just so much. Public opinion, on any subject, always has a 'central idea,' from which all its minor thoughts radiate. That 'central idea' in our polit-

\* Galena "Advertiser," copied into the Illinois "State Journal," August 8th, 1856.

† For President, Buchanan (Dem.), 105,344; Fré-

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mont (Rep.), 96,180; Fillmore (Am.), 37,451. For Governor, Richardson (Dem.), 106,643; Bissell (Rep.), 111,372; Morris (Am.), 19,241.



ical public opinion at the beginning was, and until recently has continued to be, 'the equality of men.' And although it has always submitted patiently to whatever of inequality there seemed to be as matter of actual necessity, its constant working has been a steady progress towards the practical equality of all men. The late presidential election was a struggle by one party to discard that central idea and to substitute for it the opposite idea that slavery is right in the abstract, the workings of which as a central idea may be the perpetuity of human slavery and its extension to all countries and colors. Less than a year ago the Richmond 'Enquirer,' an avowed advocate of slavery, regardless of color, in order to favor his views, invented the phrase 'State equality,' and now the President, in his message, adopts the 'Enquirer's' catch-phrase, telling us the people 'have asserted the constitutional equality of each and all of the States of the Union as States.' The President flatters himself that the new central idea is completely inaugurated; and so indeed it is, so far as the mere fact of a presidential election can inaugurate it. To us it is left to know that the majority of the peo-

ple have not yet declared for it, and to hope that they never will. All of us who did not vote for Mr. Buchanan, taken together, are a majority of four hundred thousand. But in the late contest we were divided between Frémont and Fillmore. Can we not come together for the future? Let every one who really believes, and is resolved, that free society is not and shall not be a failure, and who can conscientiously declare that in the past contest he has done only what he thought best, let every such one have charity to believe that every other one can say as much. Thus let bygones be bygones; let past differences as nothing be; and with steady eye on the real issue, let us reinaugurate the good old 'central ideas' of the Republic. We can do it. The human heart is with us, God is with us. We shall again be able not to declare that 'all States as States are equal,' nor yet that 'all citizens as citizens are equal,' but to renew the broader, better declaration, including both these and much more, that 'all men are created equal.' " \*

\* Illinois "State Journal," December 16th, 1856.

[We are indebted for much valuable aid in preparing the Kansas illustrations to Judge F. G. Adams, Secretary of the Kansas State Historical Society.—ED. C. M.]

## KEATS.

DEATH hath his fancies, and why not? A king

So great as he must have his royal whim,—  
Sometimes a fool, sometimes the wailing string  
Of some slain minstrel's harp, must humor him.

There was a youthful singer once, a soul  
Loved of the gods, and hence not loved of men,  
Who sang too well, and, shame to say, the whole  
Small race of songsters rose against him then.

And all the critics too—like daws that peck  
Some lustrous jewel from its golden setting—  
Beaked his fair lines, so, hastening on to wreck  
The fragile bark that every flaw was fretting.

Love, also, with his barbéd baby spear  
Racked all the chambers of his heart with anguish;  
But bravely through it all, more strong and clear,  
Went up his matchless song that would not languish.

And all so well he pleased the sable king,  
Though many a famous bard sang at his call,  
That straight he sent his messenger to bring  
This tortured soul which pleased him best of all.

So Keats was brought, and when his strain beguiled

The sad-faced king and his brave company  
To strange, unwonted tears—Death kindly smiled,  
Approving his unequaled minstrelsy.

And when at times his watchful eye could trace  
The swiftly passing spasm of fierce pain  
Which swept across the minstrel's pallid face,  
He quickly cried, "Thy songs were not in vain;

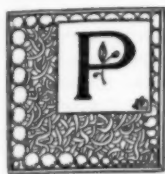
"Fixed in the world's large memory they shall live,  
Undying as that beauty to whose shrine  
Thy kneeling soul brought all thou hadst to give;  
All things of which thy heart once dreamed are thine:

"As thou didst leave them they shall picture thee  
Both to thine own and far-off other lands,  
And while men sing, thy name shall never be  
Forgotten in their songs." And so he stands,

A fair-formed image of immortal youth  
Breasting the steep hillside of life's endeavor;  
A white-robed herald of eternal truth  
Shouting a message from the gods forever.

Robert Burns Wilson.

## WHITSUN HARP, REGULATOR.



**POLLY ANN SHINAULT** was mending the Clover Bend ferry-boat. The ferry-boat was nothing more than an old scow, leaky and unruly. Lum, Polly Ann's husband, meant to mend it that morning; but Lum was

scouring the bottom after a stray mule. So Polly Ann had pounded the head of the hatchet on the handle—they have a natural tendency to part and go their separate ways in a Southern yard—and was patching the leaks herself. They said at the Bend that Polly Ann was "pow'ful handy." She was a handsome young woman. Some blending of French and Spanish blood from the earliest Arkansas travelers had given her the mass of purple-black hair under her man's hat, the clear olive of her skin, her velvet black eyes, and delicate profile. Her eyelashes were long and thick and curled at the ends. Long eyelashes and small features are not uncommon in Arkansas faces. Did Polly Ann smile, she showed a rarer beauty, even little teeth, white as milk. But Polly Ann seldom smiled, being a silent, serious creature whose own husband felt a trifle in awe of her. Her primitive repairs completed, she straightened her bent shoulders, clasped her hands behind her neck, and looked about her. When she stood she was tall and erect as a young cypress.

Her eyes spanned the Black River flowing at her feet, and took in, without noting, the whitewashed walls of the mill, the store, and the score or two of houses that go with an Arkansas cotton plantation. The time was early in November. The cotton was ready for picking, and flakes of white spattered the brown fields. The yards were frowsy with stalks of gimson weed and withered grass. The great cypress forest shut in the cleared space like a wall. The scene was monotonous, yet about it was something somber and vast, a loneliness that the presence of the few low-browed houses seemed to mark rather than lessen. A little spiral of smoke drifting above a chimney here and there, some pigs dotting the sandy road, a few riderless horses patiently drooping their noses against the fence rail before the store, were the only signs of habitation. Behind Polly Ann lay the canebrake and the forest. The water mirrored the Shinault cabin with its one wee window and "stick and dirt" chimney.

During the war (not so far back by many years, that November day, as now) escaped prisoners used to hide in the canebrake. After the war runaway convicts from the stockade at Powhatan found shelter there sometimes, and then the cane would be crushed by the leaps of panting hounds; and many a night had Polly Ann shuddered, listening to the dogs baying, and picturing the wretch crouched among the sodden grasses.

Plenty of grim traditions hung, heavy as its own miasma, over the cypress swamp. Not a rod away was the bare spot, dented by cypress knees, where Old Man Bryce's cabin stood until the guerillas murdered him and his wife and burned their bones under their home. A whole company of guerillas had dangled from the sycamore limbs for that murder. The shapeless green in front of the store had been the scene of bloody quarrels. Down by the river bank, on the little knoll which the spring covered with wild flowers, Bud Boas had killed his partner. Boas was tried and acquitted; but his own conscience was not so lenient as men. As the slain man fell he had flung out his hand, touching Boas's cheek. Ever since, the unhappy slayer had been haunted by a touch. He would wake from sleep, screaming that he felt the hand. At his work, at home, at camp-meetings even, where he would go in the vain hope of eluding his persecutor, the tortured man might spring up, wildly rubbing his face, and rush away, or fall in convulsions horrible to see. From no other cause than this ghostly touch, he had seasons of drinking hard, but it was said that liquor could not blunt his senses.

Boas's cabin was near the Shinaults'; and, this afternoon while Polly Ann stood looking, she saw his limp figure in butternut jeans slip through the store doorway and creep along the bank. Years ago Boas had been an exceptionally tall and strong man, bringing a backwoodsman's stature, muscle, and ruddy tan from the Tennessee mountains; now his stooping shoulders and lank chest matched the sickly pallor of his face, with its hollow cheeks and restless, faded eyes.

Approaching the shore, he hailed Polly Ann with a "Whoop—op!" She got into the scow and pushed off. She paddled as easily as an Indian. Meanwhile Boas had been joined by another man, who drew the boat up on the beach, saying, "How's all, Polly Ann?"

Polly Ann had not seen him until he spoke; and she flushed a little, as though from surprise.

"You come back, Whitsun Harp?" said she.

"Got back yistiddy," the man replied. He had a slow full voice, with a kind of severe melody in its cadence not in the least like the high-pitched Arkansas drawl. Whitsun Harp was a head shorter than Boas. He wore a blue flannel shirt, and brown jean trousers tucked into high boots, all quite whole and clean. His compact, powerful frame was not of the Arkansas type any more than his dark, square, resolute face; yet, in the phrase of the region, he had been "born and raised on the Black River bottom."

At first glance, one could see a resemblance between him and the young woman,—not a likeness of feature, but of manner and expression; both had the same direct, serious gaze, the same slow speech, and the same proud bearing. When Polly Ann reddened, Harp grew paler. The men stepped into the boat, and Polly Ann greeted Boas: "Howdy, Mr. Boas?"

"My health's mighty triflin'," answered Boas; "someway, I'm puny all the time; sorter mis'ry in my ches'; some days I feel pow'ful weak, caynt skeercely walk. Ora she 'lows she'll send fer Dr. Vinson, but I don't guess it's no use."

"Doctors does good sometimes," said Polly Ann.

"Say, Polly Ann," said Harp, "I heerd tell you all'd los' a mewl."

"Lum's went ayfter it," said Polly Ann; "we missed it Monday, an' we waited an' waited fer it to come back, an' it did'nt, so Lum he's went ayfter it. Lum 'lows it's stole, he 'lows some cotton-picker toled it off."

"Looks like," assented Boas; "them cotton-pickers is mighty ornery folks."

Harp asked a few questions, short and to the point; and when the boat landed he drew Polly Ann aside, while Boas stooped to mend a dilapidated shoe with a rag.

"Polly Ann," said Harp, "I come to see ye. I'll tend to yo' mewl. Ye know I ar' turned regerlater."

"I've heerd tell on't."

"Wa'al, hit's so. I aim to mek these yere pyarts mo' decenter. Polly Ann, this yere's a turrible mean kentry, drinkin' an' sw'arin' an' fightin' an' devilment er all kin's o' goin' on! An' the chil'en bein' raised to drink an' fight an' die jes like we uns; Polly Ann, hit ain't right! An' thar ain't no need fer it to be, neether. I be'n in other settlements. They ain't like we all; they've got brick chimbleys, an' battened heouses, an' a school-heouse whar

they kin hev preachin', stiddier hevin' it in a loft like we all. We mought, too, but we're so triflin' we caynt mek a riffle."

"Looks like," agreed Polly Ann politely.

"Yit how to help it? I'd lay an' study the hull night through, Polly Ann, studin' 'bout hit. The mo' I studied the wuss it looked. Wa'al—it war ayfter ye taken up with Lum an' war merried, hit come preachin' Sunday, an' I went ter preachin'. 'Twar the best out at preachin' I ever heerd. All 'bout calls. God called some on us one way an' some a tother, but we wuz all called ter his sarvice. An' I says ter myself, 'Lord, how ar' I called? I ar' the bes' blacksmith in the bottom, but I caynt talk wuth a shuck.' An', Polly Ann, a voice said back, cl'ar's a boat-whistle: 'Whitsun Harp, ye caynt talk folks decept, but ye kin lick 'em decent. They need a regerlater yere mo'n a preacher.' I jes growed cole all over, fur I war walkin' all by my lone self en the bottom, not a critter 'reoun' 'cept hoegs. 'Lord,' says I ter the sky, 'they'll kill me shore, if I turn regerlater an' lick 'em. An' w'at'll maw do then?' So I went home turrible troubled in my mind. Polly Ann, w'en I got home maw was in one ur 'er spells, an' afore sundown she war dead. *Thet* war the Lord A'mighty's answer to my hesitatin'. Ayfter thet I went ter wuk. Fust I sarved notice on them men thet got drunk reg'lar Saturday nights at the store. Then I licked them thet persisted in wrong-doin'. I licked ole Skirey fer oppressin' the pore; an' I evened it up by lickin' two niggers thet wudn't do a fair day's wuk fer their wages. I licked Sol Looney fer fightin' with his wife, an' I licked a right smart fer stealin'—thet ar' 'bout all."

"Law me," said Polly Ann, admiring him, "but, Whitsun, don't they fight ye? Folks don't like ter be licked."

"They've got to fight or be licked—one. Mos' times I ar' too spry fer 'em an' take their knives an' pistils 'way. They did shoot a shoot at me wunst, but hit missed."

Polly Ann's dark eyes were shining through a mist of eagerness, and her lip quivered as she said: "But they mought hit ye!"

"Yes," said Harp quietly, while something gentle and unusual relaxed his features, a look at once patient and sad; "wa'al, ef they didn't kill me, I wud go on jes the same, an' ef hit *did*—I ain't no wife nur babies ter grieve ayfter me, an' I reckon the Lord kin tek keer Clover Bend some other way."

Polly Ann drew a deep breath. "Looks like 'twuz a call!" said she.

"'Tis a call, shore," said Harp solemnly; "I waynted ter tell ye so's ye wud know the truth 'bout it, folks lyin' so generally. It's no dif-

fer ter me 'bout the res', but I waynted *you* ter know becase — we uns played tergether w'en we wuz little tricks, an' I allus tole ye everythin', ye remember."

She remembered. Perhaps she remembered more, for her cheeks grew red, and her brown fingers were clasped together so tightly that they made dents in the knuckles.

"An'," continued Harp very gently, "ef I shud hev ter do suthin' thet ye moughtn't like, hit's 'kase I *hev* ter an' not my seekin'—bein' called. Ye'll consider thet thar, Polly Ann?"

"I don't guess ye'll ever do nuthin' ye don't hole ter be right, Whitsun Harp."

"Thankee, Polly Ann," said Harp. He almost violently touched her hand, holding it for a second in a loose clasp. Then he strode away without a glance at Boas. The latter rose directly and joined Polly Ann.

"Did Whitsun Harp say onythin' 'bout Lum ter ye?" said Boas.

"Naw," said Polly Ann; "w'at fer shud he?"

Boas seemed to have a difficulty in speaking; he had to clear his throat twice before he could say: "Wa'al, fact is, Polly Ann, he's heerd tell — wa'al, lies 'bout Lum like he be'n too much ter the store an' dances an' sich like tricks, an' Whitsun he 'lows Lum's triffin' an'—he's warned him."

"Warned — Lum?" cried Polly Ann.

"Said like he'd lick 'im, ef he don't quit," replied Boas with primitive directness. He laid the tips of his fingers on her sleeve, and his face grew earnest. "Fer the good Lord's sake, Polly Ann, don't ye let Lum mad Whitsun! Nary man en this bottom kin stan' agin him. Ye know Steve Elder, how big he is? He done stole a pa'r boots at the store. Whitsun he seen it, but he never let on; but w'en this yere Steve comes fer his account he fin's at the bottom, 'One pa'r boots, so much. Putt down by Whitsun Harp.' W'en he read thet 'ar he never opened 'is mouth. Jes paid. He knowed he cudn't stan' up agin Whitsun." All the while Boas talked he was scanning Polly Ann's face to see the effect of his words. "Thar war a circus feller too. He brung a mighty ornery, mean show ter the Bend, and Whitsun warned him not ter show thet ar show agin; but he pitched 'is tent an' wuz marchin' 'reoun' in front, a puttin' on doeg, w'en up comes Whitsun, an' he says, 'Didn't I warn ye not ter show yo' durned ondecnt show yere?' sez 'e. An' he slapped up thet ar feller an' flung him 'cross a log an' pulled his belt 'reoun' an' yanked out 'is pistil an' flung hit cl'ar 'n' 'cross the road an' licked thet ar circus feller tell he hollered. An' ye 'member ole Skirey thet he guv the bud to, spiter him an' 'is two sons. He knocked the big un down, an'

the little one lit a shuck mighty spry. An' who killed the mad dog with a hammer? An' who held the wild hoeg by the tail tell Mark Lady cud stick 'im? — them two men off their hosses en the cane, an' their guns empty! Naw, naw, Polly Ann, don't let Lum mad Whitsun! An' 'tain't lickin's thets mos' ter fear." His woful eyes turned from Polly Ann's face in a fleeting, shrinking, indescribable glance towards the river bank — "they mought git — ter — fight-in'!"

"I ain't feered fer Lum ef they do," said Lum's wife haughtily.

But no sooner had the well-meaning threatener gone than she ran into the cabin, shut the door, and flung her proud head on the table, in a passion of tears.

Lum Shinault came home by moonlight. His wife had saved his supper, and he stretched his legs out beneath the white oil-cloth with a sigh of content.

"My, my, my!" said Lum in his soft, pleasant voice, "talk 'bout cookin'! Polly Ann, ye allers git thar with both feet. Fried pork an' sop an' taters an' pie an' light bread! Onythin' mo' ter foller?"

A faint smile lifted the corners of Polly Ann's mouth. She knew her gifts, and appreciation is sweet. "I reckon," Lum continued, "hit meks a differ eatin' en a purty room. This yere's a right purty room, Polly Ann."

He looked about the room, and she looked at him. The room was poor and bare enough, with its log walls and uneven floor; but the big cotton-stuffed pillows on the bed shone out of the dusk; there was a clock on the rude mantelpiece, a red cushion on the black and gilt rocking-chair, and a log thicker than a man's body was blazing in the fire-place. The flames, rather than the sickly gleam of the grease lamp, lighted the room and Lum Shinault's face. He was of low stature and slight, and in the firelight he made one think of a terra-cotta figure, he was so all of a color, hair, skin, and clothes all the same, whitish-brown. But he had sparkling brown eyes and a sensitive mouth that could shut firmly. "Did ye fin' the mewl?" said his wife.

"Not a hide nur a ha'er the blamed critter," answered Lum cheerfully, "but I seen a big gang er turkeys. Reckon I shot one, but I cudn't fin' hit."

"Whitsun Harp wuz yere; he 'lows he'll fin' the mewl fer us."

Lum whistled. His meal being finished, he got up and stood close to his wife. She had knotted a scarlet handkerchief about her throat, which suited her olive skin and black hair. Lum slid his arm around her waist. "Ye ar' turrible good-lookin', Polly Ann," said he smil-



ing half wistfully; "I sot a heap er store by ye."

She neither accepted nor repulsed the caress; merely stood, her hands clasped before her, absently gazing at the fire. His arm fell; but in a second he put out his hand again, to finger softly a stray lock of hair.

"An' Bud Boas, he was yere too," said Polly Ann; "he 'lows ye'd bes' be keeful kase Whitsun's mad at ye. He 'lows yo' too triflin'."

"An' / 'low Whitsun Harp's too meddlin'!" cried Lum, opening his brown eyes angrily. "W'at bus'ness ar' hit er his'n? I don' rent er him. 'Tain't his plantation. To my notion, Whitsun hed orter be run off this yere place!"

"He's did a heap er good yere," said Polly Ann—was it the firelight, Lum wondered, that made her cheeks so red?—"Look at the fightin's an' drinkin's he's stopped! Thar ain't be'n a man killed yere sence he turned reg-later."

"Thar'll be one killed mighty quick though ef he don' quit projickin' 'roun' an' lickin' folks permiscus'."

Polly Ann laid her hand on her husband's arm, looking down at him, for she was taller than he. "Lum," she said solemnly, "he is *called*, Whitsun is. They caynt hurt him till his work's did. Don' ye say anythin' agin 'im, Lum."

Lum's frown turned into a broad grin. "Oh, laws! called ter lick folks? Ef thet ain't the durndest trick!"

"But he is," she insisted; "he's hed signs an' tokens. Don' go agin 'im, Lum."

"Wa'al, honey," said Lum easily, "I ain't purportin' ter go agin 'im. He's too big a b'ar fer me ter tackle."

Polly Ann turned away abruptly. Lum looked after her, all the light-hearted carelessness gone out of his face. "'Pears like I jes cudn't please her nohow," he thought while he busied himself clearing the table. Lum had the habit of helping his wife about the house; he had acquired it helping his mother, Lum's father being "triflin'."

At the same time Polly Ann was thinking: "He won't fight hisself or nenter no danger, but he'll sick the rest on, an' him stan' by." She hardly noticed how deftly Lum wiped the dishes and brushed out the room. "Be ye too tired ter listen ter a leetle music, honey?" he said when he had put the broom behind the door.

"Naw," said Polly Ann, trying to smile, "I don't guess I'm ever too tired fer music."

Faint as the smile was, Lum welcomed it and took down his violin with a brighter face.

He played a long while; at first, simple

melodies of the plantation and the camp-meeting; then, as his thoughts drifted into other memories, they took their own shape in music rude as his life, but weird and sad like the cypress brake. Lum was born a musician. He had a wonderful ear but the scantiest knowledge, most of which came from a strolling violinist who had the swamp fever in Lum's cabin and left a book of songs for payment. Lum learned the songs by heart. They were as commonplace as possible, but the ideas, worn shabby through the handling of generations, were new and splendid to Lum. Why not? They could not have been any fresher to him if they had just been discovered. They lifted and adorned his notion of love. They aided the ever-increasing power which his wife exercised over his imagination. He thought of her in their language, which had a dignity and charming tenderness quite lacking in the speech of his birthplace where a man "took up with a girl and married her," making no more ado about it; the song words were so pretty and kind-sounding, it was like kissing a girl to say them. Lum was too shy to say them himself. Once he ventured to call Polly Ann "Darling," instantly blushing up to his eyes. She did not seem to mind, neither did she seem pleased. It was the way in which she always met her husband's affection. This passive endurance of his love had come to have a kind of terror for Lum. He could not understand his wife. To go back to the beginning,—as Lum did to-night on his violin strings,—he had married Polly Ann out of compassion. He was in the field when Old Man Gooden fell dead in a fit of apoplexy. He helped Polly Ann carry her father into the house, and he witnessed her passionate, dumb agony. Lum had a soft heart, unfettered except by a few rustic attentions to a certain pretty widow on the plantation, Mistress Savannah Lady. When he beheld Polly Ann's desolate condition his heart melted.

"Nary kin nigher'n the Sunk Lan's," mused Lum, "hit's turrible hard. An' she sot sich store by her paw, an' he muched\* her so. They sorter kep' ter theyselves, too, I don't guess they wuz the socherbel kin'. Nary un waitin' on 'er neether, 'less hit ar' Whitsun Harp. Ef he don' merry her, I reckon I hed orter. 'Tain't no mo'n neighborly."

Whitsun making no sign, he carried out his intention.

Polly Ann assented gravely, almost silently, to whatever he proposed. Nothing was easier than to rent a cabin and a pair of mules from the Northern men who had bought the plantation, and settle down "to raise a crop."

\*To much; Arkansas for to pet, to caress, to make much of.



Polly Ann, after the first outburst, put her grief stoically away and only worked the harder. Polly Ann's father came from the "Sunk Lands," that mysterious region created by the great Lisbon earthquake, an island in the swamps, half the year cut off from the world, forgotten except by a few traders. Until she was fifteen she had lived the solitary life of the people and grown up in their Indian-like reticence. When she was fifteen, her mother died and her father took her to Clover Bend. She was now twenty-three years old, and she had been married hardly five months. Lum was a man of the lowlands, who inherited French instincts of sociability and liked idling about and gossiping. He took his new relations lightly at first, but soon his wife's stronger nature fascinated him. She awakened all the ardor and tenderness in him, this beautiful, silent, haughty, patient woman. "She ar' fairer nur the flowers," quoted Lum from the songs; "an' she's got a right smart er sense too," he added in the vernacular. He declared his wife's superiority with much frankness. "Law me," said he to Boas,—it was a few days later, and they sat on the store counter, indulging in the unpretending luxury of brown sugar and crackers,—*"law me, Polly Ann's wuth a hull crap er me! Ye'd orter see the plunder she've bought, pickin' cotton—"*

"Wa'al, then," interrupted Boas, dropping his customary mild, plaintive drawl to a lower key, "w'y fur be ye so possessed ter cavaort 'reoun' with Savannah Lady?"

"Me!" exclaimed Lum.

"Yes, jes *you*," repeated Boas with an anxious gaze into Lum's scarlet face. "They 'lows like ye taken up with 'er. Boy, ye hadn't orter be agwine on thet way! Nur ye hadn't orter come yere, fiddlin' an' carryin' on, an' yo' wife ter home, by her lone self, studyin' an' grievin'—"

"Polly Ann don't grieve," said Lum rather sullenly; "leastways she don't grieve ayfter *me*, nohow. In co'se I mean," he went on quickly, "she ar' grievin' fer her paw."

"In co'se," said Boas. There was a pause.

"An' ez regardin' Mistress Lady," Lum said finally, giving the full prefix with dignity,—on ordinary occasions one would only say "Mis'" in Arkansas,—*"we uns wuz raised together an' natchelly have frien'ly feelin's. But ef ye ar' 'lowin' thet I even her or ary nother lady ter Polly Ann ye ar' a long sight outer yo' reckonin', thet's all. I know I taken her ter the singin' school the fiddler hed; but Polly Ann never'd go thar ter singin', kase—wa'al, Polly Ann jes natchelly cayn't sing, cayn't cotch a tune. An' ez fer me goin' ter the store an' drinkin', I disre-*

member how often I done come yere; but I knaw I never got drunk onywhar, not the least bit on earth. But I ain't purportin' to be goin' yere ter fiddle nights, Bud Boas, never no mo'. Folks ain't got no call ter say I don't ruther stay by Polly Ann than onywhar nelse."

"Thet's so," said Boas. "I knawed they wuz lyin'." Lum did not tell Boas that he only went to the store because he thought Polly Ann did not care to see him home, and his heart was sore. He could not say that, since it would seem like complaining of Polly Ann. But Boas's caution set him thinking; gossip must be loud to rouse that haunted soul from its dream of pain.

"Thet thar's w'at Whit Harp hez heerd, dad burn him," growled Lum, "an' blame my skin ef I don't b'lieve thet ar Savannah ar' jes foolin' with me fur ter tol on Steve Morrow." Which it happened was precisely the case. Savannah wanted to marry the stockman, Morrow, and she used Lum to help her, not at all sorry to make Polly Ann jealous, if she could, as well as Morrow. "Ain't thet thar jes like the critter?" said Lum with perfect good humor; "it's a rig on me an' Steve though." Yet he felt a queer resentment against Harp—a resentment not diminished by the sight of his lost mule munching cotton stalks in his own field. "Whitsun fotched 'im," Polly Ann explained. It seemed to Lum that she spoke as though proud of Harp's success. Lum, the best-tempered man on the plantation, ground his teeth. "I sw'ar I hate thet thar Whitsun Harp!" he was thinking.

The next time that he saw Harp was mail day. Twice a week a rider brought the mail to Clover Bend. The post-office was in the store, just as the court-room was, whenever the majesty of the law was invoked or a jail needed. The store had a wide platform the right height to serve instead of a horse block. Savannah Lady rode up to the plat; form as Whitsun came through the door. She was a pretty, kittenish, fair little woman, and her hair, which was of a lovely reddish-brown color, had a trick of escaping in little ringlets and blowing round her white neck. After all, there was no great harm in her; but to Harp she was the embodiment of all that was dangerous and alluring in woman.

Lum was on the platform so near that common gallantry required him to help her alight. Somehow she stumbled, so he held her for a second by the elbows. Harp, black as night, watched her recover herself, laugh, blush, and flutter into the store. He strode up to Lum. "Lum Shinault," said he in a low tone and very deliberately, "ef ye don't quit yo' ornery triflin' ways I'll lick ye!"

"Then I'll kill ye, shore's death, Whitsun Harp!" Lum gasped, choked with passion.

Whitsun only gave him a steady gaze and turned on his heel.

Lum felt himself despised.

A week went by. Polly Ann was conscious of a change in Lum. Though kind as ever, his shy caresses were no longer offered. He worked harder and seldom went to the store, "an' he jis' studies the plum w'ile," said Polly Ann.

One day Mrs. Boas came over to ask Lum to get some quinine and whisky at the store for Boas. "He hed one er 'is spells,"—so the poor wife always named Boas's fits of terror,— "an' he run out en the woods an' got soppin' wet an' cotched cole an' 'pears like hit gits a leetle mucher all the w'ile."

After Lum was gone Polly Ann bethought herself of some corn which should be ground, and that it was grinding day at the mill. Like the store, the mill was a versatile and accommodating establishment, ginning cotton, sawing wood, or grinding corn with equal readiness. So saddling the big gray horse, which was at once her dowry and her inheritance, she led him to the ferry and paddled boat, horse, and woman across the stream. The Clover Bend ferry was deserted, but it was accustomed to desertion, being conducted on Southern principles: if you came when the ferryman was away you must wait until he got back, that was all.

Polly Ann saw Lum's wagon-box boat on the sand, and riding up the bank she perceived Lum himself walking through the cypress brake.

"Cypress Swamp," or the "Black River bottom," is like a dry river channel winding through the higher land. When the spring overflow comes the lustrous green water rushes among the tree trunks, and the high land becomes a multitude of islands and peninsulas; but most of the year the channel is dry, and in autumn the cypress boughs spread a soft russet carpet on the ground; the hackberry, maples, live-oaks, and holly-trees which mingle with the cypress splash the foliage with splendid hues, the sunlight filters through the branches and prints shifting shadows of the vines masking the thorn-trees, or turns the red berries into dots of flame. Then the cypress brake is beautiful. But Lum Shinault was not thinking of its beauty. He was walking slowly, his head sunk between his shoulders.

"Studyin'!" said Polly Ann.

Lum looked up. The silhouette of a horse's head had fallen across his path. A sun-bonnet was bent over the mane. The bonnet hid the woman's face, but that ringlet of dazzling hair, floating under the cape, could only belong to one person. Horse and rider stopped. So did the footman. His shadow spread out gigantic on the ground. Then both shadows were

blended together as if in an embrace. Did Polly Ann grow angry? Not in the least; she could see too well.

"W'ats got Savannah Lady?" said she; "looks like Lum was guvin' 'er w'isky an' holdin' uv 'er."

This, indeed, was what he was doing. For once there was no guile about Savannah's acts; Lum had served her turn. Young Morrow had spoken, and she was on her way to buy her wedding finery when she was seized with a chill; but she still rode on, clinging to her horse's neck, until she met Lum. He gave her some whisky.

Now by an evil chance, at this moment, Whitsun Harp must needs enter the scene on a gallop. He saw the shadows, he saw the bright head on Lum's shoulder, the little hands clutching Lum's arm.

A shower of cypress boughs whirled in the air; a pawpaw branch snapped, wrenched away by a furious hand; and Lum lifted his eyes to see Whitsun's face.

"I tell ye, yo' mistaken!" shouted Lum.

"It's too late for talking now," said Whitsun, deep and low.

He jumped off his horse and caught Lum by the throat. The smaller man was like a baby in his grip. Lum, writhing and struggling in an impotent fury of rage and shame, hardly felt the blows. Suddenly the hand at his throat released him so suddenly that he was hurled to the ground; he heard his wife's voice, shrill with anger: "Whitsun Harp, w'at ye doin' ter my man?"

He sat up, his brain swimming, specks of fire and blood floating in the air; but there was Whitsun standing empty-handed, and Polly Ann's face over the gray's head.

"I didn't aim ye shud ever know on 't, Polly Ann," said Whitsun, "I cudn't holp it, hit hed ter be did."

"I'll never fergive ye en this worl', Whitsun Harp!" said Polly Ann.

Lum put his hands on the tree near him and got to his feet. He leaned on the tree and steadied his choked and shaking voice enough to say, "Look a yere, Whitsun Harp, I'll kill ye fer this."

Harp did not glance toward him; he took one step forward as though he would speak to Polly Ann, but at her gesture of repulsion he turned silently and mounted his horse. On horseback, he reined in his horse, and looking at Polly Ann, said again, "I cudn't holp it," before he galloped away.

Savannah was shivering and crying.

"Hit you ary lick, Savannah?" said Lum.

"Naw, naw," sobbed she. "Oh, Lum, oh, Mis' Shinault, 'twa'n't my fault! I war jes sick. Whitsun's heerd lies on me 'n' Lum. I'm goin'



"THEN I'LL KILL YE, SHORE'S DEATH."

ter be merried ter Steve Morrow nex' week. Fer the Lord's sake, don' tell 'im; he wudn't never speak ter me agin! I done my best! I pulled Whitsun's arm."

For all his misery Lum burst into a bitter laugh. "Muster hendered Whitsun a heap, *you* holdin' on," said he, "You go 'long home, Savannah, an' don' be skeered er we uns tellin'; jes tek keer ye don' let on nuthin' yo'self—never min' w'at happens!"

Something in his face checked her answer; she was scared, and glad to ride away.

The husband and wife were left alone together.

Lum looked at Polly Ann, who was very pale. "Ye come jes in time, Polly Ann," said he.

"I wudn't o' b'lieved ye'd a taken it, Lum Shinault," said she bitterly, "with yo' knife on too. Pull yo' belt 'reoun'!"

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Mechanically, Lum put his hand to his belt, which had been twisted so that the knife was in the back. "I done forgot 'bout the knife," muttered Lum, reddening; "thet ar's a favor-ite trick er Harp's." Then, in a second, he added: "I ain't goin' ter tek hit, Polly Ann."

She said nothing.

"Ye don' b'lieve me," cried Lum.

"Tain't no use talkin'," said she wearily.

"I'll hev it out with 'im. Ye 'low I'm a or-nery, triflin', pusillanimous—"

"Whar's the use callin' yo'self names?" interrupted Polly Ann. "I don' wanter yere no mo' 'bout it. Reckon Boas'll waynt 'is w'isky onyhow. Thar 'tis un'er the gum-tree." Lum looked at his wife with imploring eyes and quivering mouth; at that moment he was longing to fling his arms about her and sob out



POLLY ANN.

his shame on her breast. Poor Lum's grandfather was a Frenchman.

Polly Ann did not look at him, but went on arranging her bag of corn; all Lum could see was the profile of her sun-bonnet—there is nothing sympathetic about a sun-bonnet. "Bes' git on ter the mill ef I waynt a pone er bread terday," said Polly Ann. "Be back ter dinner, Lum."

She rode on a little way and stopped. "I'm goin' ter hev a plum good dinner fer ye, Lum," she called back.

"Thankee, Polly Ann," said Lum. He watched her until the trees hid horse and rider. "Polly Ann 'lows thar ain't no troubles men persons cayn't cure with eatin' an' drinkin'," said he; "drinkin',"—he eyed the whisky bottle lying at the foot of the gum-tree,—“naw, thar ain't ony comfort fer me en thet ar. I'm en a hole, an' thar's jes one way outen hit. No good talkin' ter Polly Ann, she's sot. 'Twud on'y pester her. Oh, my Lord, ain't it hard!

"I wisht I cud hev kissed her jes wunst," he said, after a while, "on'y fer ter say good-bye. How soft her cheek wuz! An' thar war a little blue vein jes un'er the ear. Wa'al, hit won' mek no differ ter her, but I wisht—"

He walked on slowly until he came to the boat on the sand. He could see his own cabin. He remembered the day that he brought Polly Ann to it—his wedding-day. He crawled into the boat, lay down in the stern, and cried like a child.

## PART II.

POLLY ANN's good dinner waited in vain. Lum did not come. Yet she was sure that, while at the well drawing water, she had seen his figure through the window. She blew the horn. She called at the

top of her voice. Finally she went to the shed to see if the horse was gone. Gone he was, and there was a piece of brown wrapping-paper, such as they used at the store, tacked on to a log and directed to "Mistris Shinalt." She took it down, turned it over, and saw a single sentence, written in pencil, in cramped, careful letters: "Darling Polly an i taken your

his sn

Hoss fer a Errant i wunt be bak your Lovin Husban. C. Shinalt."

"Law me!" said Polly Ann, "he mought hev come in, anyhow. An' the dinner's plum spoiled."

She was wretched over the morning's work, but she did not feel alarmed, having no belief in Lum's courage; and when she discovered that the gun was gone, she merely thought that he meant to shoot squirrels.

But Lum was seeking other game. His errand was to kill Whitsun Harp. The smoldering jealousy and resentment of weeks had burst into a flame that was shriveling his heart. He had been beaten before his wife, his wife who valued strength and bravery beyond everything. And Whitsun, whom she praised because he was so strong and brave, had beaten him. How many times had she praised Whitsun to his face. Like enough she had wanted the regulator all along, and had only taken up with Lum because Whitsun didn't speak—girls did such things Lum knew from the songs. Here was the secret of her being so quiet and sad and of that queer way she had with her that made him feel farther away, in the same room, than he did thinking of her, miles off, in the bottom.

"I never cud much her like I cud t'other gells," thought Lum; "I allus hed ter study on't afore I cud putt my arm 'reoun' her waist. Reckon I sorter s'picioned, inside, thet it pestered her. Pore Polly Ann!"

It was like Lum to feel no anger, only compassion, for his wife.

"Hit's bad fer her too—turrible bad," he pondered; "ef it's me gits killed up she caynt hev no mo' truck wi' him, an' ef it's him she'll natchally hate the sight er me! Wa'al, she won't be pestered with it; I'll go off on the cotton-boat afore sundown. All through this wide worl' I'll wandern, my love," said Lum, his thoughts unwactly shaping themselves in the words of his songs. They did not cause him to waver in his purpose; he knew Polly Ann's notions of manly honor too well. Old Man Gooden shot a man once.

"Paw hed ter shoot him," Polly Ann explained; "he spatting paw en the face."

"An' ef a feller spatting me, wud I hev ter shoot him?" Lum had asked, amused by her earnestness, for this was before he passed the careless stage of his marriage.

"Wudn't ye waynt fer ter shoot 'im?" said Polly Ann, fixing her beautiful grave eyes on his smiling face.

"Wa'al, I shudn't crave it," said Lum.

"But ye wud, Lum, ye *wud* shoot him!"

"Mabbe—ef I cudn't run away," answered Lum, and he had laughed at her face over that speech.

He did not laugh now, riding with his bruised throat and aching shoulders, and the gun slung across his saddle-peak.

"Him or me," groaned Lum; "hit's him or me—one! Thar ain't no tother way!"

He was riding through the bottom lands above the mill. The entire bottom was like an innocent jungle with its waving green un-



BUD BOAS.

dergrowth of cane. Pigs were rooting under the trees, and the heads of cattle rose above the cane, turning peaceful eyes of satisfied appetite upon Lum's reckless speed.

There was no reason for haste, really, outside the relief which motion gives to a perturbed soul, for Lum knew that Whitsun was buying a horse of a farmer up on the bayou, and would have to return by the same road. But he did not slacken his pace until he came on a man riding more leisurely. The man hailed him, and he saw Boas.

"W'y, I wuz at yo' heouse," said Lum, "an' Mis' Boas 'lowed ye wuz en bed."

"So I war," said Boas in a weak, high voice, "but—I got up—I got up!"



"Toby shore, toby shore," said Lum soothingly.

He saw the man could barely keep in his saddle for trembling and that his features were ghastly; but Lum had the humblest Southerner's innate politeness; it was not deemed good manners in Clover Bend to take notice of anything singular in Boas's appearance or conduct; there was one unhappy explanation always ready.

Lum, through his daze of anguish, felt a prick of pity for this miserable being who had done many a kindness to Lum's mother in his unhaunted days. He stretched out his arm and supported Boas by the elbow.

"Oh, I'm peart enough," said Boas; "I waynter tell ye suthin', Lum."

The younger man resigned himself with inward impatience to a slower gait.

"This yere's a sightly kentry, Lum, ain't it?" said Boas, gazing about him, "but I ain't repinin' ter leave it."

"Be ye gwine ter Texas?"

"Farder'n Texas, boy. Dr. Vinson was over an' he tole me — naw, Lum, ye don't need ter say yo' sorry, I know ye ar'. Ye be'n like a son ter me sence ever ye wuz a little trick an' played with my boys. Ye wuz the least little trick er all. Ye 'member 'em, Lum, sich peart, likely boys they wuz, an' they all died up an' nary un ter home, peaceable like; Mat an' Tobedrownded, an' Mark throwed from his hoss. All on 'em ayfter — ye know w'at — all three en one year, ev'ry chile we'd got, Ora an' me. Hit war hard ter endure, Lum, turrible hard."

"It war so," said Lum.

"Wa'al, they're all on 'em gone. An' I'll be gone, too, afore long. I ain't repinin'. Lum, ye never heerd me talk on't; I cudn't b'ar ter speak; but, somehow, 'pears like 'twud ease my min' a bit ter tell ye suthin' er my feelin's, Lum; ef I hedn't er be'n so mortal skeered er meetin' up with Grundy, I'd a killed myse'f a long spell back, I wud so. I'm wore out. Boy, ef so be yo' tempted ter fight, 'mind yo'se'f er me! I killed Grundy Wild, killed 'im fair too; but, Lord ferguv me, I done went enter thet ar fight *aimin'* ter kill. I 'low thet war how he got 'is holt on me. Fer he's never lef' me sence. Fust I wudn't guv in. 'Be thet ar all the harntin' ye kin mek out?' sez I. But hit kep' a comin' an' a comin', never no differ, tell hit crazied me, Lum!

"Nur thet warn't the wust on it. The wust war bein' skeered the hull w'ile, 'spectin' an' dreadin' never no tell.

"Did ye never hev a door a squeakin', Lum? A squeakin' door ar' a mighty little trick; 'tain't nuthin', ye may say; but ye'll be a settin' an' thet thar door'll squeak an' stop, an' then it'll squeak agin, an' then not, an' then squeak an' squeak an' squeak tell ye git up, sw'arin' mad, an' shet the door. Lum, I cudn't shet the door! I taken ter drinkin', but I cudn't git so drunk thet I'd not feel thet thar cole han' er his'n a flap flabbin' on my face. Hit's wore me out. At las' I jes give up; an', my Lord! 'peared like his soul fa'rly enjyed trompin' on me, r'arin' an' chargin' like twuz a wil' hog! Oh, my Lord!



"BE YE ON HIS SIDE?"

my Lord!" The man shook in his saddle with the horror of his recollections. But he controlled himself enough to go on, though the sentences came in pants. "Then I 'membered — thet thar tex' — an eye fer an eye an' a tooth fer a tooth. Hit come ter me — cud I on'y swap a life with the Lord fer Grundy's — then it mought be he wud tek Grundy offen me an' — let me die en peace. I don't ax no mo'." He stopped, gasping and coughing while Lum held him. Lum was deeply touched; he was not a whit moved from his intention; but he was touched, and he felt a sadder sense of comradeship, thinking, "Mabbe I'll know how ye feel, ter-morrer." Boas continued:

"An', Lum, w'ile I war studyin' an' prayin', 'Lord, let thy pore sinful sarvint wipe the blood-guiltiniss offen his soul an' not hev ter die

skeered! Lum, I heerd them Case boys from the hills talkin' outside. They wuz come ter borry my bateau. They wuz ayfter Whitsun Harp, becase he'd promussed the big un, Ike, a lickin' fer beatin' Ole Man Bryce outen 'is cotton. They wuz 'lowin' ter pick a fight wi' him an' kill him. I peeked outer a crack an' seen 'em. Two hed guns, an' all three hed knives. So I tole Ora ter tell 'em we 'lowed ter use our own boat. But they got a bateau farder down, an' I seen 'em en the river, so I hed Ora row me over an' I borried Looney's hoss, it bein' so easy — an' I'm agwine ter warn 'im. The river twists so, an' thar's a right smart er groun' 'tween Young Canes whar he ar' an' the water, I kin' git thar fust, easy — Say, little tricks, w'at ye bellerin' fer?" The road had passed a little clearing, made in Arkansas fashion by burning down the trees. The cabin in the center had no window, and the door was open, showing three particularly dirty children who were all crying together. The oldest stuck a shaggy white head out to say, "Hit's fer maw?"

"Whar's yer maw done gone?"

"She's done gone 'ith Mr. Harp fer ter see Aunt Milly Thorn, kase Uncle Tobe Thorn done lick er hide offen er," said the child, evidently repeating an older tongue's story. "I sended three men ayfter er, but she ain't come back, an' we uns is hungry. Oh dear, maw! maw!"

"Hush, hush, honey," said Boas, trembling, "whar did the men come from?"

"They come from a boat, an' they axed fer Mr. Harp, an' they said they wud fotch maw back in the boat. Will ye fotch maw?"

"Ter Tobe Thorn's," screamed Boas, clutching Lum's arm; "d'ye onnerstan', Lum? Thet's 'cross the big bayou, the heouse on the bank; they kin cut 'cross en the bateau, an' the road goes 'way off t'other side. I cayn't do hit, Lum, the Lord don't mean ter parden me! An' pore Whitsun —" shaking Lum's arm in his uncontrollable agitation — "Lum, mabbe its 'tended fer you ter save 'im! Yo' hoss never makes a blunder. Ye know the bottom, an' ye kin ride through the brake fast — fast!"

Lum turned a dull, deep red; he felt himself suffocating with passion; he saw his revenge lost, and with it everything else. Yet he could not wrench his last hope from this hunted, desperate, dying creature. And Boas had been kind to his mother.

"Lum, ye will do hit," pleaded Boas, "I know ye don't bear no good will ter Harp, but, God A'mighty, he's a human critter, ye won't see 'im murdered w'en ye kin save 'is life! Ye cayn't be so hard-hearted! Oh, Lum, do it ter save me, ter help me outen the hell I be'n en fer five year!"

"Yes," said Lum, "I'll go fer you, Boas."

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His face was as white as Boas's, but Boas could not see; he pushed his helper by the shoulder to hurry him, panting, "Go 'long, then, fast, fer God's sake! God bless ye, boy, ye'll save two men stidden one. How he rides, an' I useter ride thet way—" The children cried, and he went to them; Lum was out of sight in the high cane.

The young fellow rode furiously. Beneath that pleasant green sea lay pronged roots and logs and ugly holes. Thorn-trees stretched out their spiked limbs, wild grape-vines flung their beautiful treacherous lassos on the breeze, and pawpaw saplings, stout enough to trip a horse, were ambushed in the cane. Through them all crashed the brave gray, leaping, dodging, beating down the cane with his broad chest, and never slackening his speed. It looked like a frantic race through the wilderness, but, with the woodman's instinct, the rider, leaving the perils below to the beast's sure eyes, was really guiding him on an invisible course.

At last Lum drew rein before another clearing. He could see Thorn's cabin and women in the "gallery," and, riding along the shore, nearer and more distinct, the figure of a man on horseback, plainly Whitsun Harp.

Lum galloped up to him.

The regulator carried pistols in the holsters of his old cavalry saddle; the barrel of one flashed out as Lum approached.

"Ye ain't no call ter be skeered er me!" shouted Lum. "Not *this* time. Look out fer the Case boys — thar, on the bateau! They're a comin'!"

"Shucks!" said Whitsun. He gave Lum a long and keen glance which apparently satisfied him, for he addressed himself at once to the more imperative danger. In fact, the Case boys were landing. Ike, the tallest, he to whom the "lickin'" had been promised, stood up in the boat, as the keel grated on the sand, and hailed Lum:

"Say, Lum Shinault, moosey outer yere, we hain't no gredge agin you!"

"W'at mought ye hev come fer then?" said Lum sarcastically.

"Ter guv thet thar — regerlater a show ter lick Ike, ef he darst," called the second brother.

"I darst," Whitsun replied with his usual composure; "jes come on over!" The brothers consulted; then Lum was hailed again:

"Lum Shinault, git outen the road!"

"The road's free," said Lum. "Yo' mighty brash orderin' folks outen the road!"

"Dad burn ye, be ye on his side?"

"Looks like," replied Lum indifferently; "onyhow, ef ye waynt a fight ye kin hev hit!"

"They all won't fight," said Whitsun.

Nor did they. The third Case boy (while

the others were bending to their oars) yelled: "A man so mean 's you, Whit Harp, hed order be shot 'twixt the cross er the gallowses, an' we'll do hit yit!" And the big Ike informed Lum that he was "let off" on account of the women in the cabin; but not one of them lifted his gun. Safe out in the river, they threw back a shower of threats and oaths, but nothing more solid.

"They're pusillanimous cusses," remarked Harp. Then he drew nearer Lum, looking actually embarrassed. "I cayn't mek you out rightly, nohow, Columbus Shinault," said he.

"Naw," said Lum scornfully, "nor I cayn't mek myself out. Look a yere, Whit Harp, I come enter this yere bottom ter *kill* you."

Whitsun nodded gravely, making a little affirmative noise in his throat, exactly as he might have done to a remark about the weather.

"An' I *wud* hev killed ye or be'n killed up myself—one, ef I hedn't met up with Bud Boas. Tain't no differ *how* he stopped me; he done hit, he sent me on his errant ter ye—ter warn ye; an' w'at's mo', so longer 's he lives ye ain't nuthin' ter fear from me. But w'en he's done gone—look out!" He would have wheeled his horse, but Harp caught the rein, saying "Stop! w'at sorter trick's all this? W'at fer did ye stop fer Bud Boas? Did he—did he skeer ye with his ghost?"

Lum laughed harshly, in sheer bitterness of soul: "A dozen ghosts wudn't a stopped me. I don' hole by ghosts nohow."

"Then w'y did ye go?"

None of us are above wishing to be justified, and there is a peculiar zest in overturning our enemies' false notions of us. Lum never would have proffered an explanation, but there may have been a grim comfort in letting Whitsun see his real self. He replied quietly, "I come ter help Boas."

"How'd thet help 'im?"

"Kase he war purportin' ter warn ye hisself. He 'lowed ef he cud jes save some un's life—a sorter swap like fer the one he taken, thet ar ghos' w'at harnts 'im mought quit."

"Did the ghost say so?"

"I don' hole by ghosts, I tell ye. Naw, it's jes a idy. So's the ghost a idy, ter *my* min'. But hit's plum fixed in 'is head jes strong's scripiter. An' I reckon t'wull be like he 'lows t'will be—so. He 'lowed ef he cud save ye from bein' killed up er hev me, then the ghost 'ud let up an' he cud die in peace."

"Toby shore. An' hit war thet away? An' thet thar's w'y ye won' fight me—kase the life won' be saved then an' the sperrit mought cum back?"

Lum shrugged his shoulders: "I guess."

Whitsun's stolid face worked as he cried:

"Blame my skin ef I kin mek ye out onyhow! Ye ain't no sich feller like I wuz 'ceountin' ye ter be!" The blood rushed to Lum's forehead with a sudden sense of the uselessness of this late recognition, a sudden fury of pain. "Ye hev foun' hit out too late, Whitsun Harp," he cried; "ye shamed me afore Polly Ann, an' ye shamed her too, lickin' her husband jes bekase ye wuz the bigges' an' stronges', an' ye wuz too dumb ter see thet thar triflin' critter, Savannah, war jes sick with a chill, an' I wuz guvin' on her w'isky."

"An' wuz them lies 'bout you an' her?"

"Ax *her*," said Lum, overcome by irritation; "I don't want no mo' truck 'ith ye, Whit Harp, w'ile Boas is 'live. Let go!"

"Jes er minute mo', Lum. I ain't agoin' ter fight with ye ayfter this ev'nin'. An' ef I done ye wrong I'll ondo hit yit."

The hand on Lum's bridle dropped, and the gray leaped forward; Lum's farewell words hurled behind: "Ye cayn't ondo hit; all ye kin do ar' ter fight me, an' ye *shell*!"

"Ef I mistaken him," muttered Whitsun, who hardly seemed to hear, so absorbed was he in his own train of thought, "ef—how *cud* hit a be'n—me bein' called?"

Boas was waiting at the cabin. He thanked and blessed Lum, but the poor fellow's heart was too sore to be thus eased. He must go back to Polly Ann, who despised him. It never occurred to him to try to lift himself a little in his wife's opinion by telling the story of the afternoon; he felt too sure that Polly Ann would not believe in any real intention of his to fight Harp, and would think that he welcomed any excuse. If only the Case boys had fought, if somebody's blood, no matter whose, had been spilled! "Gells is allus a cravin' fer folks ter be killin' each other," mused Lum. "Polly Ann wud feel a heap pearter ef I hed a fust-rate title ter a ghost er my own. But now I never'll hev no show, not the leas' bit on earth!"

Polly Ann received him with great kindness, saying nothing of the spoiled dinner or the delayed supper and twice-made coffee. After supper she herself brought him the violin. But he put it aside, saying: "Tek hit 'way, I don' feel like fiddlin'!" He had scarcely touched his supper. "Ye feelin' puny, Lum?" said Polly Ann timidly. He only shook his head and went out, forgetting his hat. Her kindness jarred on his sick soul; this morning he had yearned for it because this morning he had a conviction that she would not despise him long or grudge him, afterward, a last caress. But now—"I'm so low down en her min' she cayn't help pityin' me," thought Lum. Degraded in his own eyes and in hers, and uncertain how long before Savannah's giddy tongue might be released from

the fear that tied it and make his humiliation the latest joke for the store, Lum's whole nature seemed to collapse. He shunned the Clover Bend people; he even shunned his wife, spending days in the woods shooting, or picking cotton, and taking a lunch into the field. At night, supper over, he would go out and be gone until late. Many a night did Polly Ann pretend to be sleeping when Lum stepped softly across the floor. He never had been drinking; and he did not cross the river, for Polly Ann, always watching at the window, could see that the boats were not moved. One night she followed him. All that he did was to wander restlessly among the hills. She saw him make wild gestures; once she heard a groan. Then she crept back to bed and cried, poor woman, whether for him or for herself, who knows?

She began to be frightened. She saw Harp at a distance, and once he crossed the river and paid a long call on Boas; so that she did not connect any possible remorse with her husband's gloom. How could she imagine that he was ceaselessly and poignantly regretting his not being a murderer?

The only place where Lum was anything like his old self was in Boas's cabin. Boas was dying, but very peacefully. The visions which had tortured his life away were gone. He had no more dread of them. Thanks to Lum, he told his wife. He told her nothing else, but that was enough to arouse her gratitude. She would not pain him with questions, but she thought no harm of questioning Polly Ann. "D'y'e 'low Lum done seen Grundy an' druv him 'way?" she asked in tones of awe. "Law me, Mis' Shinault, but hemus' hev grit!" Grit? — poor Lum! But Polly Ann, who was superstitious, did have a vague and appalling theory that in some way Boas might have transferred Grundy to Lum. Yet, were she right, it was not natural for Lum to take such evident comfort in Boas's society, going there every day, and taking his violin, although he never lifted the bow at home.

Boas had little to say; what he had was about the time when his lost boys were children. He would lie for hours, quite patient, quite content, watching his wife at her simple tasks or hearing Lum play. He often smiled. It was a pathetic sight to see how this man, who had not known peace for so long, seemed actually to revel in mere immunity from dread. "'Pears like I cudn't git enough er jes restin'," he would say. He suffered very little physically. "It isn't so much that his lungs are gone," the doctor had said; "all his organs seem used up. It's more a death from exhaustion than anything else."

November passed. Early in December Boas

died. Lum saw him only a few hours before the event. He had never alluded to the past horror, but to-day he said: "Lum, I be'n havin' a cur'is dream. 'Peared like I war haulin' logs alonger Grundy Wild, like we useter. An' we uns war hevin' sich a pleasan' time. Hit war purty weather, an' we uns didn't 'pear ter hev no bad feelin's 'twixt us, an' Grundy he war a laffin' an' pokin' fun, an' me, I war laffin', too, kase ye know them tricks er his'n an' quar contraptions, an' nary un 'membered nuthin' er thet ar bad time. I war a laffin' w'en I waked up. Lum, we uns war right good frien's wunst, an' hits quar but I ar' a feelin' them ole frien'ly feelin's now agin. Hit's like the res' war jes a bad dream. I ain't skeered no mo' er meetin' up with Grundy, Lum."

Not long afterward he fell asleep, and he may have wakened with Grundy, for he did not waken in this world. There was a great gathering at the funeral. To this day the widow talks about it with doleful pride: "'Twar the vurry bigges' an' the gran'es' buryin' the Bend ever seen. A hun'erd an' sixty-two, big an' little, looked at the co'pse. I ceounted."

Whitsun Harp came to the funeral. It so happened that when Lum first saw him they were both standing at the grave. The open grave was between them. Polly Ann saw Lum's moody countenance brightened by a fierce light. Harp did not seem to see Lum or any one; his composed and melancholy gaze went past their heads over the forlorn little field with its rail fence and high gray grass waving above the unmarked mounds. The services ended, the people slowly walked down the path which their own footsteps had made through the grass. Polly Ann kept close to Lum. He edged himself up to Whitsun. They spoke together in a low tone, but Polly Ann had the ears of an Indian; she caught two fragments of Lum's sentences: "Nuthin' *now* ter hender," and "Down en th' bottom, by the little bayou."

There were people with the Shinaults as far as the ferry, and afterward there were the widow and two cousins to escort home. One of the cousins, intent on having a comfortable gossip about the dead man with some one not too near him for free discussion, returned with Lum. So she gave Polly Ann no chance to see her husband alone, and was still rocking and talking in the black and gilt rocking-chair when he came in and took down his gun. "I'm goin' fer a shoot, Polly Ann," said he. He had crossed the threshold, but he came back and kissed his wife on both cheeks, before the cousin. The cousin giggled; but Polly Ann remembered that he had not kissed her before in three weeks. I fear that her visitor found her an ungracious hostess. The instant



she was free, she ran to the shore. Lum's boat was gone, but Boas's little boat had been left near the ferry; in this she rowed over to Clover Bend. At first she hesitated on the other shore, but presently she ran at the top of her speed. She had heard a single shot. "Thar wud er be'n *two*," her white lips kept muttering; "thar wuz on'y one!"

She ran past the mill, past the pasture, down into the swamp. It was the same cypress brake through which Lum had ridden with Boas, three weeks before; but it was another scene to-day. One of the wood fires, so common in autumn, had shorn the ground of the green cane and all the undergrowth that hides the weird ugliness of the cypress roots. Now, bared of every tender disguise of vine or moss, the hideous things, in their grotesque and distorted semblance of human form, seemed demon dwarfs crouching over their fires; while the cypress knees bore an uncanny resemblance to the toes of incompletely buried giants. Out of this huddle of monstrous shapes rose the cypress-trees, unmarred by knot or branch until high, high above a rider's head, some slim and erect like stately young maidens, others of enormous girth, brother giants to those that the earth refused to cover. Some were as smooth and glossy white as dead bones. The fire had eaten out their life. Charred logs were tumbled over the ground, and the cypress boughs were ashes whence rose a cloud of smoke under hurrying feet.

Polly Ann ran on farther and farther into the ruined forest. She could see the shining of water. A log had fallen across the road. No, oh God! it was no log, it was a man, it was Whitsun Harp lying on his face, shot dead from behind.

Another woman might have screamed. Polly Ann only knelt down beside the man who had loved her all his youth, and very gently turned his face to the sun.

He who so seldom smiled now wore a pleasant, dreamy smile on his lips. The murderer had taken such sure aim that death did not even interrupt the murdered man's thought.

Then, at last, Polly Ann understood her husband. This was what he was studying.

Without a moan or cry her body swayed forward like a broken tree and fell beside Harp's. But she did not lose consciousness; she knew the voice that called her name, and she staggered to her feet. Lum was standing in the road, his face ashen-white and his gun shaking in his hands. She ran to him with a great sob and threw herself against his breast.

"Run! run!" she gasped, "they'll catch ye! Tek the boat; the river's bes'!"

"Fer w'y must I run?" said Lum. Though he was so agitated, so excited, he seemed rather

like a man overcome by some unexpected sight of horror than one who fears for himself.

"You"—began Polly Ann; she clutched the barrel of his gun. It was cold to the touch.

"Ye hav'n't fired hit off!" screamed she.

"Naw," said Lum, "I seen ye weepin' over Whitsun Harp; ye 'low I killed him?"

"Ye looked so — skeered!"

"I war skeered — pow'ful skeered. Kase, Polly Ann, I lef' home 'ith my min' sot on killin' thet thar dead man, but I didn't do hit. Hark' ter me, afore him lyin' thet away ye don't b'lieve I cud lie. Lemme tell ye the hull truth." Then he told, with the conciseness of strong emotion, how Boas had saved him in the first place, and how, as long as Boas lived, he could not renew his attempt. "But, ter-day," said he, "I war free agin. I cud show ye I war a man's much ez Harp. I spoken ter him at the buryin'."—He shuddered.—"I 'p'inted this yere place. He tole me ter come ter the store first, an' then ef I wanted he'd come yere. I done wen' ter the store. And *he* war thar. Afore 'em all, he stepped up an' begged my pardin'. 'Mr. Shinault knows w'at fer,' he says, an' then he thanked me fer 'savin' on his life — he putt hit like thet — an' tole the hull story. 'An' now,' sezee, 'I don't guess ye keer fer my comp'ny down en the bottom.' Then he holes out his han', an' I taken it, an' he said, 'Ye won' keep no gredge agin me no mo', will ye, you nor yo' wife?' an' I said 'Naw,' an' he went away, an' I never seen him agin tell I seen *you* settin' by him, an' him dead. Polly Ann, ye *do* b'lieve me."

Polly Ann was sobbing, but she nodded. "Abe Davis, he war with me, but he went on the high road, an' I come down yere fer a shoot, so I'd hev some squirrels to tote home. We heerd the shoot, but folks is allus shootin' in the bottom. We mought er cotched of 'em ef we'd come straight down: I don't guess they'll ever catch 'em now. Thar's too many ter s'spicion."

Lum judged rightly. Among the dozen men who had cause to hate Whitsun, Justice (a somewhat unwieldy personage in the bottom) never could find enough evidence against any one to take action. Whitsun's murderer was never punished, to Clover Bend's knowing; he was never even pursued.

Lum knelt down as Polly Ann had done by the dead man's side; he looked up at his wife with love and pity beyond his expression. "Yes, he's done gone shore, dearie," he said slowly; "I wisht he warn't. He war a better man nor me."

Polly Ann only sobbed.

"Wud ye — wud ye like ter — ter say good-bye ter him afore I holler on Tobe? I'll step over yander ter look fer 'im."

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"LUM KNELT DOWN AS POLLY ANN HAD DONE."

Then Polly Ann looked up. She read his thoughts.

"Lum," said she, "come yere!" He came.

"Ye 'low thet I set store by Whitsun, too gre't store, mor'n I done by *you*?"

"He war yo' kin', honey, I don' meanter, ter trow it up agin ye—ye 'lowed I war triffin'."

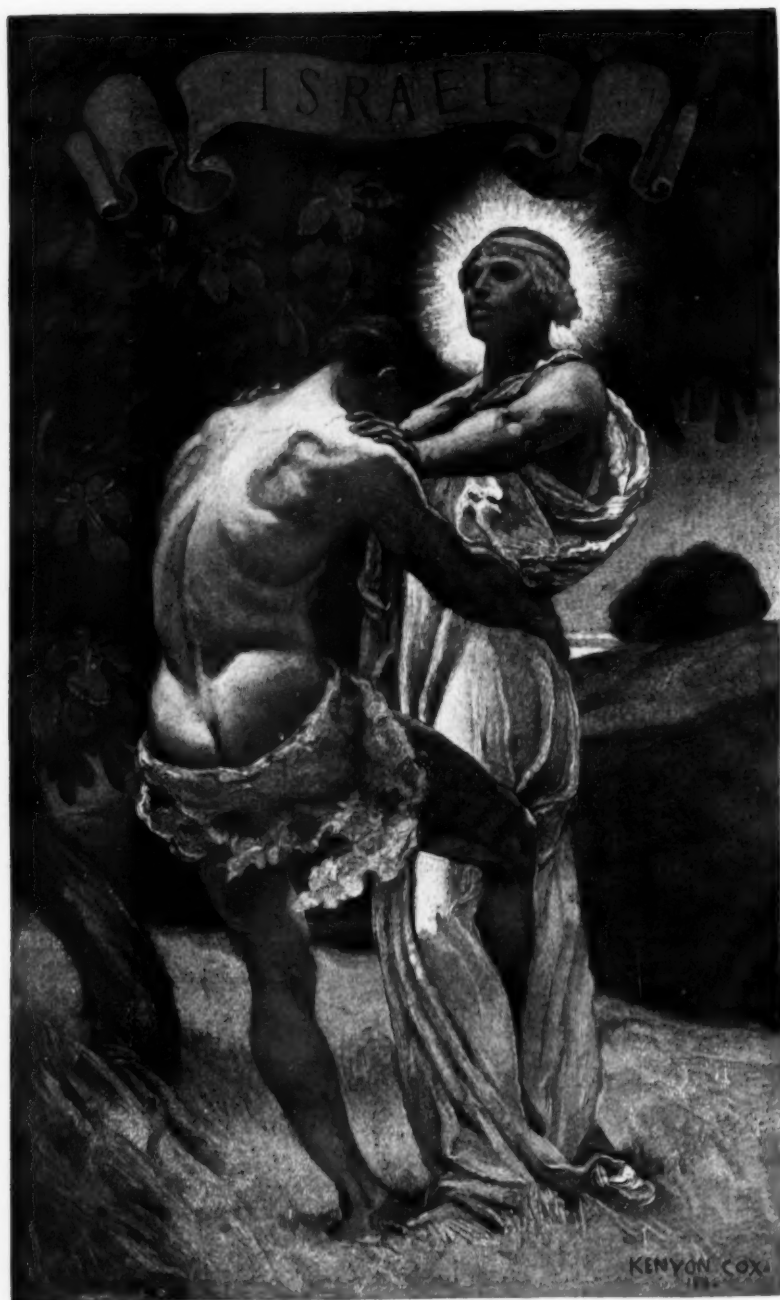
"Lum, Lum, don' say the word," cried she, "*don't!* I don' know how ter tell ye; but 'twaz *you* allus, allus, even w'en ye hedn't nary thought fer me an' wuz waitin' on Savannah Lady. I fit agin hit, I done my bes' ter brung my min' ter Whitsun, fer he—he axed me an' he war so good, so brave, the bes' an' faith-fulles—but I cudn't do it, kase my min' war

so sot on you. An' then we uns wuz married, an' ye didn't set no gre't store by me fer a right smart. An' I wuz so lonesome, an' paw war gone, an' I grieved. An' then w'en ye sorter—sorter began ter hev a—a differ en yo' feelin's I war frettin' an' takin' on bekase ye warn't like Whitsun, an' kase ye wud let 'im dare ye an' prommus ye lickin's an' not tek it up. Oh Lum, I war a fool, but 'twar allus you. *Whitsun* knows it war allus you."

"Yes, honey, yes, my darlin', I onnerstan'," said Lum softly, gathering her into his arms with a full heart. In that supreme moment they both forgot all the world but themselves.

But Whitsun, lying in the sunlight at their feet, was smiling still.

*Octave Thanet.*





#### ISRAEL.

**W**HEN by Jabbok the patriarch waited  
 To learn on the morrow his doom,  
 And his dubious spirit debated  
 In darkness and silence and gloom,  
 There descended a Being with whom  
 He wrestled in agony sore,  
 With striving of heart and of brawn,  
 And not for an instant forbore  
 Till the East gave a threat of the dawn;  
 And then, as the Awful One blessed him,  
 To his lips and his spirit there came,  
 Compelled by the doubts that oppressed him,  
 The cry that through questioning ages  
 Has been wrung from the hinds and the sages,  
 "Tell me, I pray Thee, Thy Name!"

Most fatal, most futile of questions!  
 Wherever the heart of man beats,  
 In the spirit's most sacred retreats,  
 It comes with its somber suggestions,  
 Unanswered forever and aye.  
 The blessing may come and may stay,  
 For the wrestler's heroic endeavor,  
 But the question, unheeded forever,  
 Dies out in the broadening day.

In the ages before our traditions,  
 By the altars of dark superstitions,  
 The imperious question has come;  
 When the death-stricken victim lay sobbing  
 At the feet of his slayer and priest,  
 And his heart was laid smoking and throbbing  
 To the sound of the cymbal and drum  
 On the steps of the high Teocallis;  
 When the delicate Greek at his feast  
 Poured forth the red wine from his chalice  
 With mocking and cynical prayer;

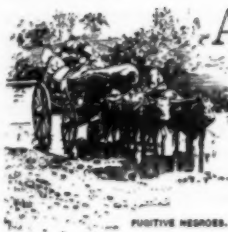
When by Nile, Egypt worshiping lay  
 And afar, through the rosy, flushed air  
 The Memnon called out to the day;  
 Where the Muezzin's cry floats from his spire;  
 In the vaulted Cathedral's dim shades,  
 Where the crushed hearts of thousands aspire  
 Through art's highest miracles higher,  
 This question of questions invades  
 Each heart bowed in worship or shame;  
 In the air where the censers are swinging  
 A voice, going up with the singing,  
 Cries, "Tell me, I pray Thee, Thy Name!"

No answer came back, not a word,  
 To the patriarch there by the ford;  
 No answer has come through the ages  
 To the poets, the seers, and the sages,  
 Who have sought in the secrets of science  
 The name and the nature of God,  
 Whether cursing in desperate defiance  
 Or kissing his absolute rod—  
 But the answer which was and shall be,  
 "My name! nay, what is it to thee?"  
 The search and the question are vain.  
 By use of the strength that is in you,  
 By wrestling of soul and of sinew  
 The blessing of God you may gain.  
 There are lights in the far-gleaming heaven  
 That never will shine on our eyes,  
 To mortals 'twill never be given,  
 To range those inviolate skies.  
 The mind whether praying or scorning  
 That tempts those dread secrets shall fail,  
 But strive through the night till the morning  
 And mightily shalt thou prevail.

*John Hay.*



## THE CAMPAIGN FOR CHATTANOOGA.



As a duty to the living and to the dead, I avail myself of the opportunity here afforded to perpetuate testimony concerning the strategy and grand tactics of that wonderful campaign of Chattanooga in which the battle of Chickamauga was an inevitable incident. In the performance of this peculiar duty, it is a relief to know that, thanks to Congress and to Colonel R. N. Scott, the publication of reports, correspondence, orders, and dispatches relating to these events will soon be made in a forthcoming volume of the "Records of Union and Confederate Armies during the Rebellion," which will enable an interested public to verify the accuracy of what I shall state.\*

On October 30th, 1862, at Bowling Green, Kentucky, I assumed command of the troops which had been under the able and conscientious Major-General D. C. Buell. They consisted of the Fourteenth Army Corps and such reinforcements as had joined it previous to the battle of Perryville, Kentucky, which drove the Confederates advancing under Bragg, back into Tennessee. There were, in all, 10 divisions of infantry, about 34 batteries of artillery, and some 18 regiments of gallant but untrained cavalry.

The Army of the Cumberland was molded out of these by organizing the infantry and artillery into grand divisions: the right under Major-General A. McD. McCook; the center under Major-General George H. Thomas; and the left under Major-General Thomas L. Crittenden. The cavalry was under General D. S. Stanley, an experienced chief. There was a pioneer brigade, formed by details from the infantry, under the chief engineer, and inspector general's and topographical staffs for corps, division, and brigade service, detailed from officers of the line. Through interchanges, the muskets of each brigade were reduced to a single caliber; and battle-flags were prescribed to distinguish corps, divisions, and brigades on the battle-field and march.

With this army, under instructions from

Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief, I was to "Go to East Tennessee, driving the rebels out of Middle Tennessee."

It was November. The autumn rains were near at hand. East Tennessee was 150 miles away, over the Cumberland Mountains. It had been stripped of army supplies by the Confederates. We had not wagons enough to haul supplies to subsist our troops fifty miles from their depots, as had just been demonstrated in their pursuit of Bragg, after Perryville. Hence our route to East Tennessee must be by the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad, or within less than fifty miles right or left of it. The shortest and best line lies through that gap in the mountains where all the drainage of East Tennessee breaks through and flows westward from Chattanooga, forty miles by river, into Middle Tennessee at Bridgeport. [See map, page 133].

In the first week of November the Army of the Cumberland, therefore, proceeded to Nashville, and as soon as it was prepared to do so, Dec. 26th, began its movement for Chattanooga, distant 151 miles. Meanwhile, the enemy under Bragg concentrated at Murfreesboro', 32 miles from Nashville. The opposing armies met on the bloody field of Stone's River, December 30th, and after a contest of four days, in which twenty per cent. of its brave officers and men were killed and wounded, the Army of the Cumberland took Murfreesboro'.

The Confederates retired to Duck River, 32 miles south, and established a formidable intrenched camp across the roads leading southward at Shelbyville. Another intrenched camp was constructed by Bragg 18 miles south of Shelbyville at Tullahoma, where the McMinnville branch intersects the main Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad.

The winter rains made the country roads impassable for large military operations. Our adversary's cavalry outnumbered ours nearly three to one. It occupied the corn regions of Duck and Elk rivers. Ours had to live in regions exhausted of supplies, to watch and guard the line of the railroad which supplied us — 32 miles to Nashville, and the Louisville and Nashville Railway for 185 miles farther northward to Louisville. We lost many of our animals for want of long forage. Mean-

\* Colonel Robert N. Scott died on March 5th of pneumonia. He had been ill only a week. In 1878 he was assigned to the duty of compiling the records of the war, which he performed with signal ability and

impartiality. His loss will be keenly felt by students of war history who, like ourselves, have had the benefit of his scholarly counsel and unflinching courtesy.—  
EDITOR.



while we hardened our cavalry, drilled our infantry, fortified Nashville and Murfreesboro' for secondary depots, and arranged our plans for the coming campaign upon the opening of the roads, which were expected to be good by the 1st of May, 1863.

General Burnside, commanding the Department of the Ohio, including Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky (with headquarters at Cincinnati), sent his next in command, Major-General George L. Hartsuff, to arrange for his forces to coöperate with ours for the relief of East Tennessee, which, though largely Union in sentiment, was now occupied by the enemy under General Buckner.

I explained to Hartsuff my plan, the details of which I gave to no other. It was briefly:

*First.* We must follow the line of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railway.

*Second.* We must surprise and manœuvre Bragg out of his intrenched camps by moving over routes east of him to seize the line of the Nashville and Chattanooga Railway in his rear; beat him if he fights, and follow and damage him as best we can, until we see him across the Tennessee.

*Third.* We must deceive him as to the point of our crossing the Tennessee, and securely establish ourselves on the south side.

*Fourth.* We must then manœuvre him out of Chattanooga, get between him and that point, and fight him, if possible, on ground of our own choosing, and if not, upon such ground as we can.

*Fifth.* Burnside must follow and guard the left flank of our movement, especially when we get into the mountains. His entrance into East Tennessee will lead Bragg's attention to Chattanooga and northward, while we cross below that point.

*Sixth.* Since our forces in rear of Vicksburg would be endangered by General Joseph E. Johnston, if he should have enough troops, we must not drive Bragg out of Middle Tennessee until it shall be too late for his command to reënforce Johnston's.

Bragg's army is now, apparently, holding this army in check. It is the most important service he can render to his cause. The Confederate authorities know it. They will not order, nor will Bragg venture to send away any substantial detachments. In fact, he is now holding us here by his nose, which he has inserted between our teeth for that purpose. We shall keep our teeth closed on his nose by our attitude, until we are assured that Vicksburg is within three weeks of its fall.

General Hartsuff reported this to Burnside, and advised me of their assent to the plan and to concurrent action.

The news that Vicksburg could not hold

out over two or three weeks having reached us, we began our movements to dislodge Bragg from his intrenched camp on the 24th of June, 1863. It rained for seventeen consecutive days. The roads were so bad that it required four days for Crittenden's corps to march seventeen miles. Yet, on the 4th of July, we had possession of both the enemy's intrenched camps, and by the 7th, Bragg's army was in full retreat over the Cumberland Mountains into Sequatchie valley, whence he proceeded to Chattanooga, leaving us in full possession of Middle Tennessee and of the damaged Nashville and Chattanooga Railway, with my headquarters at Winchester, fifty miles from our starting-point, Murfreesboro'. This movement was accomplished in fifteen days, and with a loss of only 586 killed and wounded.

From Winchester by railroad to Chattanooga is about sixty-nine miles. By wagon roads it is much greater. To pass over this distance, greater than from the Rappahannock to Richmond, Virginia, with intervening obstacles far more formidable, was our greatest work. In front of us were the Cumberland Mountains. Beyond them was the broad Tennessee River, from 400 to 900 yards wide. On the north side of it, beyond the Cumberland Mountains, lay Sequatchie valley, 3 or 4 miles wide and 60 miles long. East of that, Waldron's Ridge, the eastern half of the Southern Appalachian range, cut from the Cumberland by the Sequatchie. At the eastern base of this ridge flows the Tennessee above Chattanooga, from 400 to 600 yards wide. On the south of the Tennessee tower the cliffs of Sand Mountain, 600 or 700 feet high. Beyond that broad, flat, wooded top is Trenton valley, 40 or 50 miles long, ascending southerly to the top of the plateau; and east of it the long frowning cliffs of Lookout Mountain, a thousand feet above this valley, stretch northward to the gap at Chattanooga with not a single road of ascent for 26 miles, and not another until Valley Head, 40 miles southward from Chattanooga.

The task before us was:

*First.* To convince General Bragg, a wary and experienced officer, that we would cross the Tennessee at some point far above Chattanooga. This required time and serious movements.

*Second.* Meanwhile, without attracting his attention, to repair the Nashville and Chattanooga Railway to Bridgeport on the Tennessee.

*Third.* To subsist our troops and accumulate twenty days' rations at Stevenson, without allowing him to get the faintest intimation of our intentions and doings.

*Fourth.* To construct a large pontoon bridge train, bring it and the pioneer brigade for-

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ward by rail to the vicinity of Stevenson, wholly concealed from the enemy's knowledge, and have the men trained to lay and take up bridging.

*Fifth.* Our movement must be delayed until the new corn is fit for horse-feed; because when we cross the river and go into the mountains, our trains must carry twenty days' rations and ammunition enough for two great battles. We have not trains to carry anything beyond this, and hence feed for our animals must be obtained from the coming corn crop of the country into which we are going, or our campaign will be a failure.

*Sixth.* When we cross the Tennessee, we must so move as to endanger Bragg's communications by rail and oblige him, for their protection, to fall back far enough to give us time and space to concentrate between him and Chattanooga and, if possible, to choose our own battle-ground; for doubtless he will fight us with all the force he can assemble.

How all this was done we have not space to tell. Nor can we relate how it came to pass that the Army of the Cumberland had to proceed on its perilous mission alone, unaided, unassisted, either by our Army of the Tennessee, unemployed since the surrender of Vicksburg, or by the activity of the Army of the Potomac, which might have kept Lee from sending Longstreet to fight us; or by the Department of the Gulf, which, instead of threatening the enemy's Gulf coast to keep troops from going to Bragg, by a useless expedition to Texas, had given bonds, so to speak, not to molest them; or by Burnside's command, which was so far away to the north of us that, in the hour of need, with forty thousand men of all arms, he could do nothing to help us.

I only repeat that we were ordered forward alone, regardless alike of the counsels of commanders, the clamors of the press, the principles of military art and science, and the interests of our country. Of all this the corps commanders of the Army of the Cumberland and myself were well aware. They knew that the Secretary of War, without reason or justice, was implacably hostile to me. They knew more. They knew that those great loyal governors, Curtin of Pennsylvania, Andrew of Massachusetts, and Yates of Illinois, offered seven regiments of two-years' veterans, who were willing to reenlist on condition that they should go as mounted infantry to the Army of the Cumberland; that General Lovell H. Rousseau bore a letter to Secretary Stanton, explaining how very important would be the services of such a body of men in guarding the long and exposed line of our communications, soon to be lengthened by our advance to Chattanooga; that this line *must* be guarded; that

every such mounted man in that move would give us three infantry men at the front. They knew that when the Secretary had read my letter, he rudely said to General Rousseau: "I would rather you would come to ask the command of the Army of the Cumberland, than to ask reinforcements for General Rosecrans. He shall not have another d——d man."

On the 4th of August, General Halleck telegraphed me:

"Your forces must move forward without further delay. You will daily report the movement of each corps till you cross the Tennessee."

On the 6th, after full consideration and consultation with my corps commanders, I replied:

"My arrangements for beginning a continuous movement will be completed, and the execution begun, by Monday next. . . . It is necessary to have our means of crossing the river completed and our supplies provided to cross sixty miles of mountain, and sustain ourselves during the operations of crossing and fighting, before we move. To obey your order literally would be to put our troops at once into the mountains on narrow and difficult roads destitute of pasture and forage and short of water, where they would not be able to manœuvre as exigencies may demand, and would certainly cause ultimate delay and probably disaster. If, therefore, the movement which I propose cannot be regarded as obedience to your order, I respectfully request a modification of it, or to be relieved from the command."

The War Department did not think it prudent to relieve me, and therefore gave consent in terms sufficient to convict it of reckless ignorance, or worse.

But we were soldiers. We moved to our work with every energy bent on insuring its success. On the 10th of August our movement began. On the 14th all our corps were crossing the Cumberlands. It required six or seven days. The movement appeared as if directed toward Knoxville, but it was really to concentrate near Bridgeport and Stevenson. Crittenden crossed the Cumberlands into Sequatchie valley and made a bivouac many miles long; sent Van Cleve's division with our left wing cavalry to Pikeville; ordered two infantry brigades to cross Waldron's Ridge by roads some miles apart, and to bivouac in long lines on its eastern edge, in sight of observers from the opposite side of the river, who would take them for strong advances of heavy columns of troops of all arms. This appearance was confirmed by the boldness of our cavalry and mounted infantry, which descended into the valley of the Tennessee and drove everything across to the enemy's side of the river. The other corps were concealed in the forests north and west of Stevenson.

The pontoon bridge train came down from Nashville by rail on the 24th of August, and the pioneers took it away out of observation,

practiced laying and taking up pontoon bridges until the 29th, when they laid a bridge across the Tennessee at Caperton's, ten miles below Bridgeport, in four and a half hours. It was 1254 feet long, and the work was done at the rate of 4.6 feet per minute.

Meanwhile, to prepare for sustaining our army at Chattanooga, I contracted with great railway bridge-building firms to rebuild the railway bridge at Bridgeport, over 2700 feet long, in four weeks, and the Running Water Bridge, three spans, 171 feet each, to be done within two weeks thereafter; and ordered Captain Edwards, Assistant Quartermaster, to have constructed, with all dispatch, five flat-bottomed stern-wheel steamboats of light draft, to run on the Tennessee between Bridgeport and Chattanooga.

Our first bridge was ready, August 29th, and the Twentieth Corps was ordered across it to Valley Head, the south end of Trenton valley, forty miles south of Chattanooga. Thence a road leads down the eastern slopes of Lookout, by Alpine, into Broomtown valley, whence there are roads toward the Northern Georgia railway line and to Rome. This heavy corps of all arms, so far south of Bragg's position at Chattanooga, made him uneasy. But when Thomas, after crossing, moved with his corps up Trenton valley in the same direction, with all his train, Bragg became still more anxious. Then came Crittenden following Thomas with merely an unostentatious column in observation on the direct road to Chattanooga. This movement portended mischief and it was strong enough to do plenty of it. As a prudent commander, Bragg could not afford to leave us forty miles south of his position, to get quietly down and concentrate between him and Atlanta.

Bragg was reluctant to leave his stronghold Chattanooga, and yet he yielded to his apprehensions. On the 8th he slowly retired southward, giving out rumors that he would go back to Rome or to Atlanta. On Sept. 9th Crittenden's leading division entered Chattanooga. On the afternoon of the same day our cavalry and infantry, from the north side of the river, crossed over into town. The cavalry moved out to see if the enemy had gone. He was beyond Rossville and behind Missionary Ridge, but not far away. To keep up Bragg's apprehensions, McCook was ordered, without exposing his command, to appear advancing. On the 12th Thomas crossed over Lookout, up Johnson's Pass and down Cooper's, putting his command in snug defensive position at its foot. Crittenden had moved his whole corps into Chattanooga over the road at the north end of Lookout, but was ordered not to push out into danger. On the 10th the story of

Bragg's retreat to Atlanta was found to be false, and, behind our cavalry and mounted infantry, Crittenden's infantry moved cautiously out.

By the 12th, I found that the enemy was concentrating behind Pigeon Mountain near Lafayette. When Crittenden's reconnaissance in force, of the 12th and 13th, showed the rear of Bragg's retiring columns near the Chickamauga, I instantly ordered him to move westward within supporting distance of Thomas as speedily and secretly as possible. At the same time orders were dispatched to McCook to join Thomas at the foot of Cooper's Gap with the utmost celerity.\*

Our fate now depended, first upon prompt concentration, and next, on our choosing our own battle-ground, where our flanks would be protected and where we could have full use of our artillery. Everything indicated that the enemy must soon attack us. Bragg issued his order for it, dated September 16th, 1863, in which he says to his command, "You have been amply reinforced." Yes! The Confederate authorities had wisely given Bragg every man they thought it possible to spare, from Virginia, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi. Even the prisoners paroled at Vicksburg contributed to strengthen him.

Our command received none from our authorities, who had abundant force at their disposition. About the 10th of September, aroused by fear of consequences, General Halleck began telegraphing orders for reinforcements, but we were involved in the mountains and beyond reach, and it was entirely too late for any useful results; but it was a confession that support ought to have been ordered at the proper time, and might serve for ulterior operations after our fate was decided.

At last, on the 18th, McCook's corps came within reach of the enemy, who was then moving through the gaps in the Pigeon Mountain to attack us. Over the tree-tops we saw clouds of dust moving toward our left. Bragg wanted to get between us and Chattanooga. We had no time to lose.

The whole Twentieth Corps came down the mountain, and Thomas, with three of his divisions, was ordered to move north-eastward through the forests by lines of fires, until his command was placed across the Reed's Bridge road and the more westwardly roads leading to Chattanooga *via* Rossville. Crittenden and McCook were to follow when the enemy's plan developed.

Eight o'clock on the morning of September 19th found Thomas and his wearied men in

\* For additional maps and pictures relating to the battles of Chickamauga and Chattanooga, see *The Century Magazine* for April, 1887.—EDITOR.



position. Before the fighting began. Crittenden, with Palmer and Van Cleve, moved on the Lafayette road toward Thomas's right. The enemy soon abandoned his attempts on our left, and concentrated toward our center. Johnson's division was ordered from McCook to Thomas; Van Cleve was driven, and Davis's division gave ground. General Negley was sent to Van Cleve's position at 5 P. M., and Sheridan earlier to help Davis. The fight raged. The enemy went back and the day closed. The corps commanders came to my headquarters. They said they had fought superior numbers. They were cool, experienced commanders; they had been in many bloody battles; their opinions had great weight. I saw that the morrow was likely to be more bloody and decisive than that day. I determined the new line, so that there should be the least possible moving of the tired troops, and that it should be short enough to give us seven brigades in reserve. All but one had been in action that day. Thomas must hold the left to the last extremity. If beaten, he must retire on Rossville and Chattanooga. He must send his trains there at once. He had the four divisions of his own corps (the Fourteenth), Johnson's from the Twentieth and Palmer's from the Twenty-first Corps. Granger, with three brigades of the Reserve Corps, was in rear of his left at Rossville. This was all of our whole army on the field, save ten brigades. But the defense of our left was the defense of our army and of Chattanooga. On the 20th, short-

ly after daylight, I examined Thomas's whole line, and at 6 o'clock he wrote that he would like to have his right division (Negley's) to place on his extreme left. I ordered General Crittenden to send General Wood to replace Negley in the line. At 9 o'clock I found Wood in line of battle half a mile in rear of Negley. He said that he had understood that his order was to support Negley, not to relieve him, and proceeded to do what should have been done at least a half hour before. Meanwhile the battle had begun on Thomas's left. It moved toward the right. Heavier and heavier rolled the musketry and thundered the cannon. Captain Willard came from Thomas and asked for Negley. He had been waiting to be relieved, but now, at last, he went filing out of the woods by his left. Van Cleve was ordered farther to the north-east; McCook had had the most repeated and emphatic orders to keep his troops closing to the left.

At 11 o'clock, Major Kellogg came from Thomas, who wished to know if he could have Brannan. I replied: "Yes; tell him to dispose of Brannan, who has only one brigade in line, and to hold his position, and we will reinforce him, if need be, with all the right"; and said to Major Bond, of my staff, "If Brannan goes out, Wood must fill his place. Write him that the commanding general directs him to close to the left on Reynolds and support him."

Major Kellogg went to Brannan and gave him the order to move his command toward the left.



Brannan's skirmishers being driven in at this time, he consulted Reynolds, who said: "Under the circumstances, stay and send General Thomas word you are being attacked, and ask him if, under such circumstances, you shall leave." To this message General Thomas replied: "No, by no means."

When an orderly handed Wood his order "to close on Reynolds and support him," his skirmishers, on Opdycke's front, were being driven. Without seeking explanations from Brannan or Reynolds, and without notifying me (I was in the open field not 600 yards from him), he drew his command out of the line. Jeff. C. Davis, under orders to keep closed to the left, moved in to fill Wood's place, and his two brigades were struck by Longstreet, who, with a column "brigade front" and five lines deep, assaulted that part of the line and drove it out of place. Sheridan's three brigades were ordered to the break, but had only force enough to break a line or two, and were obliged to withdraw.

Watching the unavailing effort of Sheridan to stem the tide, I observed the long line of Longstreet's wing coming from the south-east in line of battle, outreaching our right by at least a half mile. I ordered Davis and Sheridan to fall back northward and rally on the Dry valley road at the first good point for defense, leaving most of my staff to aid in rallying these troops; and with my chief-of-staff, senior aide, and a few orderlies proceeded over toward the rear of our center, directing such of Van Cleve's broken rear of column as I met to join Sheridan on the Dry valley road. In view of all the interests at stake, I decided what must be done. Halting at a road coming from the west and leading eastward toward the rear of our left, I said to General Garfield and Major Bond: "By the sound of the battle over to the south-east, we hold our ground. Our greatest danger is, that Longstreet will follow us up on the Dry valley road over yonder to the west of us. Post, with all of our commissary stores, except those of the Twenty-first Corps, is over that ridge, not more than two or three miles from the Dry valley road. If Longstreet advances and finds that out, he may capture them. This would be fatal to us. If he comes this way he will turn the rear of our left, seize the gap at Rossville, and disperse us. To provide against what may happen:—

"*First.* Sheridan and Davis must have renewed orders to resist the enemy's advance on the Dry valley road;

"*Second.* Post must be ordered to push all our commissary trains into Chattanooga and securely park them there;

"*Third.* Orders must go to Mitchell to ex-

tend his cavalry line obliquely across that ridge, connect with the right of Sheridan's position on this valley, and cover Post's trains from the enemy until they are out of danger;

"*Fourth.* Orders must go to Spears's brigade, now arrived near there, to take possession of the Rolling-mill bridge across Chattanooga Creek, put it in good order, hold it until Post arrives with his trains, then turn the bridge over to him, and march out on the Rossville road and await orders;

"*Fifth.* Wagner in Chattanooga must have orders to park our reserve artillery defensively, guard our pontoon bridge across the Tennessee, north of the town, and have his men under arms ready to move as may be required;

"*Sixth.* General Thomas must be seen as to the condition of the battle and be informed of these dispositions.

"General Garfield, can you not give these orders?" I asked. Garfield answered: "General, there are so many of them, I fear I might make some mistake; but I can go to General Thomas for you, see how things are, tell him what you will do, and report to you." "Very well. I will take Major Bond and give the orders myself. I will be in Chattanooga as soon as possible. The telegraph line reaches Rossville, and we have an office there. Go by Sheridan and Davis and tell them what I wish, then go to Thomas and telegraph me the situation."

I dispatched my orders, by messenger, to Mitchell and Post, gave them in person to Spears and Wagner, and awaited Garfield's report, which, dated 3.45 P. M. from the battlefield, reached me at 5 P. M., saying: "We are intact after terrific fighting, getting short of ammunition, and the enemy is going to assault our lines once more. Our troops are in good spirits and fighting splendidly."

I ordered Garfield by dispatch to tell Thomas to use his discretion at the close of the fight whether to stop on the ground he occupied or to retire on Rossville, and said that I would send ammunition and troops accordingly. Thomas used that discretion and retired to Rossville, where our troops halted, and, in spite of their condition, wearied with three days and a night of marching and fighting, were by 11 o'clock in fair defensive position. I ordered up ammunition and rations. On the next morning, Monday, the 21st, our lines at Rossville were rectified, and advantageous positions were taken to receive the enemy if he desired to attack us.

After reconnoitering a few points, he found us there and desisted from further efforts. We were now concentrated between the enemy and Chattanooga, with ammunition to fight another battle. During the day I selected the defensive lines our command would occupy

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CHATTANOOGA FROM THE NORTH SIDE OF THE TENNESSEE—LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN IN THE DISTANCE; CAMERON HILL NEAR THE RIVER. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH BY LINN.)

around Chattanooga, directed the manner of retiring from Rossville and of taking positions on these lines, to which the heads of columns were guided by staff and engineer officers. The troops began quietly to withdraw at 10 o'clock P. M., and on Tuesday morning, September 22d, they were intrenching the lines for holding permanent possession of the objective point of our campaign.

It will be remembered that we started for Chattanooga from Murfreesboro', on the 24th of June, 1863. The direct distance by rail is 119 miles. To the battle-ground of Chickamauga is 20 miles farther, or 139 miles. We dislodged our adversary from two strongly fortified camps; crossed the Cumberland Mountains, the Tennessee River, Sand Mountains and Lookout Mountain; fought the battle of Chickamauga; and on the 22d of September, just ninety-two days from starting, we held Chattanooga, for the possession of which at any time within the previous two years we would willingly have paid all that it had cost.

\* The records will show [but without data by which might be estimated the relative strength of regiments. —Ed.] that at the battle of Chickamauga Bragg had 184 regiments and 20 battalions of infantry, 34 regiments of cavalry, 47 batteries of artillery; and that we had only 133 regiments of infantry, 18 regiments of cavalry, and 35½ batteries.

In a note to Halleck, dated from the Executive Mansion, September 21st, 1863, President Lincoln, speaking of this possession, says:

"If held, with Cleveland inclusive, it keeps all Tennessee clear of the enemy and breaks one of his most important railroad lines. To prevent these consequences, so vital to his cause that he cannot give up the effort to dislodge us from the position thus bringing him to us, and saving us the labor, expense, and hazard of going further to find him, and giving us the advantage of choosing our own ground and preparing it to fight him upon. The details must, of course, be left to General Rosecrans, while we furnish him the means to the utmost of our ability. . . . If he can only maintain the position, without more, the rebellion can only eke out a short and feeble existence, as an animal may sometimes with a thorn in his vitals."

In presence of the facts I have just stated, and in view of all their marchings, combats, and bloody battles to get possession of Chattanooga, can the reader be made to believe that the Army of the Cumberland and its commander were likely to abandon or fail to hold it?\*

W. S. Rosecrans.

Confederate maps of the battle show the enemy's line of battle on the morning of the 20th of September: Front line, 6,880 yards long; second line, 3,310 yards long. Our front line, 3,400 yards long; second line, 1,750 yards long. (Granger's three brigades, three miles away, not included.)—W. S. R.



### THE ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND AT CHATTANOOGA.

ON the night of September 20th, 1863, after two days of furious fighting, and after a loss of 16,179 men, nearly one-third its strength, the Army of the Cumberland withdrew from Chickamauga to Rossville, not quite four miles in the rear, and there stood in line of battle all the next day. But an attack was not made. The enemy had dashed against the "Rock of Chickamauga," and had been broken in pieces. Two-fifths of the men of Bragg's army had been killed or wounded. Rossville was held till the night of the 21st, when the Army of the Cumberland withdrew to positions in and around Chattanooga. The non-combatants of the town, in great alarm, had taken flight to the hills across the river, or had sought in their cellars refuge from the danger of an impending battle. Every church, public building, and available house had been taken for hospital purposes, for our wounded soldiers filled the town, more than nine thousand having been brought in from Chickamauga.

As soon as the divisions were in the positions assigned to them, the muskets were stacked and ax, pick, and spade were grasped. Day and night the work of fortification went on; trees were felled, houses were torn down, trenches were dug, epaulements for batteries rose from the ground in a single night, and the hills within our line grew into strong breastworks and impregnable fortresses. Looking from the signal station on Lookout Mountain down into the valley two thousand feet below, one could see myriads of boys in blue, like great ants, burrowing in the ground and throwing up hills of dirt. As Rosecrans, with his staff, rode along the lines, his troops greeted him with cheers that proclaimed the spirit of victors. Off to the south, Bragg's army could be seen, swarming through Rossville gap, and spreading over Missionary Ridge and the

east side of Lookout Mountain, and afterwards approaching our front in solid lines of battle. Batteries of artillery hurried into position; staff officers galloped over the field farther up the valley, and, in the direction of Rossville, great clouds of dust, like the "pillar of cloud by day," marked the advance of other unseen masses of troops.

Bragg's army was on its feet again, and another battle seemed imminent. Late that day General Bragg sent General Gracie to Rosecrans requesting an exchange of prisoners. In a conversation with Major Bond, aide-de-camp to General Rosecrans, General Gracie asked him what opinion prevailed among our men as to which army had the advantage in the operations that ended in the battle of Chickamauga and the occupation of Chattanooga, saying that this was a mooted question in Bragg's camp. Major Bond replied that there had been no time in the past two years that we would not have given for the possession of Chattanooga all that it had cost, and he added, "I believe we have got it." After a pause General Gracie remarked, "Well, that is so."

As the flag of truce that came with this message approached our lines, all who saw it believed that it brought a demand from Bragg for the surrender of Chattanooga. A rumor that the demand had been made and refused quickly spread through our camp, and all the troops now eagerly waited for the opening gun of Bragg's attack. But the battle was not to be. Bragg, having drawn his lines as close around Chattanooga as seemed prudent, sat down with his army, and began working with the spade not less energetically than the Army of the Cumberland. For many days, within the range of each other's artillery, the two armies dug as though each was preparing the

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grave of the other. After it became apparent that Bragg would not fight at Chattanooga, it was thought that he might cross the river above, threaten our lines of communication with the rear, and thus repeat, on the north side, the manœuvre of Rosecrans. Longstreet advised such a movement; Bragg did not approve it, preferring to adopt the plan of starving us out.

On September 24th a brigade that had held the point of Lookout Mountain was withdrawn. Bragg at once took possession, and sent Longstreet's corps over into Lookout valley. He also extended his pickets down the south bank of the river, nearly to Bridgeport, our base of supplies. This cut us off from the river and the roads on its north and south banks, and left us but one open road to the rear,—if the sixty miles of unused way over Waldron's Ridge and through Sequatchie valley could be called a road, inasmuch as in places it was only the bed of winter torrents, or slashes on the mountain sides. Over this, for a time, we might haul supplies; but we were in a state of semi-siege.

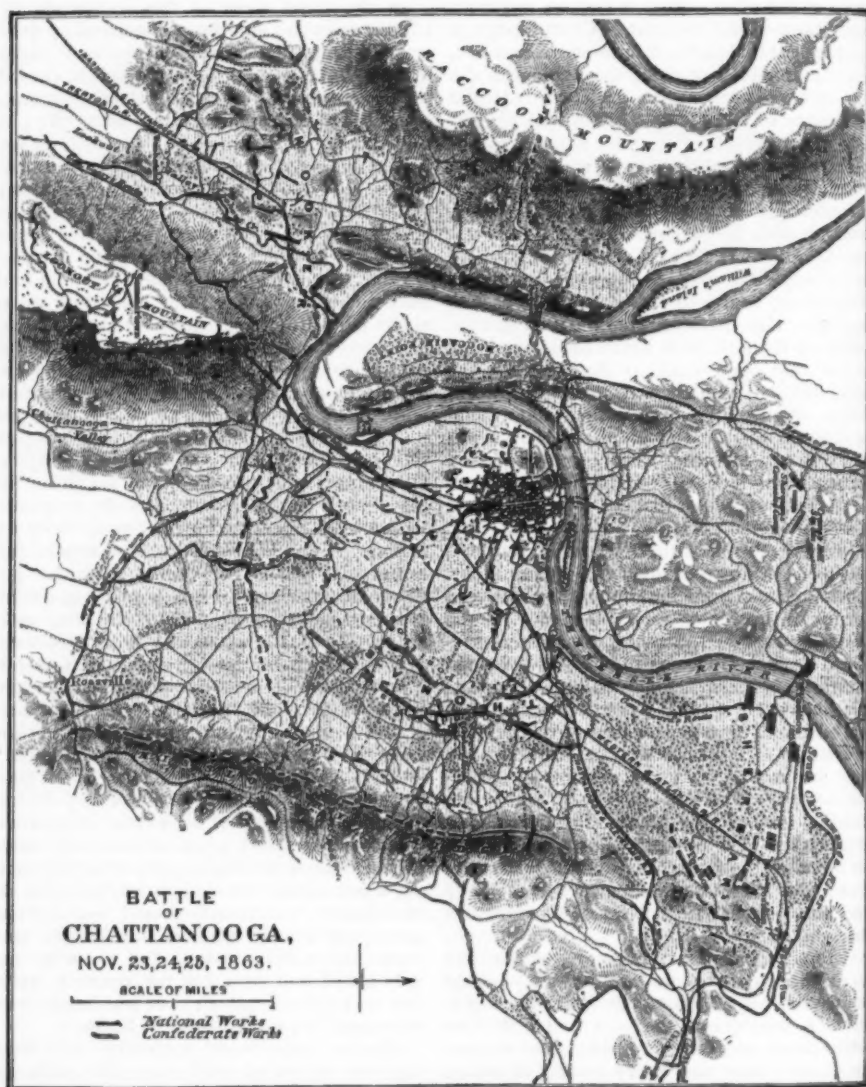
Within a few days the trees within our lines had been cut down for use in the fortifications, or for fuel, and even the arbors that had been put up to protect officers and men from the sickening heat of a September sun were sacrificed for fuel. Coffee had to be boiled, though its drinkers broiled. There had been but little rain since early in July. The earth was parched and blistered. Leaves had dried up on the trees, and all grass had withered and turned gray. The moving of men and animals stirred up blinding clouds of dust which every breeze sent whirling through the camps. The troops were longing for rain, the chaplains were praying for it. With the first week in October the rains came, and it was a question whether the deep and sticky mud was not more objectionable than the dust.

The hilly, barren country north of the river—the only country we could reach—could not furnish supplies enough for the poverty-stricken inhabitants the war had left. Our whole army was therefore obliged to depend for every ration and every pound of forage on the mules that hauled the army wagons over the sixty miles of horrible road from Bridgeport. On its line some of the hills were so steep that a heavy army wagon was almost a load going up, and, now that the rains were falling, that part of it in the little valleys had become so soft and cut up that a lightly loaded wagon would sink up to the axles. In one instance, a wagon having sunk till its bed rested on the mud, the driver did not, as usual, beat his mules and swear; he simply sat on a rock by the wayside, looked at the wretched animals, and *cried*.

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In the third week of the occupation of Chattanooga, no one, from commanding general down, any longer expected or even thought of an attack. Both armies had almost ceased their excavations. Missionary Ridge, summit, side, and base, was furrowed with rifle-pits and studded with batteries. The little valley of Chattanooga was dammed up with earthworks, and Lookout Mountain, now a mighty fortress, lifted to the low-hanging clouds its threatening head, crowned with siege guns. Since the 5th of October the guns of Missionary Ridge had been daily growling and barking at our forts on the left, while great shells came tumbling down from Lookout, like meteors shooting from the sky. Our own guns savagely sent back shot for shot, sowing them thickly on the sides of mountain and ridge. The two lines of pickets were not more than three hundred yards apart; but on the picket line it was peaceful and calm, for, by common consent, there was no picket firing. For it is inhuman to shoot the man into whose eyes one can look, even if he be an enemy. The pickets were there to watch, and not to kill. Quietly they sat at the little "go-pher pits," chaffing and sending back and forth boisterous jokes, while perhaps shrieking messengers of death, unheeded and unnoticed, flew over their heads. On a still night, standing on the picket line, one could hear the old negro song "Dixie," adopted by the Confederacy as their national music; while from our line came in swelling response, "Hail Columbia" and "The Star-Spangled Banner." With a glass Bragg's headquarters on Missionary Ridge, even the movement of his officers and orderlies, could be seen; while those on the ridge or on Lookout Mountain could bring into view our whole camp. By daylight our troops could be counted, our reveille heard, our roll-call noted, our scanty meals of half rations seen—the last without envy. And we were not only heard and seen, but the enemy's signal flag on Lookout talked, over our heads, with the signal flag on Missionary Ridge.

The fall rains were beginning, and hauling was becoming each day more difficult. Double teams could draw not much more than half loads. Quartermasters could not send mules to the front fast enough to take the place of those that were worked to death. Ten thousand dead mules walled the sides of the road from Bridgeport to Chattanooga. In Chattanooga the men were on less than half rations. Guards stood at the troughs of artillery horses to keep the soldiers from taking the scant supply of corn allowed these starving animals. Indeed, so slight was the allowance of forage that many horses died of starvation, and most of the survivors grew too weak for use in pulling



REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION FROM "THE MILITARY HISTORY OF ULYSSES S. GRANT," BY GENERAL ADAM BADEAU. N. Y. : D. APPLETON & CO.

the lightest guns. Men followed the wagons as they came over the river, picking up the grains of corn and bits of crackers that fell to the ground. Yet there was no murmur of discontent.

Before Rosecrans had advanced from Tullahoma, he had urged the authorities at Washington to send him reinforcements, and to cause such operations to be made in other fields as would prevent reinforcements from being sent to Bragg. To his entreaties they turned a deaf

ear. Indeed, they were then about persuaded that Bragg was depleting his army by sending reinforcements to General Lee in Virginia; and they compelled Rosecrans to cross the Tennessee River with an insufficient force. The battle of Chickamauga dispelled such ideas, and caused great alarm. In haste they ordered General Sherman to move at once with the Fifteenth Army Corps from the vicinity of Vicksburg to Chattanooga, and sent by rail the Eleventh Corps and Twelfth Corps, —

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fifteen thousand men,—under command of General Hooker, from the Army of the Potomac. Early in October Hooker reached Nashville, and as his men could not be fed in Chattanooga, they were temporarily strung along the railroad from Nashville to Bridgeport. Ever since Longstreet got into Lookout valley, Rosecrans had been making preparation to drive him out. A small stern-wheel steamboat was built at Bridgeport; a captured ferry-boat, reconstructed, was made an available transport; and material for boats and pontoons, or either, with stringers and flooring for bridges, was prepared at Chattanooga as rapidly as possible, at an improvised saw-mill. But the plan finally adopted was conceived and worked out by General William F. Smith, Chief Engineer of the Army of the Cumberland. On the 20th of October, after having been fully matured, it was submitted, and was warmly approved by Thomas, who had succeeded Rosecrans, and who at once gave orders to General Smith, General Hooker, and others to carry it into execution with all possible expedition.

October 16th the Military Division of the Mississippi was created. General Grant was placed in command, with directions to proceed at once to Chattanooga and take personal charge of operations. While *en route* for that point, he telegraphed from Louisville, Kentucky, on the 19th, relieving General Rosecrans and placing General Thomas in command. The same day he telegraphed to General Thomas:—

"Hold Chattanooga at all hazards. I will be there as soon as possible. Please inform me how long your present supplies will last, and the prospect of keeping them up."

General Thomas responded:

"Two hundred and four thousand and sixty-nine rations in store; 96,000 to arrive to-morrow, and all trains were loaded which had arrived at Bridgeport up to the 16th inst., probably 300 wagons. We will hold the town till we starve."

General Grant reached Chattanooga the evening of the 23d. The next day, in company with Generals Thomas and Smith, he rode to Brown's Ferry. There General Smith's plan was explained to him. He heartily approved it, and directed that its execution be proceeded with. Everything necessary for the movement being in readiness it was commenced with the greatest possible haste and secrecy on the night of the 26th. After midnight, fourteen hundred picked men from Hazen's and Turchin's brigades, under command of Brigadier-General Hazen, quietly marched to the river bank at Chattanooga; the rest of the troops of these two brigades, with three batteries of artillery under Major John Men-

denhall, crossed the river and marched over Moccasin Point to a place near Brown's Ferry, where, under cover of the woods, they waited the arrival of General Hazen's force. The success of this expedition depended on surprising the enemy at Brown's Ferry. It was known that he had there 1000 infantry, 3 pieces of artillery, and a squadron of cavalry, while Longstreet's corps was not far off. At 3 o'clock in the morning, 52 pontoons, filled with Hazen's 1400 men, and under the direction of Colonel T. R. Stanley, 18th Ohio Infantry, noiselessly started down the river on the nine-mile course to Brown's Ferry. There was a full moon, but the light was dimmed by floating clouds and by a fog rising from the water. Oars were used till the first picket fire of the enemy was approached; then the boats were steered close to the right bank, and allowed to float with the current. On top of Lookout a signal torch was seen flashing against the sky. Was it possible that the movement had been discovered, and that Lookout was telling Missionary Ridge? No; there were the pickets sitting around their fires on the south bank, unaware that fourteen hundred boys in blue were floating by within a stone's throw. Not a gun had yet been fired,—not an alarm given. The boats still hugged the right bank. Brown's Ferry was reached at break of dawn. Suddenly the oars were put into use, and before the enemy could make out the sounds, the boats were rowed to the left bank. The pickets on guard greeted them with a volley of musketry, and then fell back on their reserves. The fourteen hundred men quickly and in perfect order occupied the crest of a hill, and began to throw up light breastworks. But they had not proceeded far in this work when the enemy appeared and made a fruitless effort to drive them from the hill. In the mean time, the boats were bringing over the river the rest of the two brigades that had marched to the north ferry landing. When the transfer had been accomplished, the boats were used in the construction of a pontoon bridge, which was finished by 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and over which Mendenhall's artillery crossed. Work was impeded early in the day by shots from the guns on Lookout Mountain.

In accordance with the general plan, General Hooker, at daylight on the morning of October 27th, crossed the river at Bridgeport with the Eleventh and Geary's division of the Twelfth Corps, and moved along the direct road to Brown's Ferry by the base of Raccoon Mountain. He brushed away the enemy's pickets and light bodies of skirmishers, and moved cautiously, as he knew Longstreet was in Lookout valley, and might at any moment



appear to oppose his advance. It was his part to open and hold the river road, to co-operate with the Chattanooga force, and to protect the pontoon bridges from attacks that would almost certainly be made by Longstreet. At 5 o'clock in the afternoon, the head of his column reached a point about one mile from the ferry, up Lookout valley; and here his command went into camp, excepting Geary's division, which was left three miles in the rear, in a position covering the ferry. These movements were made in plain view of the enemy on Lookout Mountain, who evidently did not realize their importance or design in time to oppose them with good prospects of success. A short distance from the ferry, up the little valley of Lookout, was Longstreet, with his troops. Down below, near its mouth, his old enemy Hooker, with troops fresh from the Army of the Potomac, had just thrown down the gage of battle. From the commencement of the war these opposing forces had confronted each other in Virginia. Both had left their respective armies in Virginia to reinforce armies in the West, one moving on the northern half, the other on the southern half of a circle over two thousand miles in circumference, and by a sort of affinity had come face to face in this far-off valley at the foot of Lookout Mountain. Longstreet did not hesitate to accept the challenge. When he discovered Hooker's object, he did not even wait the light of day to repeat his old tactics. The night of the 27th was clear and the air crisp. The moon shone brightly from before midnight till morning. Hooker's troops were sleeping soundly after their hard march of nearly twenty-five miles, when Longstreet's men came crowding down the valley. An hour past midnight a terrific onslaught was made on Geary's division. It was assaulted on three sides. Artillery in the valley and on Lookout opened a severe fire. Our men, who slept in line of battle, sprang to their feet at the first shot of a sentinel. The contest lasted for three hours, till Longstreet's line was broken and his men driven from the field. It was Longstreet's intention to crush Geary; then, with his whole force, to attack General Howard's Eleventh Corps, nearly three miles away. In order to hold Howard where he was, and to prevent him from sending assistance to Geary, he had sent a smaller column to move round his camp, and, almost in its rear, to occupy a steep hill nearly two hundred feet high. General Howard ordered Colonel Orland Smith, with his brigade, to carry the hill. In gallant response a magnificent charge was made up the steep side, and the enemy was driven from the barricades on top at the point of the bayonet. Longstreet, routed at every

point, retreated up the valley, leaving it as the moon's pale light was fading over the hills and giving place to the coming brightness of day. Four hundred and twenty of our men, and many more of the enemy, were killed and wounded. Hooker thus gained Lookout valley; the siege of Chattanooga was raised; the "cracker line" was opened! Hooker's troops were truly messengers of glad tidings. In their wake followed hundreds of wagons, well filled with commissary stores, while the little Bridgeport steamer, loaded down to the guards, pushed its way up the river.

The credit of this result is chiefly due to General W. F. Smith, Chief Engineer of the Army of the Cumberland, who conceived the plan of operations, and under whose directions it was mostly carried out. A failure in any part of the combined movements would have resulted seriously, perhaps disastrously. Foreknowledge on the part of the enemy would have enabled him to thwart it. So secretly had material been prepared and movements made, that none of the thousands in camp at Chattanooga, save a very few officers, were aware of anything unusual being done, till, on the 28th, they were awakened by the roar of artillery and the rattling roll of musketry coming over from Lookout valley. The raising of the siege of Chattanooga, by opening up the river and the road on its south bank, was determined upon by the commanding officers of the Army of the Cumberland soon after the occupation, though the plan of operations was adopted later, but before General Grant came to Chattanooga.

There being no longer any need for Longstreet in Lookout valley, Bragg sent him, with his corps, to Knoxville for the purpose of driving out Burnside and regaining possession of East Tennessee. The authorities at Washington became greatly concerned for Burnside's safety, and urged Grant to send assistance. But this he could not then do. Troops could not be spared from Chattanooga, nor could Bragg be attacked in his stronghold till the arrival of Sherman with the Fifteenth Corps. But Burnside held out against the attacks of Longstreet, and the situation at Chattanooga remained unchanged, except that supplies were constantly coming, and the men and the horses were getting in condition for active work.

On November 15th, General Sherman reached Chattanooga in advance of his troops. The next day, with General Grant, General Thomas, and General Smith, he rode over the hills to a point from which he could get a good view of the north end of Missionary Ridge. This appeared to be unoccupied by the enemy, as far back as Tunnel Hill. General Grant, having here pointed out the ground, explained to General Sherman his plan of operations,

and gave him instructions for carrying out the part assigned to him. General Grant's plan, in brief, was to turn Bragg's right.

General Grant selected his old army—the Army of the Tennessee, now under command of General Sherman—to open the battle, to make the grand attack, and to carry Missionary Ridge as far as Tunnel Hill. The Army of the Cumberland was simply to get into position and cooperate with General Sherman; in fact, only to protect his right while he was doing this work. General Grant well knew the men whom he had thus honored; he had commanded them at Donelson, Pittsburg Landing, and Vicksburg. He knew there were no better soldiers, and they came fresh from Vicksburg, bearing with them the prestige of victory. When he was explaining his plan to General Sherman, he said that the men of Thomas's army had been so demoralized by the battle of Chickamauga, that he feared they could not be got out of their trenches to assume the offensive, and that the Army of the Cumberland had been so long in the trenches, that he wanted his troops to hurry up to take the offensive *first*, after which he had no doubt the Cumberland Army would fight well.

The men of the Army of the Cumberland gave most hearty welcome to their brethren of the Army of the Tennessee, who had marched from the far-off Mississippi to their assistance; but they were rather envious of them on account of the special distinction that had been given them and the glory that awaited them. They could not help feeling disappointed at not having been called on to do what they thought should have been their peculiar work. The army so close in front was their old adversary. They had driven it from the Ohio across the States of Kentucky and Tennessee; they had grappled with it in battle at Perryville, at Stone's River, and Chickamauga. Here was a grand opportunity to finish the battle of Chickamauga. Here was an opportunity for an effective, dramatic, and decisive conclusion.

No battle-field in our war, none in the wars of history, where large armies were engaged, was so spectacular, or so well fitted for a display of soldierly courage and daring as the amphitheater of Chattanooga. Late on the night of November 22d a sentinel who deserted from the enemy was brought to General Sheridan, and informed him that Bragg's baggage was being reduced, and that he was about to fall back. On account of these indications and reports, General Grant decided not to wait longer for General Sherman's troops to come up, but to find out whether Bragg was in fact withdrawing, and, if so, to attack him at once.

Therefore, at 11 o'clock on the morning of the 23d, he directed General Thomas to "drive in the enemy's pickets," and feel his lines for the purpose of finding out whether he still held in force. Thus General Grant was about to change his plans. He was compelled to depart from his original purpose, and was obliged to call on troops of the Army of the Cumberland to make the first offensive movement.

General Thomas ordered General Granger, commanding the Fourth Corps, "to throw one division of the Fourth Corps forward in the direction of Orchard Knob, and hold a second division in supporting distance, to discover the position of the enemy, if he still remained in the vicinity of his old camp."

Orchard Knob is a rough, steep hill, one hundred feet high, covered with a growth of small timber, rising abruptly from the Chattanooga valley, and lying about half way between our outer pits and the breastworks of logs and stones. At its western base, and extending for a mile beyond, both north and south of the hill, were other rifle-pits, hid in part by a heavy belt of timber that extended about a quarter of a mile from the foot of the hill into the plain. Between this belt of timber and our lines were open fields in which there was not a tree, fence, or other obstruction, save the bed of the East Tennessee Railroad. On the plain were hundreds of little mounds, thrown up by our own and the enemy's pickets, giving the appearance of an overgrown prairie-dog village.

At noon General Grant, Assistant Secretary of War Dana, General Thomas, Generals Hooker, Granger, Howard, and other distinguished officers stood on the parapet of Fort Wood, facing Orchard Knob, waiting to see this initial movement,—the overture to the battle of Chattanooga. At half-past twelve, Wood's division, supported by Sheridan, marched out on the plain, in front of the fort. It was an inspiring sight. Flags were flying; the quick, earnest steps of thousands beat equal time. The sharp commands of hundreds of company officers, the sound of the drums, the ringing notes of the bugle, companies wheeling and counter-marching and regiments getting into line, the bright sun lighting up ten thousand polished bayonets till they glistened and flashed like a flying shower of electric sparks,—all looked like preparations for a pageant, rather than for the bloody work of death.

Groups of officers on Missionary Ridge looked down through their glasses, and the enemy's pickets, but a few hundred yards away, came out of their pits and idly stood looking on, unconcernedly viewing what they supposed to be preparations for a grand review. But at half-past one o'clock the advance was sounded.

At once Wood's division, moving with the steadiness of a machine, started forward. Not a straggler or laggard was on the field, and, what was probably hardly ever before seen, drummers were marching with their companies, beating the charge. General Howard, who had just come from the East, remarked to an officer: "Why, this is magnificent! Is this the way your Western troops go into action? They could not go on dress parade better." Now the enemy realized, for the first time, that it was not a review. His pickets fell back to their reserves. The reserves were quickly driven back to the main line. Firing opened from the enemy's advanced rifle-pits, followed by a tremendous roll of musketry and roar of artillery. Men were seen on the ground, dotting the field over which the line of battle had passed. Ambulances came hurrying back with the first of the wounded. Columns of puffy smoke arose from the Orchard Knob woods. A cheer, faint to those on the parapet of Fort Wood, indicated that the boys in blue were carrying the breastworks on the Knob! A sharp, short struggle, and the hill was ours.

The capture of Orchard Knob, with the advancing of our lines half way to Missionary Ridge, had a most important bearing on the struggle at Chattanooga. It caused Bragg the same evening to withdraw Walker's division from Lookout Mountain, and transfer it to Missionary Ridge, for the purpose of strengthening his center and right, thus weakening his forces on Lookout Mountain, and rendering less doubtful the result of an assault on that stronghold,—not yet contemplated. It also gave General Thomas a much more advantageous position from which to cooperate with General Sherman the next day, and one from which the movements of the enemy in the valley between the Knob and Ridge could be better observed. And it showed the commanding general that the men of the Army of the Cumberland, who, against great odds, fought and held the field at Chickamauga, had not been rusted out by nine weeks of burial in enervating earthworks.

While Granger's troops were fighting at Orchard Knob, part of General Sherman's force was still at Brown's Ferry. The crossing was rendered slow and difficult because the pontoon bridge was frequently broken by logs and small rafts set afloat up stream by the enemy. In the afternoon all the divisions had crossed, except Osterhaus's, when another break in the bridge occurred, and several pontoons were carried down stream. It was found that this could not be repaired before night, or in time for Osterhaus to join Sherman in his movement against Missionary Ridge. Osterhaus was, therefore, ordered to report with his division to General Hooker, and the place of his

division, temporarily separated from the Fifteenth Corps, was filled by Davis's division of the Fourteenth Corps, Army of the Cumberland. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon of November 23d, when it became certain that Osterhaus would be attached to Hooker's command, General Thomas directed Hooker to make a demonstration against Lookout Mountain the next morning, and, if the demonstration showed it could be carried, to proceed to take it. Later in the day, orders to the same effect came to General Hooker from General Grant. The success at Orchard Knob, and the breaking of the bridge at Brown's Ferry, caused this radical change to be made in Grant's plans. Yet he still held to the chief feature, which was to turn Bragg's right.

The morning of November 24th opened with a cold, drizzling rain. Thick clouds of mist were settling on Lookout Mountain. At day-break Geary's division, and Whitaker's brigade of Cruft's division, marched up to Wauhatchie, the nearest point at which Lookout Creek, swelled by recent rains, could be forded, and there crossed at 8 o'clock. The heavy clouds of mist reaching down the mountain side hid the movement from the enemy, who was expecting and who was well prepared to resist a crossing at the Chattanooga road below. As soon as this movement was discovered, the enemy withdrew his troops from the summit of the mountain, changed front, and formed a new line to meet our advance,—his left resting at the palisade, and his right at the heavy works in the valley, where the road crossed the creek. Having crossed at Wauhatchie, Whitaker's brigade, being in the advance, drove back the enemy's pickets, and quickly ascended the mountain, till it reached the foot of the palisade. Here, firmly attaching its right, the brigade faced left in front, with its left joined to Geary's division. Geary now moved along the side of the mountain, and through the valley, thus covering the crossing of the rest of Hooker's command. In the mean time Grose's brigade was engaging the enemy at the lower road crossing, and Woods's brigade of Osterhaus's division was building a bridge, rather more than half a mile farther up the creek. Geary, moving down the valley, reached this point at 11 o'clock, just after the bridge was finished, and as Osterhaus's division and Grose's brigade were crossing. Hooker's command, now united in the enemy's field, was ready to advance and sweep round the mountain. His line, hanging at the base of the palisades like a great pendulum, reached down the side of the mountain to the valley, where the force that had just crossed the creek was attached as its weight. Now, as, at the command of Hooker, it swung

forward in its upward movement, the artillery of the Army of the Cumberland, on Moccasin Point, opened fire, throwing a stream of shot and shell into the enemy's rifle-pits at the foot of the mountain, and into the works thickly planted on the "White House" plateau. At the same time the guns planted by Hooker on the west side of the creek opened on the works which covered the enemy's right. Then followed a gallant assault by Osterhaus and Grose. After fighting for nearly two hours, step by step up the steep mountain side, over and through deep gutters and ravines, over great rocks and fallen trees, the earthworks on the plateau were assaulted and carried, and the enemy driven out and forced to fall back. He did so slowly and reluctantly, taking advantage of the rough ground to continue the fight. It was now 2 o'clock. A halt all along the line was ordered by General Hooker, as the clouds had grown so thick that a further advance was impracticable, and as his ammunition was almost exhausted and more could not well be supplied. Ammunition wagons could not be brought up the rough mountain side. But all of the enemy's works had been taken. Hooker had carried the mountain on the east side, and had opened communication with Chattanooga. His right was at the palisades, his left in the valley near the mouth of Chattanooga Creek, and he commanded the enemy's line of defensive works in Chattanooga valley.

In the morning it had not been known in Chattanooga, in Sherman's army, or in Bragg's camp, that a battle was to be fought. Indeed, it was not definitely known even to General Grant; for Hooker was only ordered to make a demonstration, and, if this showed a good chance for success, then to make an attack. Soon after breakfast, Sherman's men at the other end of the line, intent on the north end of Missionary Ridge, and Thomas's men in the center, fretting to be let loose from their intrenchments, were startled by the sound of artillery and musketry firing in Lookout valley. Surprise possessed the thousands who turned their anxious eyes toward the mountain. The hours slowly wore away; the roar of battle increased, as it came rolling around the point of the mountain, and the anxiety grew. A battle was being fought just before and above them. They could hear, but could not see how it was going. Finally, the wind, tossing about the clouds and mist, made a rift that for a few minutes opened a view of White House plateau. The enemy was seen to be in flight over the open ground, and Hooker's men were in pursuit! Then went up a mighty cheer from the thirty thousand in the valley, that was heard above the battle by their comrades on the mountain.

At 2 o'clock Hooker reported to General Thomas and informed him that he was out of ammunition. Thomas at once sent Carlin's brigade from the valley, each soldier taking with him all of the small ammunition he could carry. At 5 o'clock Carlin was on the mountain, and Hooker's skirmishers were quickly supplied with the means of carrying on their work.

As the sun went down, the clouds rolled away, and the night came on clear and cool. A grand sight was old Lookout that night. Not two miles apart were the parallel campfires of the two armies, extending from the summit of the mountain to its base, looking like great streams of burning lava, while, in between, the flashes from the muskets of the skirmishers glowed like giant fireflies.

The next morning there was silence in Hooker's front. Before daylight eight adventurous, active volunteers from the 8th Kentucky Infantry scaled the palisades and ran up from the highest point the Stars and Stripes. The enemy had stolen away in the night.

Although General Grant had twice changed his original plan, first in the movement from the center, then in the reconnaissance and resulting attack on Lookout Mountain, he still adhered to his purpose of turning Bragg's right, and made no change in the instructions given to General Sherman, except as to the time of attack. Every necessary preparation for crossing Sherman's troops had been made secretly, under direction of General W. F. Smith; one hundred and sixteen pontoons had been placed in North Chickamauga Creek, and in ravines near its mouth, and many wagon loads of "balks" (stringers) and chess (flooring) had been hid near by. An infantry and a cavalry brigade from the Army of the Cumberland took possession of the country just north of the river before this work began. Not a citizen, loyal or disloyal, nor a soldier, save those working on the bridge material, was allowed to enter or leave the territory. Before dark on the evening of November 23d, General Sherman had his troops well massed and hid behind the hills on the north side of the river opposite the end of Missionary Ridge. After dark General Brannan, Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Cumberland, planted fifty-six guns on the low foot hills on the north bank of the river, to cover Sherman's crossing and to protect the pontoon bridge when laid. Everything now being in readiness for the movement, at midnight General Giles A. Smith's brigade entered the pontoons, floated out of North Chickamauga Creek, and was rowed to the south bank of the river. Landing quietly, he surprised and captured the enemy's pickets, and secured a firm foothold.



The pontoons were sent across the river, and with these and the small steamboat brought up from Chattanooga, General Morgan L. Smith and General John E. Smith's divisions were ferried over the river. As soon as these troops had been landed, work was commenced on the pontoon bridge, which was skillfully laid under the supervision of General W. F. Smith. The bridge was 1350 feet in length, and was completed by 11 o'clock in the morning, when General Ewing's division and Sherman's artillery crossed. At 1 o'clock, just as Hooker was rounding the front of Lookout Mountain, the roar of his battle stirring the blood of the veterans of the Army of the Tennessee, General Sherman gave the command, "Forward!" His three divisions (composing the Fifteenth Corps, under command of General Frank P. Blair) advanced in three columns in echelon: on the left General Morgan L. Smith, following Chickamauga Creek, General John E. Smith having the center, and General Ewing the right. One brigade of General Jefferson C. Davis's division of the Army of the Cumberland was left at the bridge, and the other two were held in reserve between that point and the ridge, ready to move in any direction. At 3:30 General Sherman took the hill which was supposed to be the north end of the ridge. Soon afterwards one of his brigades took another hill a little in advance. These two hills were separated by a deep depression from the heavily fortified Tunnel Hill, on which Bragg's right flank rested and which was Sherman's objective point. General Grant thought that Sherman might take this position before Bragg could concentrate a large force to oppose him. As it was now too late in the day to attempt an assault on Tunnel Hill, Sherman threw up strong defensive works, and settled down for the night. At 4 o'clock he was vigorously attacked; but the enemy was handsomely repulsed, and Sherman still held the ground he had taken.

None of the men of the Army of the Cumberland, who for nine weeks were buried in the trenches at Chattanooga, can ever forget the glorious night of the 24th of November. As the sun went down, the clouds rolled up the mountain, and the mist was blown out of the valley. Night came on clear, with the stars lighting up the heavens. But there followed a sight to cheer their hearts and thrill their souls. Way off to their right, and reaching skyward, Lookout Mountain was ablaze with the fires of Hooker's men, while off to their left, and reaching far above the valley, the north end of Missionary Ridge was aflame with the lights of Sherman's army. The great iron crescent that had, with threatening aspect, so long hung over them, was disappearing.

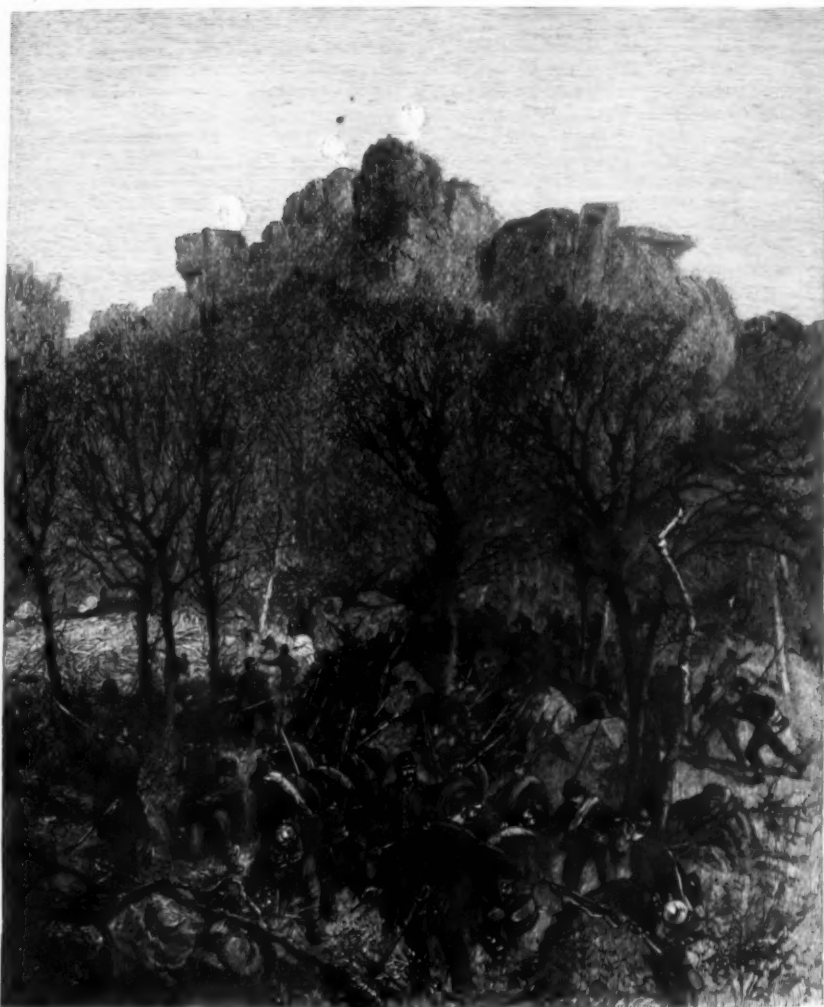
The only thought that dampened their enthusiasm was that the enemy was being destroyed on the flanks, while they were tied down in the center, without a part in the victories. But late that night General Grant, thinking that General Sherman had carried Tunnel Hill, and acting in that belief, gave orders for the next day's battle. General Sherman was directed to attack the enemy at early dawn, and Thomas to coöperate with him, either by attacking the rifle pits in front, or by moving to the left, as might be determined by the result of Sherman's movement, and Hooker to hold himself in readiness to advance into Chattanooga valley, provided he could, with a small force, hold the Summertown road,—the road that zig-zagged from Chattanooga valley to the summit of the mountain. Early the next morning, when General Grant learned that the ridge had not been carried as far as Tunnel Hill, and that Lookout Mountain had been evacuated, he suspended operations which had been ordered, except in so far as General Sherman was concerned. Hooker was directed to come down from the mountain, and press forward on the road leading to Rossville; to carry the pass at that point, and then to operate on Bragg's left and rear. Bragg's army was now concentrated on Missionary Ridge, and in the valley at the east foot. Cheatham's and Stevenson's divisions had been withdrawn from Lookout Mountain the night of the 24th, and, marching all night, were seen at dawn the next morning moving along the summit of Missionary Ridge, on the way to reënforce Bragg's right. For several hours after daylight, the flowing of this steady stream of troops continued.

Early in the morning of the 25th, General Grant and General Thomas established their headquarters on Orchard Knob, a point from which the best view of the movements of the whole army could be had. At sunrise General Sherman commenced his attack. The gallant General Corse moved, with his brigade, down into the ravine, and up the fortified hill held by the enemy. General Morgan L. Smith on the left, and Colonel J. M. Loomis on the right, moved along the east and west base of the ridge,—all having strong reserves. Corse secured a high crest within three hundred feet of the enemy's works. From here he made an assault, was driven back, and again returned to the assault. Severe fighting continued for over an hour, during which time Corse, though he could make no impression on the enemy's works, retained the ground he had taken, despite a furious assault made upon him. General Smith gained the left spur of the ridge, and was abreast of the tunnel and railroad embankment. At 10 o'clock General Corse, having

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THE BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN. (SEE ALSO PICTURES IN THE APRIL CENTURY.)

This picture shows the Union troops fighting in the woods near the cliffs of Point Lookout.

Early in October Jefferson Davis visited Lookout Mountain with General Bragg. As they approached the edge of the cliff, Bragg,

with a wave of the hand, alluded to "the fine view"; whereupon Major Robert W. Woolley, who had little faith in the military outlook, exclaimed to a brother officer, but so that all could hear: "Yes, it's a fine view, but a — bad prospect."—EDITOR.

been badly wounded, was carried off the field. About 2 o'clock two reserve brigades from the right were ordered up to assist in making another assault. In passing over an open field, well up on the side of the ridge, they were attacked in the right rear by a large body of the enemy, that had formed in the railroad gorge, and whose appearance had been hid from view by thick brush and undergrowth. The suddenness of the attack disconcerted them, and they fell back in disorder across the open field, but

halted and re-formed in the edge of the woods. After this, it appearing to be impossible for General Sherman to take the enemy's works, operations ceased.

General Grant being determined to turn Bragg's right, and seeing that General Sherman could make no progress, at 10 o'clock withdrew General Howard's two divisions from General Thomas's left and sent them to reinforce General Sherman. Later in the day General Baird's division was withdrawn from

General Thomas's right and was likewise sent to General Sherman. Thomas's command had been heavily drawn upon. Including Davis's, four divisions of the Army of the Cumberland had been sent to Sherman, and he then had more than one-half of all the troops operating at Chattanooga. Having more than he could handle at the north end of the ridge, he sent Baird's division back to Thomas, and it went into position on the left, in the place that had been occupied by Howard's command.

While Sherman was engaging the enemy, Hooker was coming down from Lookout Mountain, and pushing for Rossville. He was detained three hours at Chattanooga Creek, while a bridge that the retreating enemy had burned was being rebuilt. As soon as the stringers were laid, General Osterhaus's division crossed, and rapidly advanced to Rossville, where, after a severe skirmish, it captured a large quantity of stores, wagons, and ambulances. As soon as he had taken Rossville, Hooker moved against the south end of Missionary Ridge. The ridge was quickly carried, and, sweeping northward, Hooker soon came upon Stewart's division, posted on the summit, and behind the earthworks which the Army of the Cumberland had thrown up the day after Chickamauga. Cruft's division assaulted and carried the works, thus having the good fortune of retaking the works they themselves had constructed. It was by this time nearly sundown. Hooker reached the south end of the ridge too late in the day to relieve the pressure on Sherman, who was at the north end six miles off. Bragg's right had not been turned. Success had not followed Sherman's movement. The battle as planned had not been won.

Late on this memorable afternoon, there was an accident—an accident like the charge at Balaklava; though, unlike this theme for poetry, it called for greater daring, and was attended by complete success, and yielded most important results, for it led to the complete shattering of the enemy's army, and drove him from the field. On Orchard Knob, and opposite the center of Missionary Ridge, were four divisions of the Army of the Cumberland. On the left was Baird's division; then Wood's and Sheridan's divisions occupying the lines which, two days before, they had taken in their magnificent advance; on the right was Johnson's division,—all under the personal command of Thomas. It was past 3 o'clock. General Sherman had ceased operations. General Hooker's advance had not yet been felt. The day was dying, and Bragg still held the ridge. If any movement to dislodge him was to be made that day it must be made at once. At half-past three o'clock, an attack was ordered by General Grant. He had changed his plan of

battle. At once orders were issued that at the firing, in rapid succession, of six guns on Orchard Knob, Thomas's whole line should instantaneously move forward, Sheridan's and Wood's divisions in the center, Sheridan to be supported on the right by Johnson, and Wood on the left by Baird's divisions. This demonstration was to be made to relieve the pressure on Sherman. The only order given was to move forward and take the rifle-pits at the foot of the ridge. In Sheridan's division, the order was, "As soon as the signal is given, the whole line will advance, and you will take what is before you."

Between Orchard Knob and Missionary Ridge was a valley, partly covered with a small growth of timber. It was wooded in front of the right of Baird's and of the whole of Wood's division. In front of Sheridan's and Johnson's it had been almost entirely cleared. At the foot of the ridge were heavy rifle-pits, which could be seen from Orchard Knob, and extending in front of them for four and five hundred yards, the ground was covered with felled trees. There was a good plain for both direct and enfilading fire from the rifle-pits, and the approaches were commanded by the enemy's artillery. At this point the ridge is five or six hundred feet high. Its side, scored with gullies, and showing but little timber, had a rough and bare appearance. Halfway up was another line of rifle-pits, and the summit was furrowed with additional lines and dotted over with epaulements, in which were placed fifty pieces of artillery. The art of man could not have made a stronger fortress. Directly in front of Orchard Knob, and on the summit of the ridge, was a small house, where Bragg had established his headquarters.

At twenty minutes before four, the signal guns were fired. Suddenly twenty thousand men rushed forward, moving in line of battle by brigades, with a double line of skirmishers in front, and closely followed by the reserves in mass. The big siege guns in the Chattanooga forts roared above the light artillery and musketry in the valley. The enemy's rifle-pits were ablaze, and the whole ridge in our front had broken out like another *Ætna*. Not many minutes afterwards our men were seen working through the felled trees and other obstructions. Though exposed to such a terrific fire, they neither fell back nor halted. By a bold and desperate push they broke through the works in several places, and opened flank and reverse fires. The enemy was thrown into confusion, and took precipitate flight up the ridge. Many prisoners and a large number of small arms were captured. The order of the commanding general had now been fully and most successfully carried

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THE CHARGE UP MISSION RIDGE OF RAID'S, WOOD'S, SHERIDAN'S, AND JOHNSON'S DIVISIONS.  
(FROM THE ROUGH SKETCH FOR ONE SECTION OF THE CYCLOPAMA OF THE BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.)

out. But it did not go far enough to satisfy these brave men, who thought the time had come to finish the battle of Chickamauga. There was a halt of but a few minutes, to take breath and to re-form lines; then, with a sudden impulse, all started up the side of the ridge. Not a commanding officer had given the order to advance. The men who carried the muskets had taken the matter into their own hands, had moved of their own accord. Officers, catching their spirit, first followed, then led. There was no thought of protecting flanks, though the enemy's line could be seen, stretching beyond on either side; there was no thought of support, or reserves.

As soon as this movement was seen from Orchard Knob, Grant quickly turned to Thomas, who stood by his side, and I heard him angrily say: "Thomas, who ordered those men up the ridge?" Thomas replied, in his usual slow, quiet manner: "I don't know; I did not." Then addressing General Gordon Granger, he said: "Did you order them up, Granger?" "No," said Granger; "they started up without orders. When those

fellows get started, all hell can't stop them." General Grant said something to the effect that somebody would suffer if it did not turn out well, and then, turning round, stoically watched the ridge. He gave no further orders.

As soon as Granger had replied to Thomas, he turned to me, his chief-of-staff, and said: "Ride at once to Wood and then to Sheridan, and ask them if they ordered their men up the ridge, and tell them, if they can take it, to push ahead." As I was mounting, Granger added: "It is hot over there, and you may not get through. I shall send Captain Avery to Sheridan, and other officers after both of you." As fast as my horse could carry me, I rode first to General Wood, and delivered the message. "I didn't order them up," said Wood; "they started up on their own account, and they are going up, too! Tell Granger, if we are supported, we will take and hold the ridge!" As soon as I reached General Wood, Captain Avery got to General Sheridan, and delivered his message. "I didn't order them up," said Sheridan; "but we are going to take the ridge." He then asked Avery for his flask and waved



BRIGADIER-GENERAL U. S. GRANT. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN EARLY IN THE WAR. LENT BY MR. O. HUFELAND.)

it at a group of Confederate officers, standing just in front of Bragg's headquarters, with the salutation, "Here's at you!" At once two guns—the "Lady Breckinridge" and the "Lady Buckner"—in front of Bragg's headquarters were fired at Sheridan and the group of officers about him. One shell struck so near as to throw dirt over Sheridan and Avery. "Ah!" said the General, "that is ungenerous; I shall take those guns for that!" Before Sheridan received the message taken by Captain Avery, he had sent a staff officer to Granger, to inquire whether "the order given to take the rifle-pits meant the rifle-pits at the base, or those on the top of the ridge?" Granger told this officer that "the order given was to take those at the base." Conceiving this to be an order to fall back, the officer, on his way to Sheridan, gave it to General Wagner, com-

manding the Second Brigade of the division, which was then nearly half way up the ridge. Wagner ordered his brigade back to the rifle-pits at the base, but it only remained there till Sheridan, seeing the mistake, ordered it forward. It again advanced under a terrific fire that was raking the lower part of the ridge.

The men, fighting and climbing up the steep hill, sought the roads, ravines, and less rugged parts. The ground was so broken that it was impossible to keep a regular line of battle. At times their movements were in shape like the flight of migratory birds,—sometimes in line, sometimes in mass, mostly in V-shaped groups, with the points towards the enemy. At these points regimental flags were flying, sometimes drooping as the bearers were shot, but never reaching the ground, for other brave hands were there to seize them. Sixty flags were ad-

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vancing up the hill, in the faces of its defenders. Bragg was hurrying large bodies of men from his right to the center. They could be seen coming along the summit of the ridge in double-quick time. Cheatham's division was being withdrawn from Sherman's front. Bragg and Hardee were at the center, doing their utmost to encourage their troops, and urging them to stand firm and drive back the advancing enemy, now so near the summit — indeed, so near that the guns, which could not be sufficiently depressed to reach them, became useless. Artillerymen were lighting the fuses of shells, and bowling them by hundreds down the hill. The critical moment arrived when the summit was just within reach. At six different points, and almost simultaneously, Sheridan's and Wood's divisions broke over the crest, — Sheridan's first, near Bragg's headquarters; and in a few minutes Sheridan was beside the guns that had been fired at him, and claiming them as captures of his division. Baird's division took the works on Wood's left almost immediately afterwards; and then Johnson came up on Sheridan's right. The enemy's guns were turned upon those who still remained in the works, and soon all were in flight down the eastern slope. Baird got on the ridge just in time to change front, and oppose a large body of the enemy moving down from Bragg's right to attack our left. After a sharp engagement, that lasted till dark, he drove the enemy back beyond a high point on the north, which he at once occupied.\* The sun had not yet gone down, Missionary Ridge was ours,

and Bragg's army was broken and in flight! Dead and wounded comrades lay thickly strewn on the ground; but thicker yet were the dead and wounded men in gray. Then followed the wildest confusion, as the victors gave vent to their joy. Some madly shouted; some wept from very excess of joy; some grotesquely danced out their delight, — even our wounded forgot their pain, to join in the general hurrah. But Sheridan did not long stop to receive praise and congratulations. With two brigades he started down the Mission Mills road, and found, strongly posted on a second hill, the enemy's rear. They made a stout resistance, but by a sudden flank movement he drove them from the heights, and captured two guns and many prisoners. The day was succeeded by a clear moonlight night. At 7 o'clock General Granger sent word to General Thomas that by a bold dash at Chickamauga Crossing, he might cut off a large number of the enemy now supposed to be leaving Sherman's front, and that he proposed to move in that direction. It was midnight before guides could be found, and then General Sheridan again put his tired and well-worn men in motion. He reached the creek just as the rear guard of the enemy was crossing, and pressed it so closely that it burned the pontoon bridge before all its troops were over. Here Sheridan captured several hundred prisoners, a large number of quartermaster's wagons, together with caissons, artillery, ammunition, and many small arms.

In this battle, Sheridan's and Wood's divis-

\* Governor John A. Martin, of Kansas, colonel of the 8th Kansas Volunteers, of Willich's brigade, Wood's division, in a letter to General Fullerton dated November 16th, 1866, describes the charge as follows: "When the advance on Mission Ridge was ordered, on November 25th, my regiment went out directly from Orchard Knob. General Willich, in communicating to me the orders received, distinctly stated that we were directed to take the line of Confederate works at the foot of the hill. We reached these works without serious difficulty, the losses being very small. Shortly after, we emerged from the woods into the open field, and were charging the Confederate works on the double-quick; the soldiers there threw down their arms, and, holding up their hands, in token of surrender, jumped to our side. I had ridden my horse to this line, and, on reaching it, halted my regiment behind the enemy's intrenchments. Dismounting, I ran forward to the line huts that were built by the Confederates, on the plateau just back of their line, with a view of ascertaining what the situation was. I had seen, as soon as I reached the first line of works, as did every soldier in the command, that it was impossible for the troops to remain there long. The line was within easy range of the musketry on the summit of the ridge, and was raked by the artillery fire on the projecting points of the ridge on either side. Reaching the foot of the ridge east of the plateau, I found the position there fairly well protected, — that is, not so easily reached, either by the musketry or artillery of the enemy, — and I at once ran back to near where my regiment had halted. Just as I got there General Willich came up, and I said to him, 'We can't live here, and ought to go forward.' He gave me directions to move ahead, and I at once ordered my regiment forward. By that time, or about that time, it seemed to me that there was a simultaneous advance of many of the regiments in different parts of the line, and I got the impression that possibly orders had been communicated for an advance on the ridge, which I had not received; hence I hurried my regiment forward as rapidly as possible. When I reached the foot of the ridge again, with the regiment, my orderly came up with my horse, and I mounted it, as my adjutant did his. The advance to the ridge was as rapid as the nature of the ground would permit; and I think, from the position I occupied, I had a fair opportunity to see what was going on, not only immediately above me, but to the right and

left. I was impressed with the idea, I know, that a sharp rivalry had sprung up between several regiments, including my own, as to which should reach the summit first. Another idea, I remember distinctly, which impressed me, was that the different regiments had assumed the form of a triangle or wedge — the advance point in nearly every case being the regimental battle-flag. I have always believed that my own regiment made the first break in the enemy's lines on the summit of Mission Ridge; but the difference between the break thus made by the 8th Kansas and the progress made by one or two regiments of Hazen's brigade on our right and the 25th Illinois of our own brigade, was exceedingly brief.

"But that the first break in the enemy's lines was made in front of our division, I have not the slightest doubt. After we passed through the Confederate works, and while the men were rushing with great enthusiasm after the fleeing Confederates, who were running down the hill on the other side, my attention was directed to the right, where, at the point of a knob, I saw other troops were still engaged in a fierce struggle with the Confederates, who were yet in force behind their works; and while thus, for a moment, watching the progress of the fight to the right, a Confederate battery on a point to the left of our position was swung round, and poured a fire directly down our line. Immediately I ordered my bugler to sound the recall, and began forming all the troops I could gather at that point, with a view of moving to the left to clear the enemy's works in that direction. I had assembled probably a hundred men, when suddenly the whole Confederate line, both to the right and left, gave way before the furious attack of our troops, and was soon in full retreat through the woods and down the roads to the rear.

"I have stated, hastily, some of my impressions of the battle, but the principal point which, in my judgment, should always be made prominent is the fact that Mission Ridge was fought without orders from the commander-in-chief. I remember, too, and this only confirms what I have said, that shortly after the battle was over General Granger rode along our lines, and said, in a joking way, to the troops, 'I am going to have you all court-martialed! You were ordered to take the works at the foot of the hill, and you have taken those on top! You have disobeyed orders, all of you, and you know that you ought to be court-martialed!'" — EDITOR.



ions—the two center assaulting divisions—took 31 pieces of artillery, several thousand small arms, and 3800 prisoners. In that one hour of assault they lost 2337 men in killed and wounded,—over twenty per cent. of their whole force! On the northern end of the ridge, General Sherman lost in his two days'

fighting 1697 in killed and wounded. Of these, 1268 were in his own three divisions. During the night the last of Bragg's army was withdrawn from Missionary Ridge, and Chattanooga from that time remained in undisputed possession of the Union forces.

J. S. Fullerton.

## MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

### "Lee's Invasion of Pennsylvania"—A Reply to General Longstreet.

GENERAL LONGSTREET's article on Gettysburg in the February CENTURY is notable for its mistakes as well as for its attitude toward General Lee and others.

*First.* The statement that General Lee passed over more deserving officers from other States in order to give the command of his corps to Virginians is an unworthy attack upon a man who was as singularly free from such prejudices as he was from self-seeking, either during the war or after it. Lee said in a letter to President Davis, October 2d, 1862:

"In reference to commanders of corps with the rank of lieutenant-general, of which you request my opinion, I can confidently recommend Generals Longstreet and Jackson, in this army. My opinion of the merits of General Jackson has been greatly enhanced during this expedition. He is true, honest, and brave; has a single eye to the good of the service, and spares no exertion to accomplish his object. Next to these two officers I consider General A. P. Hill the best commander with me. He fights his troops well and takes good care of them. At present I do not think that more than two commanders of corps are necessary for this army."

This was Lee's judgment after a campaign in which both the Hills and McLaws had served, and long before there was any question of making either of them a lieutenant-general. It would be about as just to accuse Lee of undue partiality to Georgia in making Longstreet his senior lieutenant, as it is to accuse him of partiality to Virginia in selecting A. P. Hill rather than D. H. Hill or McLaws for the command of his third corps.

*Second.* In regard to the battle of Gettysburg: the first day's fight was brought on unexpectedly to Lee. In the absence of Stuart he was not aware of the proximity of the Federal army. The first day's operations were very successful. Two of the seven infantry corps of the Federal army were virtually demolished, having been defeated and driven in disorder completely from the field, leaving many killed and wounded and several thousand prisoners to the victors.

*Third.* It was at the close of this day's work that General Lee, in view of its results, and of the indications it gave of the position of the Federal army, decided to follow up the fight. General Longstreet advised a movement across Meade's front to threaten his left and rear. Such a movement would have been difficult in the absence of Stuart; it could not have been executed in the then position of the army with sufficient promptness to surprise Meade; and if successful it simply would have forced the Federal army back to some position nearer Baltimore and Washington where the issue of battle was still to be tried. General Longstreet begs the question when he assumes that Meade would then have been obliged to attack at a disadvantage. General Lee decided that this plan did not promise as good results as to follow up the partial victory already gained. More than one-fourth of the Fed-

eral army was beaten. (Of the First and Eleventh Corps that had numbered 20,931 on June 30th, not 5700 were in line on July 2d.) That army was not concentrated, and hours must elapse before its full strength could be marshalled for battle. The absent portions would reach the field jaded by forced marches to meet the depressing news of the defeat of their comrades. Doubt and uncertainty would prevail, increased perhaps by the fact that the present Federal commander was so new in his place. Lee's troops were much better up, only Pickett's division and Law's brigade being out of reach. Not to press the Union army was to lose the greater part of the advantage of the first day's victory. The Federals would soon recover from their depression if not pressed, and his own troops would be disappointed. Lee believed if he could attack early on the second day he would have but part of the Federal army to deal with, and that if he could repeat his success of the first day the gain would be great. He therefore determined upon attack. On the night of the 1st (not on the forenoon of the 2d, as General Longstreet has it) he decided, after a conference with Ewell and his division commanders, to make the attack early next day from his right with Longstreet's two divisions that were within reach, this attack to be supported by Hill and Ewell. (See Ewell's and Early's reports; Early's paper in "South. Hist. Papers," Vol. IV., p. 241; and Long's "Memoirs of Lee.")

*Fourth.* General Longstreet would have us infer that he was not ordered by General Lee to attack early on the second day; but that his memory is at fault on this point has been abundantly shown by Generals Fitz Lee, Pendleton, Early, Wilcox, and many others. No testimony on this point is more direct and conclusive than that of General A. L. Long, then military secretary to General Lee. He says in his recently published "Memoirs of R. E. Lee" (page 277), that on the evening of the 1st, when General Lee had decided not to renew the attack on Cemetery Hill that day, he said (in Long's presence) to Longstreet and Hill, "Gentlemen, we will attack the enemy in the morning as early as practicable." Long continues: "In the conversation that succeeded he [Lee] directed them to make the necessary preparations and be ready for prompt action the next day." Long shows plainly that General Lee's design was to attack the troops in front before the whole Federal army could get up, and he describes graphically the impatience Lee showed next morning, as early as 9 A. M., at Longstreet's delay. General Longstreet is wrong, too, in giving the impression that his divisions were 15 or 20 miles away on the night of the 1st, for in his official report he says that "McLaws' division. . . reached Marsh Creek, 4 miles from Gettysburg, a little after dark, and Hood's division [except Low's

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brigade] got within nearly the same distance of the town about 12 o'clock at night." Hood says he was with his staff "in front of the heights of Gettysburg shortly after daybreak" on the 2d and his troops were close behind. Kershaw (of McLaws' division) says in his official report that on the 1st of July they "marched to a point on the Gettysburg road some two miles from that place, going into camp at 12 P. M."

General Longstreet, to explain his delay, besides the above reasons scrapes together a number of others,—such as the presence of some Federal scouts and pickets west of the Emmetsburg road, the movement of Sickles' rear-guard along that road, the presence of one of General Lee's engineers (who had been sent to give information, not to command his corps). No time need be wasted on these. The fact is that General Longstreet, though knowing fully the condition of things on the night of the 1st, knowing that Lee had decided to attack that part of the Federal army in his front, knowing that every hour strengthened Meade and diminished the chances of Confederate success, and knowing that his corps was to open the battle and deliver the main assault, consumed the time from daylight to nearly 4 P. M., on July 2d, in moving his troops about four miles, over no serious obstacle, and in getting them into battle. Meantime on the Federal side Hancock's corps, which had camped three miles from Gettysburg, reached the field by 6 or 7 A. M.; Sickles' two brigades that had been left at Emmetsburg came up by 9 A. M.; the rear of the Fifth Corps by midday, and the Sixth Corps, after a march of 32 miles in 30 hours, by 2 P. M. Had Longstreet attacked not later than 9 or 10 A. M., as Lee certainly expected, Sickles' and Hancock's corps would have been defeated before part of the Fifth and the Sixth Corps arrived. Little Round Top (which, as it was, the Fifth Corps barely managed to seize in time) would have fallen into Confederate possession; and even if nothing more had been done this would have given the field to the Confederates, since the Federal line all the way to Cemetery Hill was untenable with Round Top in hostile hands.

*Fifth.* That Longstreet's attack when made was poorly seconded by the other corps may be true, and thus another chance of winning a complete victory on July 2d was lost, but this does not change the fact that the first and great opportunity of that day for the Confederates was lost by Longstreet's delay.

*Sixth.* Victory on the third day was for the Confederates a far more difficult problem than on the second, but it was still within their reach. But one need not be surprised at the failure of Pickett's attack after reading in this article of the hesitation, the want of confidence and hearty coöperation, with which General Longstreet directed it. Lee never intended that Pickett, Pettigrew, and Trimble should fight unsupported by the remainder of the army. He expected "that with proper concert of action . . . we should ultimately succeed." (Lee's report.) Longstreet was directed to use his whole corps, and when he felt embarrassed by the Federal forces on or near the Round Tops he was given a division and a half from A. P. Hill's corps with power to call for more. General Long says: "The original intention of General Lee was that Pickett's attack should be supported by the divisions of McLaws and Hood, and General Longstreet was so ordered." ("Memoirs of Lee," page 294. See also statements of

Colonels Venable and Taylor, "Four Years with General Lee," page 108.) Lee's efforts for a concerted attack were ineffectual. Pickett was overwhelmed not by troops in front but by those on his flanks, especially by those on his right flank, where Wilcox was sent forward too late to be of use, and where he was too weak to have effected much at best. Yet Longstreet did not use any part of Hood's and McLaws' divisions to support Pickett, or to make a division in his favor, or to occupy the troops on his flank which finally defeated him. These divisions were practically idle except that one of Hood's brigades was occupied in driving off the Federal cavalry which made a dash on that flank. Longstreet, in a word, sent forward one-third of his corps to the attack, but the remainder of his troops did not coöperate. And yet he reproaches Lee for the result!

McDONOUGH, MD., February 16, 1887.

W. Allan.

#### Stuart's Ride around the Union Army in the Gettysburg Campaign.

It is generally agreed by Southern writers that the battle of Gettysburg was the result of an accidental collision of armies. General Lee in effect says in his report of the campaign that his failure was due to his ignorance of the movements of the enemy; and the absence of a portion of the cavalry under Stuart, or rather its separation from the army, is assigned as the primary cause of its failure by General Long, the biographer of General Lee, and by General Longstreet in the *February CENTURY*, 1887. Both ignore the fact that Stuart left with General Lee, under command of General Beverly H. Robertson, a larger body of cavalry than he took with him. General Long charges that Stuart's expedition around Hooker was made either from "a misapprehension of orders or love of the éclat of a bold raid" (which, of course, implies disobedience); and General Longstreet, while admitting that Stuart may have acted by authority of Lee, says that it was undertaken against his own orders, which were to cross the Potomac at Shepherdstown, west of the Blue Ridge.

That General Lee was greatly embarrassed by want of intelligence of the movements of the enemy was not due to the lack of cavalry; and Stuart is not responsible for the inefficient manner in which he was served.

When it was determined that Stuart should take three brigades of cavalry to join Ewell on the Susquehanna and leave his other two to perform outpost duty for the army in Virginia, General Lee was in the Shenandoah Valley with the corps of Hill and Longstreet. The latter was holding the gaps and Stuart was guarding the approaches to them east of the Ridge. Hence Stuart came under Longstreet's orders. Hooker's headquarters were in Fairfax, with his army spread out like a fan—his left being at Thoroughfare Gap and his right on the Potomac at Leesburg. On returning from a scout, I reported to Stuart the scattered condition of Hooker's corps, and he determined, with the approval of General Lee, to pass around, or rather through, them, as the shortest route to Ewell. There was an opportunity besides to inflict much damage and to cut off communication between Washington and the North.

I have lately discovered documents in the archives of the War Department that set at rest the question of Stuart's alleged disobedience of orders, and show that General Longstreet then approved a plan which he now

condemns as "a wild ride around the Federal army." He directed Stuart to pass around the rear of the enemy in preference to crossing west of the Ridge, in order to prevent disclosing our designs.\*

Under date of June 22d, 7:30 P. M., he writes to General Lee: "I have forwarded your letter to General Stuart, with the suggestion that he pass by the enemy's rear if he thinks he may get through."

Up to the morning of June 25th it was perfectly practicable for Stuart to have done so. In accordance with Lee's and Longstreet's instructions, Stuart withdrew from the front on the evening of the 24th to pass around Hooker, leaving Robertson about Middleburg with three thousand cavalry and two batteries of artillery to observe the enemy. Stuart's success depended upon preserving the *status quo* of the Federal army until he could get through it. Hooker was on the defensive waiting for his adversary to move. It did not seem to occur to General Longstreet that the march of the infantry down the Shenandoah Valley would disclose all to the enemy that the cavalry would have done. It was no fault of Stuart's that he was foiled by events which he could not control. When on the morning of the 25th he reached Hooker's rear, he found his whole army moving to the Potomac and all the roads occupied by his troops. This compelled a wide detour, and instead of crossing the river in advance of the enemy, as he expected, he was two days behind him. Thus all communication was broken with General Lee and Ewell. The march of Hill's and Longstreet's corps on the day before had been in full view of the signal stations on Maryland Heights and was telegraphed to Hooker, who made a corresponding movement.

On the morning of June 26th the enemy disappeared from Robertson's front and crossed the Potomac. In that event his instructions from Stuart were, "to watch the enemy and harass his rear — to cross the Potomac and follow the army, keeping on its right and rear," and "to report anything of importance to Lieutenant-General Longstreet, with whose position you will communicate by relays through Charlestown."

\* "HEADQUARTERS, MILLWOOD, June 22, 1863, 7 P. M. MAJ.-GEN'L J. E. B. STUART, Comdg. Cavalry. GENERAL: General Lee has inclosed to me this letter for you to be forwarded to you provided you can be spared from my front, and provided I think that you can move across the Potomac without disclosing our plans. He speaks of you leaving via Hopewell Gap and passing by the rear of the enemy. If you can get through by that route, I think that you will be less likely to indicate what our plans are than if you should cross by passing to our rear. I forward the letter of instructions with these suggestions. Please advise me of the condition of affairs before you leave and order General Hampton — whom I suppose you will leave here in command — to report to me at Millwood either by letter or in person, as may be most agreeable to him. Most respectfully, J. LONGSTREET, Lieutenant-General. — N. B. I think that your passage of the Potomac by our rear at the present moment will in a measure disclose our plans. You had better not leave us, therefore, unless you can take the proposed route in rear of the enemy. J. LONGSTREET, Lieutenant-General."

"HEADQUARTERS, 22d June, 1863. MAJOR-GENERAL J. E. B. STUART, Commanding Cavalry. GENERAL: I have just received your note of 7:45 this morning to General Longstreet. I judge the efforts of the enemy yesterday were to arrest our progress and ascertain our whereabouts. Perhaps he is satisfied. Do you know where he is and what he is doing? I fear he will steal a march on us and get across the Potomac before we are aware. If you find that he is moving northward, and that two brigades can guard the Blue Ridge and take care of your rear, you can move with the other three into Maryland and take position on General Ewell's right, place yourself in communication with him, guard his flank and keep him informed of the enemy's movements, and collect all the supplies you can for the use of the army. One column of General Ewell's army will probably move toward the Susquehanna by the Emmetsburg route, another by Chambersburg. Accounts from him last night state that there was no enemy west of Fredericktown. A cavalry force (about one hundred)

Robertson retired to the mountain gaps and remained until the afternoon of the 29th, when he was recalled to the army by a courier from General Lee. At night on the 27th General Lee heard, through a scout at Chambersburg, of Hooker's advance. As no information of it had come from the cavalry he had left in Hooker's front in Virginia, he thought that Hooker was still there. He immediately issued an order for the concentration at Gettysburg, and sent for Robertson's command, that had been left, he says, to hold the mountain passes "as long as the enemy remained south of the Potomac." It had staid there three days after they had gone. As Stuart had been ordered to Ewell on the Susquehanna, it could not have been expected that he should also watch Hooker on the Potomac. Stuart's instructions to divide the cavalry and take three brigades with him to Ewell, on the Susquehanna, were peremptory; he was only given discretion as to the point of crossing the Potomac. It was therefore immaterial, so far as giving information to General Lee was concerned, whether he crossed east or west of the ridge. In either event they would have been separated and out of communication with each other. General Lee must then have relied on Robertson or nobody to watch Hooker.

Instead of keeping on the right of the army and in close contact with the enemy, as Stuart had ordered, Robertson's command marched on the left by Martinsburg and did not reach the battle-field. When General Lee crossed the Potomac, he left General Robertson between him and the enemy. By July 3d he had so maneuvered that Lee was between him and the enemy. Stuart had ridden around General Hooker while Robertson was riding around General Lee. If, in accordance with Stuart's instructions, Robertson had promptly followed on the right of the army when the enemy left, it would have been ready and concentrated for attack; a defensive battle would have been fought, and Gettysburg might have been to Southern hearts something more than a

"Glorious field of grief."

WASHINGTON, Feb. 9, 1887.

John S. Mosby.

guarded the Monocacy Bridge, which was barricaded. You will, of course, take charge of Jenkins' brigade and give him necessary instructions. All supplies taken in Maryland must be by authorized staff-officers for their respective departments, by no one else. They will be paid for or receipts for the same given to the owner. I will send you a general order on this subject, which I wish you to see is strictly complied with. I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant, R. E. LEE, General."

On the following day General Lee wrote as follows: "HEADQUARTERS, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, June 23d, 1863, 5 P. M. MAJOR-GENERAL J. E. B. STUART, Commanding Cavalry. GENERAL: Your notes of 9 and 10:30 A. M. to-day have just been received. . . . If General Hooker's army remains inactive you can leave two brigades to watch him and withdraw with the three others, but should be not appear to be moving northward, I think you had better withdraw this side of the mountain to-morrow night, cross at Shepherdstown next day and move over to Fredericktown. You will, however, be able to judge whether you can pass around their army without hindrance, doing them all the damage you can, and cross the river east of the mountains. In either case, after crossing the river, you must move on and feel the right of Ewell's troops, collecting information, provisions, etc. Give instructions to the commander of the brigades left behind to watch the flank and rear of the army and (in event of the enemy leaving their front) retire from the mountains west of the Shenandoah, leaving sufficient pickets to guard the passes, and bringing everything clean along the valley, closing upon the rear of the army. As regards the movements of the two brigades of the enemy moving toward Warrenton, the commander of the brigades to be left in the mountains must do what he can to counteract them; but I think the sooner you cross into Maryland, after to-morrow, the better. The movements of Ewell's corps are as stated in my former letter. Hill's first division will reach the Potomac to-day, and Longstreet will follow to-morrow. Be watchful and circumspect in all your movements. I am very respectfully and truly yours, R. E. LEE, General."

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### Executive Responsibility.

IN this centennial year since the framing of the Federal Constitution—"the most wonderful work," as Gladstone has styled it, "ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man"—nothing could be more timely and fortunate than the occurrence of incidents in the administration of the government which pointedly demonstrate the wisdom of its distribution of powers. The closing weeks of the Forty-ninth Congress were fruitful of such illustrations. Throughout its existence this body seemed strangely devoid of any sense of responsibility to the people. The Democrats controlled the popular branch, and their leaders in the House should have been prompt in responding to the wise suggestions of their President, especially in the urgent matter of reforming the tariff, and thus reducing the surplus. Democrats in each branch should have welcomed the opportunity to signalize the restoration of their party to power by a revival of its traditional principles, particularly those which restrict within proper limits the prerogatives of the general government, the undue enlargement of which was becoming a source of danger. The Republicans, as the minority, were not expected to attempt the initiation of any policy, but they were none the less bound because they were out of power to treat upon their merits questions which might arise, and to throw their influence in favor of economy and efficiency.

Each party violated its obligations to its constituents. With only a very few exceptions, the Republicans in the House twice cast their votes against even the consideration of a measure aiming at tariff reform; and, despite the most binding pledge of their party platforms, enough Democrats joined the minority on this point to make it a majority, and thus prevent any legislation to reduce the surplus. This pledge broken, there were found Democrats ready to violate still another by championing extravagant measures as a proper way of getting rid of the surplus. A House committee, of whose fifteen members nine were Democrats, reported a bill which came to be known as "the Pauper Pension Bill," and which, had it become a law, must inevitably have added tens of millions of dollars to the annual expenses of the government for a generation to come. This committee even had the assurance, when its course was challenged, to attempt justification by the demagogic plea that, from the standpoint of "money expediency" alone, "the surplus will be best restored to the people in the manner proposed by this bill," inasmuch as "no bonded interest or huge monopolies can claim it as their own," and "it will go among the people in small amounts and will be spent in their midst." The bill received the support of every Republican in the House and of enough Democrats to give it more than a two-thirds vote, while it passed the Senate without a division.

Meanwhile Congress had committed another piece of folly. A bill appropriating ten thousand dollars of

the money raised by taxation for the support of the general government to buy seeds for some farmers in Texas, who were in want through a long-continued drought, slipped through the House, and was passed by the Senate with its eyes open, eleven out of eighteen Democrats supporting it, although its grossly unconstitutional nature was forcibly pointed out by Mr. Hawley, of Connecticut, a Union soldier and a Republican, who has stoutly defended State rights more than once of late. Both these bills, bad in themselves and even worse as precedents, went to the President. Senators and representatives had thus done their part toward committing the country to one measure which would in all probability add hundreds of thousands of names to the pension roll, and to another which would help to overthrow the constitutional restrictions upon the powers of the Federal government. They had done this, too, without the slightest sense of personal responsibility being manifested by the overwhelming majority of those who had voted for the bills.

In his admirable exposition of the Constitution, which so wonderfully vindicates his prevision, Story points out that "unity in the Executive is favorable to energy, promptitude, and responsibility." After alluding to the bad effect of dividing the power among several persons, Story enforces this feature of superior responsibility in the single Executive. "His responsibility," he says, "is more direct and efficient, as his measures cannot be disguised, or shifted upon others; and any abuse of authority can be more clearly seen, and carefully watched, than when it is shared by numbers." Elsewhere, in vindicating the bestowal upon the President of a qualified negative on legislation through the veto, Story remarks that "the power is important, as an additional security against the enactment of rash, immature, and improper laws."

Story's language could not have fitted the case better if he had foreseen, half a century before, what was to happen in the year 1887. They were "rash, immature, and improper laws" which Congress had tried to enact, passed with scarcely a pretense of discussion in either branch. The responsibility for their passage was so "disguised" that any senator or representative could "shift upon others" his share. But when they went to the single Executive, the situation was immediately revolutionized. Now there was one man whose responsibility was "direct and efficient." The Pauper Pension Bill would become the law of the land, and commit the government permanently to a radical and unjustifiable departure in legislation regarding Union soldiers, unless within ten days after he received it the President should return it to Congress with his objections. The public appreciated the exigency, and the press appealed to the President for a veto. Union soldiers of high character and standing, hostile to the bill, who would have despaired of affecting either the Senate or the House, where abuse of authority was "shared by numbers," wrote to the Executive with assurance that their words would be duly weighed. For days the



attention of the country was fixed upon the incumbent of the White House, and he was made to realize that, if the bill should become a law, the country would hold him alone more responsible than both branches of Congress together.

Primarily, of course, it is to the Constitution, which created a single Executive and invested him with a qualified negative upon legislation, that we owe our escape from the Pauper Pension Bill folly and from the vicious Texas Seed Bill precedent, for without these provisions the measures would inevitably have become laws. But the constitutional possibility of thus defeating the schemes would have been of no avail if the man who enjoyed this power had not employed it. The President of the United States as an official possessed the prerogative of vetoing the bills, but it was Grover Cleveland the man who exercised a veto power which the President of the United States need not have employed, and which many another man in the place would not have employed.

In concluding his discussion of the Executive department, Story declares his conviction that "it will be found impossible to withhold from this part of the Constitution a tribute of profound respect, if not of the liveliest admiration," but he adds that in order to realize public expectation it is essential that the man who occupies the office be "one who shall forget his own interests and remember that he represents, not a party, but the whole nation." If he had consulted his own interests in a narrow personal sense, Mr. Cleveland would have signed the pension bill. It is notorious that self-interest was a potent motive with the average senator and representative who supported it. "The soldier vote" was supposed to be behind the measure, and in all the States north of the Potomac only three congressmen out of both parties in both Houses were recorded against it. As the representative of a party solely, Mr. Cleveland would have signed the bill. Democratic congressmen insisted that a veto would hurt the prospects of the Democracy in Indiana and other close States where it wants to gain votes.

But Mr. Cleveland examined the bill with great care, and became convinced that it was a thoroughly bad measure. He perceived that "the race after the pensions offered by this bill would not only stimulate weakness and pretended incapacity for labor, but put a further premium on dishonesty and mendacity." He believed that "the probable increase of expense would be almost appalling." He held that the measure would "have the effect of disappointing the expectation of the people, and their desire and hope for relief from war taxation in time of peace." He concluded that the interests of the whole nation required him to withhold his approval.

The Texas Seed Bill called for no such display of moral courage as the pension issue, but it offered an opportunity, no less striking, for enforcing a similar lesson, which Mr. Cleveland is to be commended for improving. The pension bill proposed to assist, through the Federal government, those old soldiers in the North "who are willing to be objects of simple charity and to gain a place upon the pension roll through alleged dependence." The seed bill proposed to relieve, through the Federal government, some suffering farmers in a Southern State. It was more than a chance coincidence that the two bills were in the President's

hands at the same time. They represented a long-growing tendency, which was fast coming to pervade both sections of the country, and which needed to be reprobated in a way that would impress both sections. The twin vetoes served this purpose almost ideally. Their force was strengthened by Mr. Cleveland's use in the later message of a most telling phrase, one destined to a long and useful life: "The lesson should be constantly enforced that, *though the people support the government, the government should not support the people.*"

Mr. Cleveland has made some unpardonable errors and committed some grievous faults since he became President, but he has gone far to atone for them by the manly way in which he met the responsibility that a demagogic Congress devolved upon him in these measures of legislation. The great danger which threatened this nation when Congress met for its last session was the drift toward paternalism, the disposition to seek aid from the Federal treasury, the decay of the ancient American spirit of self-reliance. That this danger has already so largely vanished is due chiefly to Mr. Cleveland's wise and courageous use of the veto power in behalf of what he so well calls "the sturdiness of our national character."

#### The Nation's Recent Debt to the South.

THE North fought to save the Union because it believed that it would be better for all the States, South and North alike, that they should continue for all time one nation. The Union was preserved, and for years its members have again stood upon an equality in the government of the country. Southern men who vainly sought by force of arms to establish the right of secession have sat in Congress beside Northern men who shared in overthrowing that claim on the field of battle. They have voted together for generous pensions to soldiers of the Union army, and an ex-officer of the Confederate service now presides over the Executive Department which includes the Pension Bureau, while the present head of that Bureau was an officer on the Union side.

The vote in the House on passing the Pauper Pension Bill over the veto brought into strong relief the advantage which the North already reaps from having the South back in the Union. While the measure was in the President's hands, many old Union soldiers, Republicans as well as Democrats, besought him to disapprove it. "It originated with claim agents and professional pension-seekers," wrote a western Massachusetts veteran, "and is not the cry or plea of the great body of veterans." "I constantly meet with soldiers, privates as well as officers, who repel with deep feeling the assumption that they desire more money in return for the purely patriotic service they gave the country," wrote General J. D. Cox, of Ohio, a Republican ex-governor, in urging Mr. Cleveland not to approve the bill. "I think the President justified in vetoing such a bill as this," said General Joshua L. Chamberlain, of Maine, another Republican ex-governor, "and believe he will be supported by the sentiment of the country." No candid person who watched the expression of public opinion can doubt that the President's course in this matter was approved by the sober



second thought of the North, including the great mass of self-respecting and self-reliant veterans themselves.

The President was not only "supported by the sentiment of the country," as General Chamberlain predicted he would be, but his veto was sustained by Congress. It was, however, only through the votes of "the States lately in rebellion" that the action of Congress was made to conform with the sentiment of the country. This is rendered plain at a glance by the following summary of the vote on passing the bill over the veto:

	Yeas. Nays.	
From the eleven seceding States.....	7	71
From the rest of the country.....	168	54
Total vote.....	175	125

In other words, if the question whether the President's veto should stand had been submitted to the representatives of those States only which adhered to the Union, Mr. Cleveland would have been overruled, more than three to one, and a bill would have become a law which, in the opinion of such a Union soldier as General Chamberlain, "offers an incentive to fraudulent claims, which degrade the deserving, and to too ready a resort to a plea of dependency, demoralizing to manliness." That there were cast on the right side twenty-four more votes than were necessary to sustain the veto was due to the fact that the States which sought to secede from the Union joined in deciding the issue. "The only cry they [the great body of veterans] have now," said the western Massachusetts soldier from whose letter to the President we have quoted, "is that you will spare them the honor of having served their country because they loved her, and not as mere bounty and pension seekers." That honor has been spared the Northern soldiers, but only through the help of Southern representatives, many of whom fought against them a quarter of a century ago.

In a broad and elevated view it may well be doubted whether history has ever recorded a sweeter triumph for the victors in a righteous cause than men like General Cox and General Chamberlain have thus lived to witness. They fought to keep the South in the Union, and they have survived to see the honor of the Northern soldier preserved from the taint which demagogues and claim-agents would have cast upon it through the votes of the Southern men in Congress.

Looking back over the history of the nation, we can now see that the civil war was inescapable. The view of the Constitution in which the South had been educated rendered an attempt at secession inevitable, and as Webster said in his famous 7th of March speech, "peaceable secession is an utter impossibility." Or, as Lincoln put it in his second inaugural: "Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would accept war rather than let it perish." That the time would come when the South would rejoice that the war ended as it did, and when the North would find itself indebted to the South for efficient help in securing the good government of the reunited nation, was also inevitable; but it might well have been expected that it would not come till after the generation which fought the war had passed from the stage. Less than a quarter of a century, however, has sufficed. The New South frankly confesses its satisfaction with the issue

of the struggle for secession; the New North has now been brought to realize its indebtedness to the South for indispensable help in maintaining good government. Such champions of the Union cause twenty-five years ago as General Bragg of Wisconsin, Colonel Morrison of Illinois, General Warner of Ohio, and Mr. Curtin, the "War Governor" of Pennsylvania, spoke in defense of the President's veto during the debate in the House, and at its conclusion the veto was sustained, in part through the votes given by men like them from the North, but chiefly through the votes of men who came from the States which once sought to disrupt the Union. Fair-minded Northern men thus see that they owe to the South this arrest of the pension craze and of the alarming drift toward paternalism which the Pauper Pension Bill typified. The confession of this indebtedness is the epitaph upon the grave of sectionalism in American politics.

#### The Problem of Government by Guilds.

AN "Open Letter," on another page, grapples with the problem of municipal reform in a courageous fashion. It is not to be wondered at that thoughtful men, confronting the extravagances and abuses that seem to have entrenched themselves in most of our city governments, and observing that the dispersion of one swarm of the vermin that infest our city-halls and court-houses only makes room for another and hungrier swarm, should be reaching out after some radical reforms in the methods of government. They are not at all mistaken in supposing that the case is becoming critical; they are justified in bestowing upon it patient and anxious thought. The typical citizen is too much inclined to exult over the material gains of a "triumphant democracy," and to ignore the chronic villainy of his city government.

It is a little curious that this New York merchant, pondering the question of municipal government, should have hit upon the same device as that which the great German philosopher, Hermann Lotze, has been proposing. Lotze deplores the haste and passion with which "the antiquated forms of companies, guilds, and corporations" were swept away in the rush of the revolutionary movements that ushered in "the modern era," and declares that they ought to have been transformed, not abolished. The most essential fault of modern society is, he declares, "its low estimation of the corporate element." "Of course," he argues, "we do not want to go back to corporations for the subsistence of which we can find no even plausible reason, in order to accumulate privileges for which there is still less any conceivable rightful claim; but on the one hand, a living bond between those who are really connected would maintain the discipline which we so greatly need, but which yet we cannot enforce by means of general laws; on the other hand, such combinations, representing partly the most important callings (agriculture, manufactures, commerce, art, and science), partly the special local interests of different districts,—would form the true unities, the representatives of which, by equilibration of the interests of each, would cover the wants of the whole."

Can it be true that the mediæval communities held, in these ancient craft-guilds and fraternities, a form of social organization which it was unwise to destroy, and to which we would do well to return? Wise or unwise,

their destruction was inevitable. Not merely for the economical reason that they obstructed the free movement of labor from one occupation to another, but still more for the political reason that they furnished no soil in which the sentiment of nationality could take root, they must have been abolished. The "notion of a citizen of the State," of which Lotze speaks rather slightly, but which is the one great conception of modern times, needed to be planted and nurtured in the minds of men. When the member of the guild found himself the citizen of the State, his horizon was widened, and his thoughts were enlarged. There was reason then, underneath the rashness and passion which Lotze deplors, and by which the guilds were destroyed. Reason there almost always is, even in the blind fury of the populace. Wickliffe denounced the guilds, and Bacon stigmatized them as "fraternities of evil." It was the *Zeit Geist* who said that they must go, and they went. But it is not at all certain that they may not return. Many customs, fashions, social forms have been pushed aside by one age and taken up by another. The organization of government by guilds was obstructive to liberty five hundred years ago, but it might be conservative of liberty to-day. At any rate the proposition is worth considering.

Two of the reasons urged by our correspondent for this reform seem to be cogent. That it would break the connection between municipal government and national politics, and that it would give all classes of the people a voice in the municipal government, seems probable. Both these results are greatly to be desired. The root of most of the evils of city government is in partisan politics and in the mischiefs which either accompany or flow therefrom. It is doubtful whether city politics will ever be permanently divorced from national politics unless some such radical reorganization as is here suggested can be effected; and it is pretty certain that until municipal government can be separated from national politics, the vilest elements of our cities will generally bear rule. Doubtless under the plan proposed, the machine politicians would make strenuous attempts to capture the several guilds; nevertheless the desire of each guild to be represented by its ablest men, and to secure by this means the protection of its own interests, would greatly interfere with the schemes of the office-seekers.

The other result promised—the fair representation of every class of citizens in the city government—is equally desirable, and under such a plan it would probably be secured. The enormous preponderance of some classes in our municipal councils is now notorious; and there are large classes, and these the most intelligent and capable of government, that are now rarely represented in these councils. Any scheme which would bring them into an active participation in the management of municipal affairs deserves to be patiently studied.

It is almost certain that a city council, chosen according to this plan, would be incomparably superior, intellectually and morally, to those which are usually found in our council chambers.

Several practical difficulties suggest themselves. The classification of the voters might not be easily accomplished. In the smaller cities, especially, it would not be possible to give to each separate trade its representatives, for the number of trades and professions is

great, and the number of those practicing some of these trades and professions is small. It would be necessary, therefore, to combine those of several different, though related, vocations into one guild—as, for example, the metal-workers might include blacksmiths, tinsmiths, boiler-makers, etc.; and the guild of instruction the clergy, the teachers, the authors, etc. The arrangement of these classes would be attended with some difficulty; nevertheless, the problem is not hopeless.

The serious question is whether the representatives of these guilds would act unitedly for the public welfare, or whether their devotion to the interests of their several classes would not lead them to sacrifice the interests of society. Would the feeling that Lotze curiously deprecates, the sentiment of loyalty to the state or the municipality, be strong enough to hold in check the class feeling to which the system makes direct appeal? Could these representatives of guilds and classes agree together to promote the general good of the community? The danger would be that those who now give up to party what was meant for mankind would then make the same debasing surrender to the interests of their guild. The misery of that state into which we are now fallen results from the fact that public spirit is overborne by private greed and party passion; would not the same causes continue to operate under every possible form of political organization? In a government by guilds the obvious method by which these evil tendencies could find expression would be the device that is known among the politicians as log-rolling. There might be combinations among guilds, by which some would help others and receive help in return, at the expense of the rest. It is scarcely necessary to say that this kind of abuse is prevalent under existing conditions. Everybody knows the way in which appropriations for internal improvements are secured in Congress and the way in which the tariff is adjusted. Something of the same nature often occurs in municipal governments. There is log-rolling in the interest of wards, as well as of States and sections. The only question is whether this organization of government by guilds would not foster these corrupt and selfish methods. Obviously, the guilds whose numbers would be largest and whose interests are most closely related—the various guilds of wage-laborers—might, by combination, control the government. It is possible that they could do as much now, if they knew their power, and there are signs of such an issue; but the adoption of the scheme which we are considering would offer new facilities for an enterprise of this nature.

Under any form of political organization selfish men will behave selfishly; but there are some political methods that offer larger opportunity and more encouragement than others for the exercise of the virtues of public spirit and patriotism; and the question to be determined is whether the organization by guilds would have this effect. Some of the more obvious objections have been suggested above, rather for the sake of eliciting discussion than with the design of pronouncing against the measure. In fact, the discussion of any branch of this subject cannot fail to do good, as it will call attention to the crying evils that exist. But there is a more immediate and practical reform now "in sight," which we shall discuss in a future number.

## Food.

FEW of those who toil for moderate returns will take exception to Mr. Edward Atkinson's conclusion, that half the cost of living is the price of materials for food; their grocers and butchers have long since convinced them of that. But the reader who prides himself upon sometimes being thoughtful must be able to recall certain discouraging moments in his early housekeeping days, when ignorance of the laws of nutrition and the economy of foods had led him into extravagance and waste; perhaps he is quite aware that ignorance and extravagance and waste followed his purchases home to his kitchen and his table, and there became not only a drain upon his modest purse but a sapper of his health and vitality. Very probably, too, he in time ceased to grow thoughtful over the subject, and continued to walk the path his ignorance trod out. There seemed no other path. Now make our supposed buyer not a reader, and not thoughtful, and only a common laborer, his purse not merely modest, but well nigh empty, and you have come face to face with the portentous problem of the hour.

Some one has, in effect, said that certain forms of religious doctrine bore thorns and bitter fruit, and not rose leaves and sweetness, for the simple reason that their founders' digestive organs were impaired. We

may neither agree nor disagree with this, but if we were to become prophetic, and were to call it a truth of coming generations, that our civilization came to its downfall through the neglect of its wise men to teach its poor how to *live*, we would not be treading entirely upon air. For what can we expect in the future from the sons and daughters of men and women who starve while we in ignorance lay waste the fruits of the earth? We are glad to know of the site of ancient Troy and the presence of sodium in the stars, but to make plenty where want now cries for bread, to teach the poor to live well on the half of what they now starve upon, to shame anarchy with universal sweet bread and strength-giving foods,—we might with advantage barter many of our boasted wonders for this.

No one has gone so far upon this road as Professor Atwater, of the Wesleyan University, Middletown, whose series on "The Chemistry of Foods and Nutrition" is begun in this number. He has studied food and nutrition as no other student in this country has studied it. He has had one of the rewards of patient endeavor, inasmuch as his success is beyond all question. What he has found no one can afford to ignore. His discoveries are like the discovery of a new food-producing earth, since he can teach us to double the value of this.

## OPEN LETTERS.

## City Government by Guilds.

WHAT is the cause of the failure of municipal government in our larger cities? It is useless to disguise the fact that it has failed. In most of the cities government is becoming corrupt, inefficient, burdensome to an intolerable degree. It cannot be that the majority of the people wish to have it so. Doubtless the root of the evil is the indifference and neglect of the honest citizens; yet the question arises whether the present forms of municipal organization do not discourage and prevent the active participation of the best citizens, and whether other methods might not secure this desirable result.

Our present methods of nomination for office were devised when we were a rural people, and they still answer very well for that portion of our population. But we are rapidly changing the character of our social life, and concentrating our population in commercial and industrial centers; and these social changes make a change in our political methods indispensable.

If the political unit of a democratic government must always be a geographical one, and if we must always vote by wards or districts for municipal officers, then the voters are almost certain to range themselves according to party lines, and national politics will complicate and disturb municipal elections.

Is there not a better way? Would it not be possible to group the people of New York by occupations, and allow them then, by guilds, to elect their representatives to the city council? Some of our citizens have now their trades-unions. Might not the whole city be organized into trades-unions, to each of which representation

in the city government should be allowed in proportion to its membership?

The census enumerates the males of lawful age according to their vocation. These might be grouped into one hundred guilds, more or less, and each allowed one or two or three representatives in a city council, which council should elect a mayor with full power to appoint and remove heads of departments. This council should also make appropriations and frame city ordinances. There should be a guild hall, where all elections should be held. Each guild should have allotted to it one or two days in the year for its meetings and one day for its election. If the membership were so large as to cause delay at a single ballot-box, the list of members might be divided alphabetically,—A to G;—H to N, etc.,—and thus several ballot-boxes might be brought into use. The records of each guild could be kept at the guild hall. Each guild should control its own membership and canvass its own elections.

It seems to me that such a method of electing a city government would shut out partisanship, and give to the very lowest classes an opportunity not now enjoyed to exercise their right of suffrage intelligently. Can we expect a man who cannot read to judge wisely of the qualifications of the candidates nominated for the office of mayor? He does know his fellows, and of his companions he can select the best. Have we not expected too much of our humble voters? Could not a man see one step ahead of him who could not see from the bottom to the top of the political ladder?

This method of voting would emancipate the lower classes from the domination of professional politicians.

The 'longshoremen would no longer be mere retainers of some shyster lawyer or rum-seller, but would have the privilege and the duty of selecting one or more of their own class to represent their craft and its interests. The entire guild would watch the official course and conduct of its representatives and hold them to account. But what, in the meantime, has become of their quondam leader, the lawyer? He has retired to his own guild and dropped to the bottom, helpless and harmless. The rum-seller, too, in his own guild would have a voice in the selection of one of its members to represent its interests; but never more could that fraternity alone have the whole city council under its control.

A man's associates, whether he is professional man, merchant, or artisan, are more likely to know what his qualifications are than are his neighbors, residing in the same ward. The voter in the city knows very few of his neighbors. Geographical divisions are, therefore, purely artificial; it would be better to sweep them away, and substitute for them the existing lines of social organization. In a word, let us take men as we find them, already harnessed in business or occupation, and require them thus grouped to perform their political duties, instead of calling on them once a year on election day to break ranks, scatter, and vote as a mob.

John D. Cutler.

New York, Feb. 5th, 1887.

#### Toynbee Hall, London.

##### AN INTERESTING SOCIAL EXPERIMENT.

ONE of the most interesting features of London of to-day is the work of the "West End" among the poor of the "East End," and chiefly in this the University settlement housed at Toynbee Hall, Commercial Road, Whitechapel, next to that center of working religion, St. Jude's Church. The Rev. Samuel A. Barnett, rector of St. Jude's, whose name is known to all students of charity organization, is also senior warden of Toynbee Hall, and his assistant, the Rev. T. C. Gardiner, is sub-warden. With them are fifteen or twenty men, most of them graduates of Oxford or Cambridge, some of them busy in the city, others men of leisure and wealth,—all of them giving more or less of their time to the work of making the lives of the East End poor more wholesome and beautiful than they could be without such help.

The hall is named after Arnold Toynbee, one of the scholars of Balliol College, Oxford, who had interested himself deeply in social questions, and through whose efforts in great part the Coöperative Congress was invited to Oxford in 1881. He was a reader in political economy in his college and its bursar or business man, so that he had both a theoretical and practical knowledge of economics, and his interest in the subject was therefore two-sided. When Henry George's lectures attracted so much attention in England, Toynbee thought that some features or results of them should be counteracted, and he therefore arranged to give two lectures at St. Andrew's Hall, London, in which he discussed the betterment of the condition of the working classes from his point of view. The audience, I was told, was a curiously mixed one, containing a good many from the social stratum to which Toynbee belonged, as well as the

workingmen hearers whom he particularly invited; and among the latter there was a decided undercurrent of criticism and not a little interpellation of the speaker. In the course of the lectures he had confessed that his own class was largely responsible for the discontent among the working classes, and he said frankly that the evil would not come to an end until "we" were willing to live for and if necessary to die for "you." He was frail; the lectures had excited him greatly; and at the close of the last he fell back in his chair fainting. He was taken to the house of friends in the country, and there died. His sudden end threw a halo of pathos upon his lectures and his work, and when the University men decided to start this colony in London the buildings became a memorial to him. His family is well known in London for its devotion to philanthropic work, and several of his brothers and sisters are still active in the work to which he gave his life.

Toynbee Hall had its actual origin in Oxford. In the spring of 1884, a few months after Toynbee's death, Mr. Barnett read a paper at a small meeting in St. John's College, in which he shadowed forth his idea of what a colony of University men might do for industrial centers such as East London. The paper, though read to a small knot of men, was published and soon won its way, and a small group of University men made an experiment in associated life at a disused public-house, under Mr. Barnett's guidance and help, when the success of the experiment justified a permanent home. The friends of Arnold Toynbee, who had been anxious to erect some memorial of his work and enthusiastic self-devotion, provided most of the funds for a lecture-hall, and the cost of the rest of the buildings was defrayed by a company formed for this purpose, which raised about £10,000 on the security of the freehold land, bearing interest at 4½ per cent. Toynbee Hall, while a memorial to Arnold Toynbee, is also a monument to Samuel A. Barnett, whose ideas it embodies.

One enters from the Commercial Road through the ordinary English gateway into a sort of quadrangle, on one side of which is the residence part of Toynbee Hall, and on the other a lecture-hall which is filled nearly every evening for some purpose or other with East End people. This latter building is also used as a general headquarters for organized charity in the district, including, for instance, the office of the Beaumont Trust, from which the People's Palace, prophesied in Kingsley's "Alton Locke," and made almost real in Walter Besant's "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," is now rising into solid fact. The East London Antiquarian Society, the Adam Smith Club, the Toynbee Natural History Society, the Education Reform League, the Pupil Teachers' Debating Society, the Toynbee Shakespeare Club, the Students' Union, and still other organizations, hold their meetings in Toynbee Hall or in St. Jude's school next door. The hall is as beautiful a club-house as one would wish at the West End itself, and certainly no more charming host could be found through Belgravia and Mayfair than the junior warden. Each man has his room or suite of rooms, as he would have at college, and the charming drawing-room, with comfortable and cosy furniture and beautiful adornments, forms a general gathering-place for the club-men and their guests. We had "afternoon tea" there, in strange contrast with the surroundings of poverty and squalor in the



streets about, and here Mr. Gardiner told us something of the practical work of the colony and its difficulties.

Four evenings of the week are devoted, in the lecture-room opposite, to courses of lectures respectively on history, physiology, astronomy, and English Literature, the fee being one shilling for each complete course. Another evening there is a concert, and always on Saturday evening a "popular" lecture. The sixth evening of the week is given to a social reception in the drawing-room of the club-house, where the men of Toynbee Hall are assisted by friends from the West End in receiving and entertaining the poor people of the neighborhood. The difficulties of mingling classes are, after all, much the same in England as at home. There is a good deal of human nature everywhere. I asked Mr. Gardiner what kind of people proved the best entertainers. He replied that those who were popular at the West End were popular at the East, and there was, indeed, great difficulty in getting the right sort of people, because they were so much in demand in their own class of "society." Some practiced "entertainers," as they call them, could interest easily eight or ten of the poorer people, whereas others could take care of only one or two. The chief difficulty to overcome was the narrow sphere in which the poorer people did their thinking and their talking, and the whole purpose of these receptions, and of much of the other work, was to broaden the mental horizon of these people, and give them more and pleasanter things to think and talk about outside of the narrow circle of their tenement-house or neighborhood gossip. These men were hoping to accomplish much through the "national teachers,"—young men and women selected from the ranks of trades-people and the like, without much culture themselves, but who could be made the means of spreading the wider life among their pupils when they came to teach. To this end they organized reading-parties, as was the fashion at the universities, for those who showed special interest in the weekly lectures, and one or two of their best outdoor men were charged with forming cricket and tennis clubs and other outdoor circles, to broaden the life of their *protégés* in those directions.

The classes and reading-parties are organized into groups, each under the management of an Honorary (unpaid) Secretary. One group comprises one class studying the Old Testament, another studying moral philosophy, a course of Sunday afternoon lectures on the Ethics of the Ancient and Modern World, three classes in Victorian literature (one entirely of women), one in English history, two in political economy. A second group includes reading-parties on Mazzini, Ruskin, and literature, to each of which admission is by election, and classes in French, German, and Latin. Another group covers the physical sciences and includes an ambulance class. A fourth comprises singing-classes, instruction and entertainment for deaf and dumb, drawing-classes, elementary evening classes for boys, lantern illustrations in geography for boys, musical drill for boys, and several classes in shorthand. A fifth provides instruction and practice in carpentering, in wood-carving and in modeling, both for boys and men.

The work of Toynbee Hall is in the right direction, and, moreover, it is justified not only by its results but

by the enjoyment which men have in the doing of it. "I could not give up this East End work," said one of them to me; "I could not live my life in content away from the people I have learned to know and love here."

R. R. Bowker.

#### Notes.

##### LINCOLN AND EMERSON.

BEFORE our editorial in the April CENTURY on "Lincoln and Lowell" was published, Mr. Lowell had added another to his sayings concerning the martyr President, in his speech at Chicago on the evening of Washington's Birthday, in which he referred to Lincoln as, "on the whole, the most remarkable statesman of all times."

In this connection it should be noted that while Emerson did not write in verse of Lincoln, yet in prose he divides with Lowell the honor of early appreciation and fortunate characterization. In "Miscellanies" will be found an essay entitled "American Civilization," which, according to a note by Mr. Cabot, is "part of a lecture delivered at Washington, January 31st, 1862, it is said, in the presence of President Lincoln and some of his Cabinet, some months before the issuing of the Emancipation Proclamation." Mr. Lincoln may have been present, but his secretaries have no memorandum showing the fact, and the Washington papers of the next day throw no light on the subject: in fact, Mr. Emerson's son now believes that Lincoln was probably not present. The lecturer praised the "angelic virtue" of the Administration, but urged emancipation; and at the close of this essay, as printed, is a supplement commending the President for his proposal "to Congress that the Government shall cooperate with any State that shall enact a gradual abolishment of slavery." Next comes his address on the Emancipation Proclamation, in which the President is greatly praised for his moderation, fairness of mind, reticence, and firmness. "All these," Emerson says, "have bespoken such favor to the act, that, great as the popularity of the President has been, we are beginning to think that we have underestimated the capacity and virtue which the Divine Providence has made an instrument of benefit so vast. He has been permitted to do more for America than any other American man," etc. After this, in the same volume, comes Emerson's brief but memorable essay on the death of Lincoln, in which he says: "He is the true history of the American people in his time. Step by step he walked before them; slow with their slowness, quickening his march by theirs, the true representative of this continent; an entirely public man; father of his country, the pulse of twenty millions throbbing in his heart, the thought of their minds articulated by his tongue."

Again, in the essay on "Eloquence" ("Essays and Social Aims"), Emerson praises the Gettysburg speech, and in the essay on "Greatness" in the same volume he gives Lincoln as an example of the "great style of hero" who "draws equally all classes": "His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong."

SINCE the publication of the reference to the death of Black Hawk given in the "Life of Lincoln," in the December CENTURY, the authors have learned that Black Hawk was not buried on the bank of the Mississippi, as certain authorities have stated, but on the Des Moines river, and without unusual honors



## BRIC-À-BRAC.

### The Agile Sonneteer.

HOW facile 'tis to frame the sonnet! See:  
An "apt alliteration" at the start;  
Phrase fanciful, turned t'other-end-to with art;  
And then a rhyme makes 1st and 4th agree.

*Ee* words enough,—so this next quatrain we  
Will therefore rhyme to match. Here sometimes  
"heart"

Comes in, as "hot" or "throbbing," to impart  
A tang of sentiment to our idee.

Then the sextette, wherein there strictly ought  
To be a kind of winding up of things;  
Only two rhymes (to have it nicely wrought),

On which it settles, lark-like, as it sings.  
And so 'tis perfect, head and tail and wings.  
"Lacks something?" Oh, as usual, but a thought.

*Anthony Morehead.*

### Wait a Bit.

WHEN Johnny came a-courting,  
I thought him overbold,  
For I was but a young thing,  
And he no' very old.  
And though I liked him well enough,  
I sent him on his way,  
With, "Wait a bit, bide a bit,  
Wait a week and a day!"

When Johnny passed me in the lane,  
And pleaded for a kiss,  
And vowed he'd love me evermore  
For granting of the bliss;  
Although I'd liked it ower well,  
I ran from him away,  
With, "Wait a bit, bide a bit,  
Wait a week and a day!"

When Johnny fell a-ranting,  
With, "Jenny, be my wife?"  
And vowed I never should regret,  
However long my life;  
Although I liked it best o' all,  
I turned from him away,  
With, "Wait a bit, bide a bit,  
Wait a week and a day!"

Oh, Johnny was a nunny,  
He took me at my word!  
And he was courting another,  
The next thing that I heard.  
Oh, what a nunny was Johnny,  
To mind me when I'd say,  
"Wait a bit, bide a bit,  
Wait a week and a day!"

Heigh-ho, I've met my Johnny,  
I gin him a blink o' my eye,  
And then he fell a-raving,  
For want o' my love he'd die!  
I ne'er could be so cruel,  
So I set the wedding-day,  
With, "Haste a bit, nor waste a bit,  
There's danger in delay!"

*Jennie E. T. Dove.*

### The April-Face; or, The Stub-tailed Mule.

(AN IDYL OF A RICHMOND STREET-CAR.)

ALL up the street at a stately pace  
The maiden came with her April-face,  
And the roses I'd paid for,—upon her breast,  
Were white as the eggs in a partridge-nest,  
While behind her—the driver upon his stool—  
Tinkled the bell of the street-car mule.

"Going to walk up the street?" I said;  
She graciously bowed her beautiful head.  
"Then I'll walk too; 't's a lovely day!"—  
Thus I opened the ball in my usual way.  
"Do you see the car behind?" inquired  
The April-face, "I'm a trifle tired."

I urged a walk; 'twas a useless suit!  
She gently waved her parachute;  
The stub-tailed mule stopped quick enow;  
I handed her in with a stately bow.  
And the bell rang out with a jangled quirk,  
As the stub-tailed mule went off with a jerk.

Three men as she entered solemnly rose,  
And quietly trampled their neighbors' toes;  
A dudish masher left his place,  
And edged near the girl with the April-face,  
Who sat on the side you'd call "the lee"  
(With the same sweet smile she'd sat on me).

The day was lovely; mild the air;  
The sky like the maiden's face was fair;  
The car was full, and a trifle stale  
(Attached to the mule with the stubby tail);  
Yet the maiden preferred the seat she hired  
To the stroll with me; for I made her tired.

And now when the maiden walks the street  
With another's flowers, and a smile so sweet,  
I wave to the driver upon his stool,  
And stop the stub-tailed street-car mu's,  
While I purchase a seat with half my pelf;  
For it makes me a trifle tired myself.

*Thomas Nelson Page.*

### Uncle Esck's Wisdom.

PROFUSENESS is not liberality, any more than niggardliness is economy.

THERE isn't enough bad luck in the world, all together, to ruin one real live man.

MAN is a two-legged animal, whose ruling passion is to dicker and to be an alderman.

NO MAN ever got rid of a lie by telling it; it is sure to come home, sooner or later, to hobnob with its author.

THE world owes the most of its civilization to the Bible, and the looking-glass.

HE who thinks he can't win is quite sure to be right about it, for he has already lost.

THE man who can do four things fairly well will find four men who can do each one of the four things better, and thus his occupation is gone.

*Uncle Esck.*

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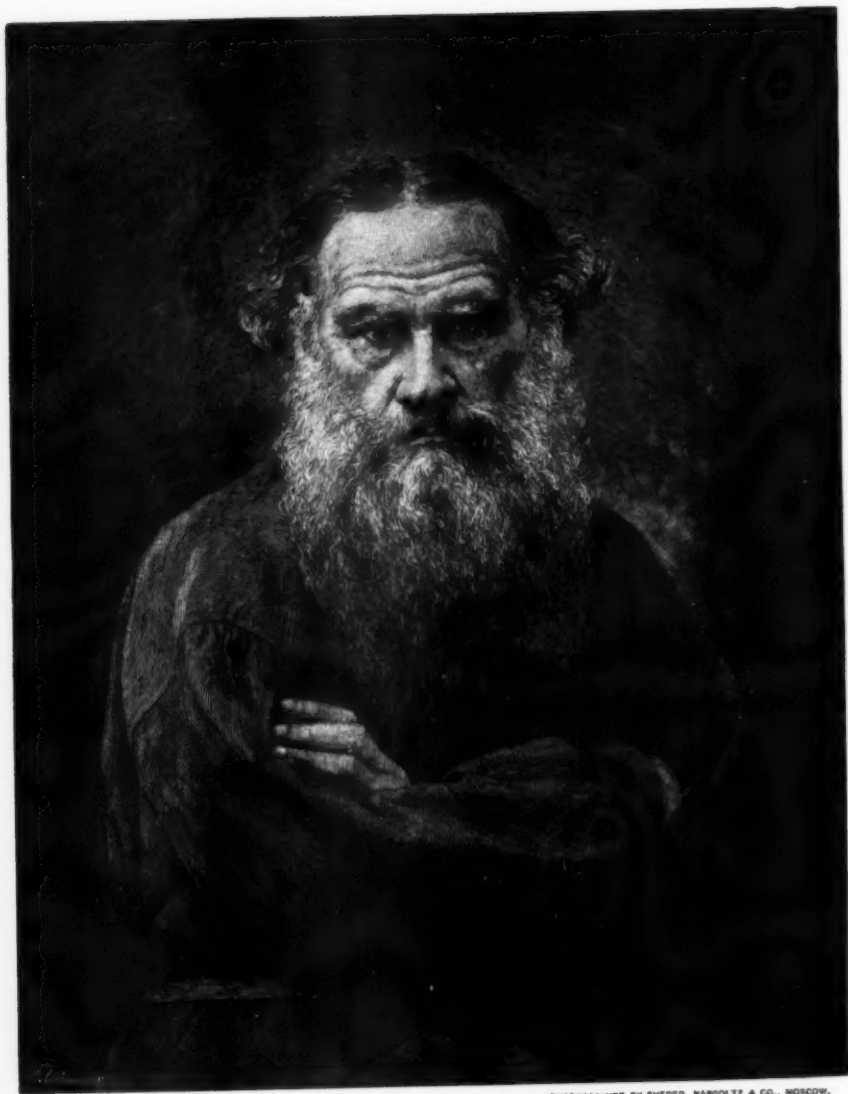
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PHOTOGRAPHURE BY SHERER, NANGOLTZ & CO., MOSCOW.

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